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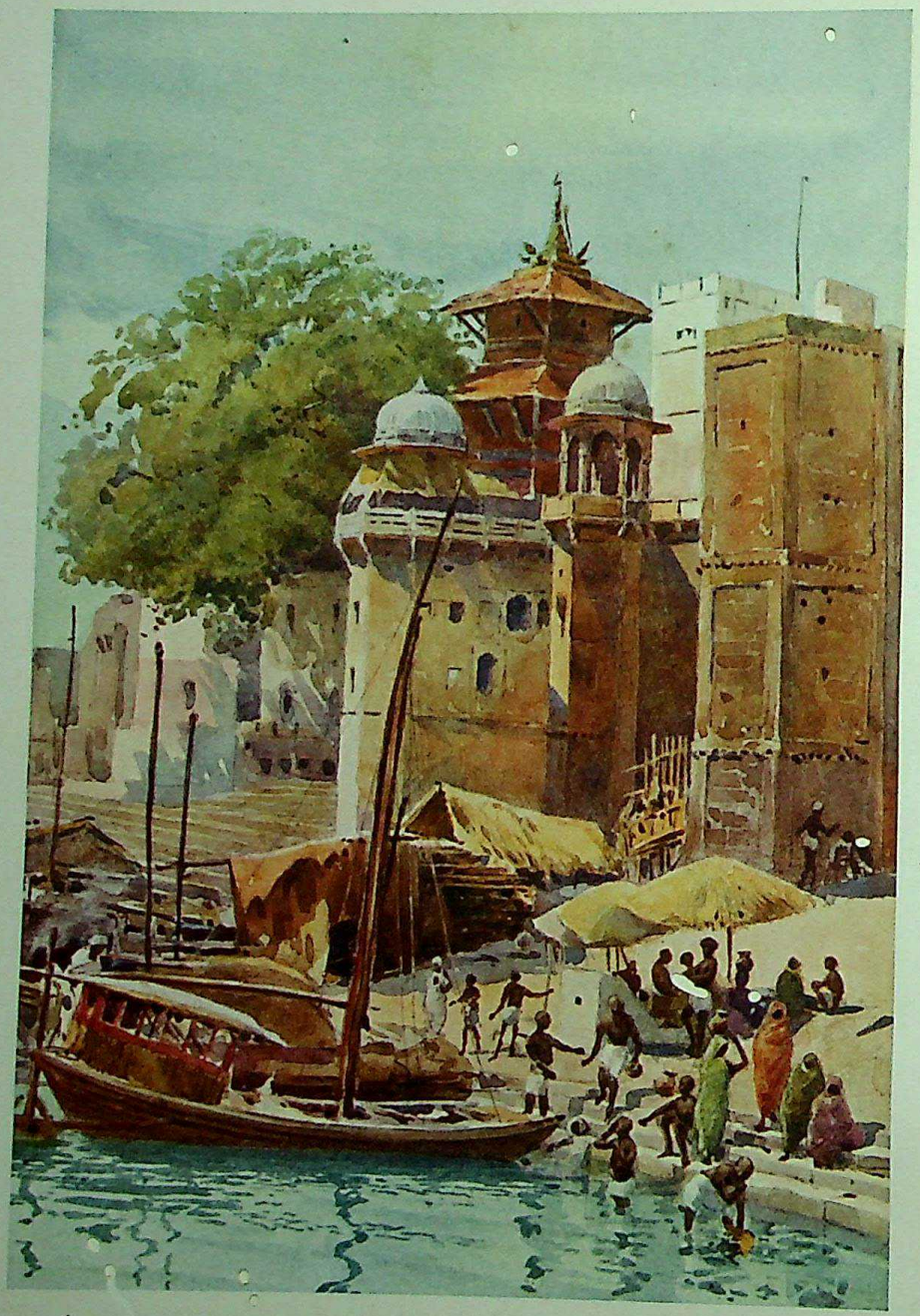

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THE BATHING GHATS, BENARES

"THE river bank is a marvellous sight. The Ghats, in flight after flight of irregular steps, descend a hundred feet to the water's edge. Here and there the steps widen out into terraces, and on them are temples and shrines of all sorts and sizes. The cliff is crowned by high houses and palaces, which culminate in domes and slender minarets. Here and there a palace or temple breaks away from the main line, and projecting forward, descends with solid breastworks of masonry to the water's edge, where every variety of native craft lies moored."

Plate 1

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THE HIGH-ROAD OF EMPIRE

WATER-COLOUR AND PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES IN INDIA

BY A. H. HALLAM MURRAY

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1905

UP State Museum, Lucknow

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TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
WHOSE GRACEFUL TASK OF UNITING
THE BRITISH EMPIRE BY THE TIE
OF PERSONAL AFFECTION TO THE
THRONE HAS NOW EXTENDED TO
INDIA, THIS VOLUME OF SKETCHES
IS HUMBLY DEDICATED

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PREFACE

In arranging this volume of sketches, made along the highways of a fascinating land, one aim which I set before myself was to recall pleasant memories to those who have already fallen under the spell of its potent charm; another was to awaken, if possible, in the minds of others the determination to become better acquainted with the great Empire in the East, the guardianship and protection of which is at once our pride and our duty. The appeal which India makes is as many-sided as it is universal and irresistible, with its glorious architecture, its unique landscapes, its rich historic associations, and above all its strangely interesting people, whose customs and character have come down unaltered through the centuries, and are now submitted to the impact of new ideas and new conditions, to them doubtless in great part incomprehensible. The effect of this collision of new and old, of East and West, is partially hidden from us by the apparent indifference of a calm demeanour, which at once conceals the tremendous capacity for

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passion that glows beneath an impassive surface, and heightens the mystery that surrounds a fascinating people.

I have, I hope, given typical views of typical places, but though not neglecting the more striking scenes and buildings which form the goal of every pilgrim's quest, I have tried to fix the attention of lovers of the beautiful on the essentially picturesque side, on the little pictures that unfold themselves at every turn of the wheel of life in India and might well be overlooked by the casual wayfarer.

No attempt has been made to go far afield, or to give an elaborate account of the country, and its engrossing social, political and religious problems. Our experiences were those of the ordinary Englishman who spends a few months on the threshold of an ancient and mysterious land and life, and we had no exceptional opportunities or capacities for penetrating behind the veil; but by the exercise of a little sympathetic imagination, and with the help of books on special sides of Indian life such as are within reach of all, we tried to understand such phases of the life as fell under our notice. If we have not quite misinterpreted that life, it is owing to the kind friends who, both in India and at home, tried so generously to set our feet in the right way. Amongst them I am specially glad of this opportunity to thank Colonel D. D. Cunningham, Colonel John Biddulph, and Mr. Rowland E. Prothero. Where we have gone astray we must

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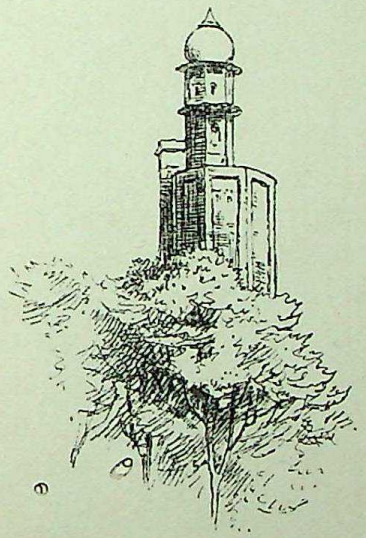
ask the indulgence of those beneath whose eyes these pages may fall.

I should like to think that these efforts might, in their small way, help to pave the highway of sympathetic understanding which must unite East and West, if—as all who realise the vast responsibilities of our Indian Empire must desire—the unselfish devotion and unstinting self-sacrifice of those who have toiled for its welfare are to be crowned with success, and we are ever, in Lord Curzon's words, to rule India by the heart.



THE BABA ATAL TOWER, AMRITSAR

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GIBRALTAR FROM THE WEST

Plate 2

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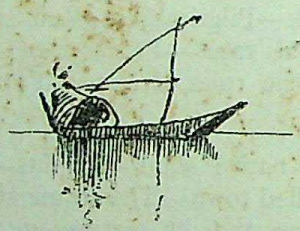

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1—THE BATHING GHATS, BENARES. "The river bank is a marvellous sight. The Ghats, in flight after flight of irregular steps, descend a hundred feet to the water's edge. Here and there the steps widen out into terraces, and on them are temples and shrines of all sorts and sizes. The cliff is crowned by high houses and palaces, which culminate in domes and slender minarets. Here and there a palace or temple breaks away from the main line, and, projecting forward, descends with solid breast-works of masonry to the water's edge, where every variety of native craft lies moored" . . . *Title-page*

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3—THE CITADEL, CAIRO, IN A SAND-STORM. "It is interesting for those who know Cairo to refresh their memory of Mohammedan architecture there, in order to compare the style with that of similar buildings in India" 1

4—THE WAKE OF A P. & O. 4

5—THE WALKESHWAR TEMPLE, BOMBAY. "The temple and tank of the mystical Shiva in the village at Malabar Point is a mere combination of white-wash, water and flights of steps with smaller temples and shrines dotted around them and a few gnarled old bo-trees. They do not possess any antiquity, but like everything purely native are thoroughly picturesque" 24

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6—A DOORWAY, POONA. "There are some picturesque nooks and corners in the city. I found time to make a drawing of a quaint doorway, wreathed with a garland of marigold, and of a lazy boy, whose time appeared to be of little value, sitting on a projecting ledge swinging his legs" 62

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8—THE SHAHPUR GATE, BIJAPUR. "An old gate—a vista of minarets in the opening—with grim battlements, and long spikes projecting outwards from the gates themselves, to prevent the elephants of an enemy from butting up against them and battering them down with their heads" 82

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11—RETURNING FROM THE MELA, ALLAHABAD. "The Maidan is crossed by flat roads, here and there passing through scattered groups of trees. In one of these where the ground was dotted over with dilapidated shrines I found a suitable subject. It was evening, and darkness was approaching; the air was full of the red glow of

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RETURNING FROM THE MELA—*continued*
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12—A CORNER SHRINE IN A BENARES ALLEY. "The streets reminded me of Genoa, but are far more picturesque, with their rich colouring (chiefly a deep red), overhanging storeys, and an occasional bridge thrown over from one side of the street to the other. Every empty space is occupied by a fantastic representation of Hindu mythology, and, besides the regular temples and shrines with which the town bristles, an uncouth image, or a squarely-hewn sacred stone, is set up at every vacant corner" . . 134

13—THE GHATS BELOW AURANGZEB'S MOSQUE, BENARES. "Bathers and devotees, in a continuous stream, ascend and descend these steps: issuing from the dark archways and lanes above, they collect below on the brink of the water, under huge straw umbrellas; and proceed by one operation to wash away their sins, to wash their bodies, and their simple and scanty clothing as well. They then gird themselves in clean attire; and afterwards return to one of the terraces to have their caste-marks replaced upon their foreheads by an official of the temple; he is provided with a number of little saucers filled with coloured powders for the purpose. This done, they sit on a plank over the water to meditate and bask in the sunshine 140

14—A BENARES EKKA. "A picturesque conveyance with double shafts on either side, drawn together on the top of the pony's back and fastened to a saddle. The trappings of some of these ekkas are very gay, and some have a canopy like a bird-cage on the top. This 'machine' holds, besides the driver, two persons, who sit sideways, and hang their legs over the wheels" 146

15—AGRA FORT—OUTSIDE THE DELHI GATE. "The Emperor Akbar, perhaps one of the greatest and most

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AGRA FORT—*continued*
liberal-minded rulers commemorated by history, lived here during the early years of his life. It is to him that we owe the double line of noble red sandstone walls, 70 feet high, with a circumference of over a mile; they enclose within their precincts a remarkable group of palaces, mosques, halls of state, baths, kiosques, balconies and terraces overhanging the river, all nobly designed and exquisitely decorated by Akbar and his successors, Jehangir and Shah Jehan" 160

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18—THE BAZAAR, AGRA. "The road is lined with low one-storeyed buildings—shops, for the most part, open to the street, supported by low carved pillars and sheltered by awnings of straw. Swarthy people squat among their wares, smoking their hookahs. The roadway is thronged with people—many of the women, carrying brass pitchers and other heavy loads upon their heads, are clad in bright colours, with rows of bangles round their wrists and ankles; the men, in less brilliant but more motley clothes. In the distance rises the great gateway of the Fort" 180

19—THE JUMMA MUSJID, AGRA. "A grand building of red sandstone and marble: though built by Shah Jehan in 1644, it approaches more nearly to the earlier vigorous style of his predecessors" 184

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20—THE MOSQUE AND GATE OF VICTORY, FATEHPUR SIKRI. "The Buland Darwaza, or Gate of Victory, which forms the southern entrance to Akbar's mosque, is the loftiest building in Fatehpur Sikri, and is approached by a stately flight of steps. At the entrance is the following inscription in Arabic, 'Said Jesus, on whom be peace! the world is a bridge, pass over it but build no house there'" 190

21—GWALIOR FORT BEFORE SUNRISE. "The great rock of Gwalior, rising from the plain like the hulk of a gigantic battleship, looked very fine when I saw it from my window, a quarter of an hour before sunrise; its crowning walls, palaces, and the irregularities of its precipitous sides were just being touched by the dawn. It was overspread with a deep red flush from the glowing Eastern sky, and though the base beneath was still in shadow, the broad features of the landscape, the bare ground, the trees, and the partly ruined tombs were distinctly visible in the clear still air. In the foreground a square tomb with a Pathan dome, gave distance to the background, and between me and it, occasional figures noiselessly passed" 202

22—THE MAN SING PALACE, GWALIOR. "An exceptional building, growing out of the top of the rock and dominating the approach to the Fort. Semicircular bastions crowned by cupolas flank, at intervals, the palace walls, and along them run horizontal bands of blue and yellow faience, and sculptured arches. It is palace and rampart in one, and is certainly the most originally decorated house I ever saw. There is a broad ribbon of blue along the façade, with a bright yellow row of Brahma's geese upon it, and below is another band of blue, about five or six feet high, with conventional vivid green mango trees growing in panels. Through the gateway came a stately elephant, and beyond I could just get a glimpse of the plain far below" . . . 208

23—THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI—AT SUNSET. "This grand yet simple building of Shah Jehan is the masterpiece of religious architecture in India. From the lofty basement, built round an outcrop of the sandstone rock,

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THE JUMMA MUSJID—*continued*
a finely composed group of domes and minarets, cupolas and gateways rises over a wide-spreading open space, dotted with stunted trees sheltering some temporary native booths: from them the smoke of the evening fires pervades the atmosphere. The sun, setting in the brilliant cloudless sky, causes the marble domes silhouetted against it to appear quite dark, and the sharply alternating forms of rounded dome and upjutting minaret look like an Arabic inscription along the horizon"

The sun goes down as in a sphere of gold
Behind the arm of the city, which between,
With all that length of domes and minarets,
Athwart the splendour, black and crooked runs
Like a Turk verse along a scimitar. 224

24—A STREET IN DELHI—LOOKING TOWARDS THE JUMMA MUSJID. "Wherever the fantastic outline of this stately group of domes and minarets appears, the effect is pleasing, and their solemn dignity is enhanced where the foreground is occupied by the unimportant but picturesque buildings of the native city" . . . 226

25—THE TOMB OF TUGHLAK SHAH. "This tomb forms the nucleus of a miniature fortress in the centre of a small lake, and is approached by a low causeway raised on arches. Here repose the bones of two of the warrior kings of the Tughlak line. The walls which enclose them are of massive marble and red sandstone masonry and are surmounted by a white marble dome" 256

26—A CAMEL-SOWAR OF THE 10TH BENGAL LANCERS. "The men of the 10th Bengal Lancers are mostly Sikhs; they have blue and red lance-pennons, blue kurta or long coat, white breeches, red cummerbund, and blue cone-shaped turban. An obliging Moonshee glorified my sketch by writing Shams ud-din Khan's name and status in splendid picturesque characters below it" . . . 272

27—A GATEWAY IN THE BAZAAR, LAHORE. "A massive archway—intensely dark in its cavernous recesses—spanned the street, and under it a jostling crowd passed and repassed, looking brilliant as they stepped into the

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A GATEWAY IN THE BAZAAR—*continued*
sunlight from beneath the shade. Through the archway I could see one of the many coloured minarets of Vizir Khan's mosque soaring up into the blue sky; and a superb figure —with the bearing of a prince—came striding towards me and gave a central completing touch to the scene" . . 300

28—THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITZAR. "The pilgrim enters through a magnificent gateway, to find himself confronted by a dazzling vision, for the temple is covered from the tops of its domes to within a short distance of the ground with plates of gilded copper. All this shimmering glory 'shines in the sun like a blazing altar,' and is reflected in the dancing grey-green water of the pool—in the centre of which it is set. A marble causeway leads across the pool to the island platform of the little temple with a marble balustrade on either hand; and tall columns, with gilt lamps surmounting them, rise above the crowd of flower-laden pilgrims continually streaming across" . 310

29—A TEMPLE IN THE TANK AT THANESAR. "This famous sacred lake has been from the earliest times the rendezvous of thousands of devout Hindus, seeking purification by bathing and prayer. The temples which once surrounded it have now fallen into decay, and are overshadowed by great trees. Long flights of steps lead down to the water's edge, and on the north side a causeway stretches out into the lake, where, on a little island, stands the most perfect temple that now remains" 324

30—THE MAIN STREET OF ALWAR. "The Main Street of Alwar, running straight towards the mountains, is closed at the end by a conical and rocky spur, crowned by the fort which dominates the town. The street itself is one long bazaar, thronged by a busy bright crowd" . . 336

31—THE ANA SAGAR, AJMERE. "Shah Jehan built four marble pavilions on the great bund or embankment which dams up the water in the valley of the river Luni, and forms the lake called the Ana Sagar. One of these was used as the Commissioner's house at the time of my visit. When I opened the window at daylight and walked

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THE ANA SAGAR—*continued*
out on the white marble balcony, an exquisitely beautifu and peaceful scene lay before me. I found myself overhanging the shining levels of a lovely lake, surrounded by most picturesque hills, and with a glorious flood of light from the rising sun shining on the rugged rosy granite peaks to the south-west" 344

32—THE CAULDRON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DARGAH, AJMERE. "The chief entrance to the Dargah, from the crowded street, is beneath a whitewashed archway of great height, on either side of which, surrounded by a medley of arches, miniature cupolas, pillars and trees, are two huge iron cauldrons some ten or fifteen feet across. On certain festal occasions, and when rich pilgrims give an alms of £200 to £300 for the purpose, these are filled with rice, raisins, sugar, spices and ghee, which, when cooked by enormous fires lighted beneath the cauldrons, is doled out to the poor pilgrims. When they are satisfied the members of certain privileged families, swathed in rags and wadding, are then allowed to jump into the still hot cauldron and scramble for the remains" 358

33—THE TOMB OF KHWAJAH MUIN-UD-DIN CHISTI, IN THE DARGAH, AJMERE. "The glistening white marble tomb of the saint is very picturesque; surrounded by fine lattice screens. It is all dark and mysterious within, and rich-coloured draperies and awnings shroud the holy place, and shelter the doorways. The grey misty mountain peaks made a beautiful and quiet background to this vivid scene, which was partially veiled by the green branches of one of the gnarled and twisted trees shading the enclosure. The tree had dropped out of the perpendicular, and was supported by a finely carved yellow sandstone pillar" 360

34—THE TANK AT THE BACK OF THE DARGAH, AJMERE. "Deep in the rocky mountain-side at the back of the Dargah is a long, narrow, natural cleft, the sides of which are faced with irregular flights of steep steps

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THE TANK—*continued*
descending to a deep tank below, and ascending to tortuous and irregular terraces and platforms which follow the trend of the rock. Above them rise the enclosing walls of the Dargah and neighbouring buildings. A constant stream of women in dark red and blue saris ascended and descended, with their waterpots on their heads" . . 362

35—JODHPUR—GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORT. "The great rock of the Fort rises 400 feet abruptly out of the plain, like Stirling Castle on a large scale. At its feet lies the old walled town, but from the spot from which this sketch is taken it is hidden by a dark belt of trees—especially noticeable from the contrast of its foliage with the barren rock on one side and the desert on the other" 366

36—THE ASCENT TO THE PALACE, JODHPUR. "The road ascends by zigzags beneath seven gates. Above rises the palace, which generations of Rahtore princes have reared upon bastions on the edge of a perpendicular cliff. Before me was a lofty whitewashed gateway, through which was passing an ever moving crowd of strangely dressed natives from the Bikaneer desert, laden camels with their drivers, groups of women with water-pots on their heads, and an occasional elephant bearing a richly dressed visitor to the palace" 368

37—A BULLOCK CART, JODHPUR 380

38—A FEEDING-PLACE FOR BIRDS, AHMEDABAD. "These picturesque objects, somewhat like pigeon cotes, are characteristic of this city of the Jains" . . . 382

39—THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY—EXTERIOR. "The temple, though not grand or imposing, is a picturesque building. It stands with its back against a wooded hill; at its feet lies a long moat or tank, alive with tortoises, and crossed by a small bridge flanked by two elephants in stone. Above, an enclosing battlemented wall looks out on a flat expanse of the greenest grass" 392

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40—THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY—INTERIOR. "Several flights of steps lead to a sculptured doorway, and within, an antechapel or vestibule opens on to a small courtyard; in its centre is the Holy of Holies, containing seven shrines of diminishing size, and within the innermost is the Tooth. The mysterious veiled doorway of this sanctuary, which no ordinary mortal may pass, formed the centre of my sketch. The projecting roof is supported by massive wooden pillars, and the walls, corbels and ceilings are profusely painted with brightly coloured monsters and floral designs" 394

41—A STREET SCENE IN KANDY. "Kandy possesses no fine buildings or architectural features worthy of note; but the irregularity of its low buildings, the bright awnings, the deep shadows in the frontless shops, the fruit and other wares, the overhanging palms, the stray yellow and crimson Croton bushes, and above all the people, form an ever changing *mélange* of colour, and a study in movement which are in the highest degree fascinating" 396

42—THE MOUNTAINS FROM PALLEKELLY. "Sketching in the tropics I found no easy matter on account of vegetation, which clothes the whole face of the world in the richest greens. Nothing is more beautiful to the eye than this verdure, but it is hard to paint, and moreover it was all new to me. I attempted a sketch, but with indifferent success, of the jungle-clothed mountains around Pallekelly, culminating in a dark peak, about which the clouds were beginning to gather." 398

43—"A TROPICAL SHOWER. It was very beautiful, especially from a height, to watch the great rain-clouds blowing up from the sea every afternoon and culminating in a deluge of rain. The clear blue sky of the morning gradually becomes flecked with white woolly clouds, and shadows travel rapidly over the sunny green landscape. On they come thicker and thicker, the white turns to grey, the blue sky rapidly disappears, and the grey gives place to black, casting the whole landscape into a deep blue gloom; then a nebulous mass, more dense than its predecessors,

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A TROPICAL SHOWER—*continued*
charged with electricity, sweeps over the high mountains; there is a vivid flash of forked fire and an almost simultaneous roar of thunder, and a deluge of water falls in a great grey veil over hill and vale, and swirling onwards warns us that no time must be lost in seeking shelter if we wish to preserve a dry thread to our backs" . . . 408

44—MORNING MISTS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MAHAWELLI GANGHA. "A terrace road winds through the forest-covered hill at the back of the Pavilion, and from it exquisite views open on to the valley below and away to the distant blue mountains. The colouring of the landscape in Ceylon seemed to me far more intense than that in any other country I had seen" . . . 412

45—THE MARKET, COLOMBO. "The subtle litheness of the figures, the profusion and gorgeous colours of the fruit and vegetables, the deep shadows and flickering lights combine to make the market a most attractive place for an artist" 414

46—THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLOMBO. "In the shady garden of Government House are many fine trees, the most conspicuous being a giant Banyan. Surrounding it are beautiful green lawns dotted over with flowering shrubs and bright yellow and red Croton bushes. Two tame pelicans and a crane patrol the green sward, and, in their odd ways, are a constant source of amusement" . . 416

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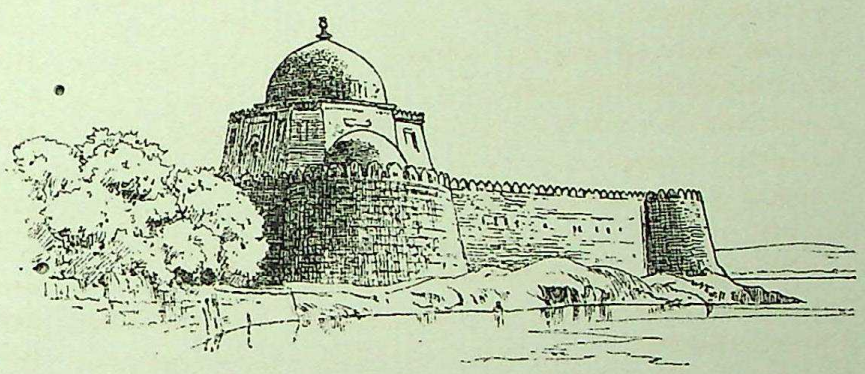

TOMB OF TUGHLAK SHAH

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THE CITADEL, CAIRO, IN A SAND-STORM

"It is interesting for those who know Cairo to refresh their memory of Mohammedan architecture there, in order to compare the style with that of similar buildings in India."

Plate 3

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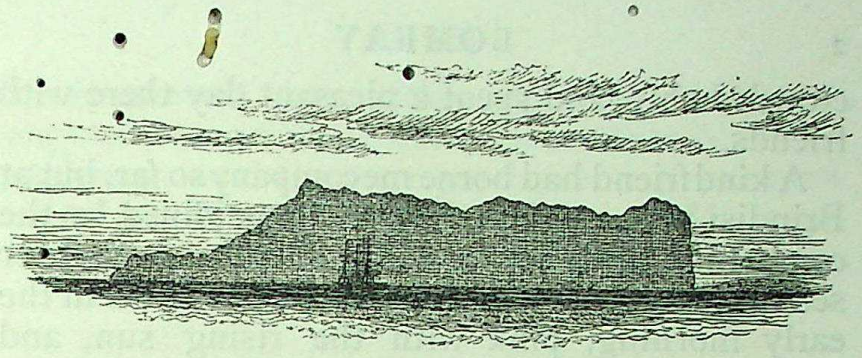

GIBRALTAR FROM THE EAST

CHAPTER I

BOMBAY: AN EPITOME OF THE EAST

It was a change from a sick-room to the cabin of a P. and O., but I had been ill, and "change" was recommended. At the mouth of the Channel and in the Bay I realised that I was still a sick man; but the Equinox was upon us, and now the cause was exterior to myself—this also was a change.

A short respite from storm and tempest revealed Gibraltar in brilliant sunshine, and as we danced over the waves I sketched the great Rock for the first time, and passing it, for it was too rough to land, looked back upon it black and frowning against a lurid evening sky, a grim barrier to the inland sea. As night fell the sea rose, and the great ship seemed to tremble and quiver at the impact of the waves; but better times were coming, and at Malta I enjoyed a respite from the

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crowded ship, and spent a pleasant day there with friends.

A kind friend had borne me company so far, but at Brindisi we parted, and there I was joined by the companion of my journey. We sailed on a summer sea through the Ionian Islands, passed Crete in the early morning, pink with the rising sun, and in due course were off the coast of Egypt. It is interesting for those who know Cairo to refresh their memories of Mohammedan architecture there, in order to compare them with the buildings of India which they are about to see. The Canal affords the unique experience of a sail through the desert varied by the transit of the Bitter Lakes and enlivened by the sight of strings of camels and flights of pink and white flamingoes. On entering the dark blue waters of the Red Sea the aspect of everything changes. On the right beyond Suez extends against an evening sky a deep purple range of mountains, commencing with the grim serrated Gebel Attakah. The shore wherever visible is sterile to a degree, and not a vestige of vegetation is to be seen. Throughout our course of thirteen hundred miles to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, coral reefs run along the coast in broken lines parallel to the shore, leaving a channel from two to three miles wide, which, in the absence of lighthouses and the prevalence of treacherous cross currents, must require some skill to navigate. The masts of six vessels which we saw appearing above the water at Perim suggest the fact that that skill is sometimes wanting. But I am anticipating. In

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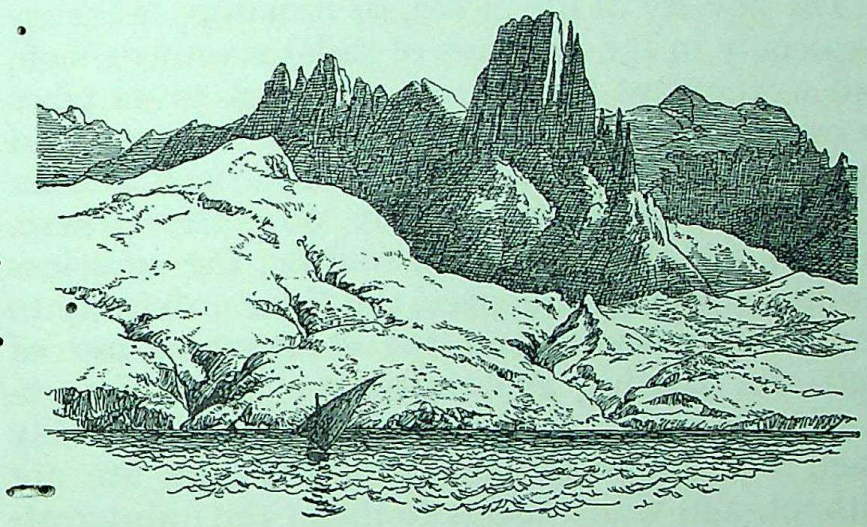
due course we came within sight of the distant range of Mount Sinai, then the weather began to get hotter, punkahs were put up, and passengers turned out in all their thinnest clothes. We pass the Straits, and soon come in sight of the strange



NEEDLE-LIKE PINNACLES

mountains with needle-like pinnacles, which are passed just before Aden is reached. There a short halt amongst a swarm of naked gesticulating natives in canoes, shouting "habadive," "habadive," which, being translated, means "throw a shining coin into the water and I will dive for it." Then the Indian Ocean, flying fishes, thunder-clouds, and the land of Inde.

It is contrast, and the presence of the unexpected

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that constitute the picturesque, and that charm the æsthetic eye and mind. Of all contrasts few can be greater or more striking than that of West and East, and few transitions can be productive of greater surprises than that made in stepping from the monotony of a steamship into the midst of the tropics.

The novelty of life at sea, so romantic in theory (especially in the old days of sails), soon wears off, and as the days roll up into weeks, it gives place to *ennui;* life becomes tedious and irksome, and the least thin line of distant coast at once arouses a longing to be again on shore, no matter where. Within, are the clock-work routine, the ceaseless motion, the cramped space, the close proximity to one's fellow-passengers, the constant tramp of feet—the passing and repassing, and again re-passing of walkers on the deck—the faint oily smell which even the best kept steamers are not without, and which seems to infect the uninteresting food, so that it all tastes of the ship; without, are only the limitless horizon and the sameness of the ever-changing sea. In these conditions and surroundings, the monotonous days pass, and we sleep to the accompaniment of the rocking waves and the measured thud of the engine.

One morning early in April we became gradually conscious of the fact that we were no longer rocking, that the engine was at rest; then a terrific noise overhead announced the dropping of the anchor, and we realised that we were once more in port. We had reached Colombo.

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THE WAKE OF A P. & O.

Plate 4

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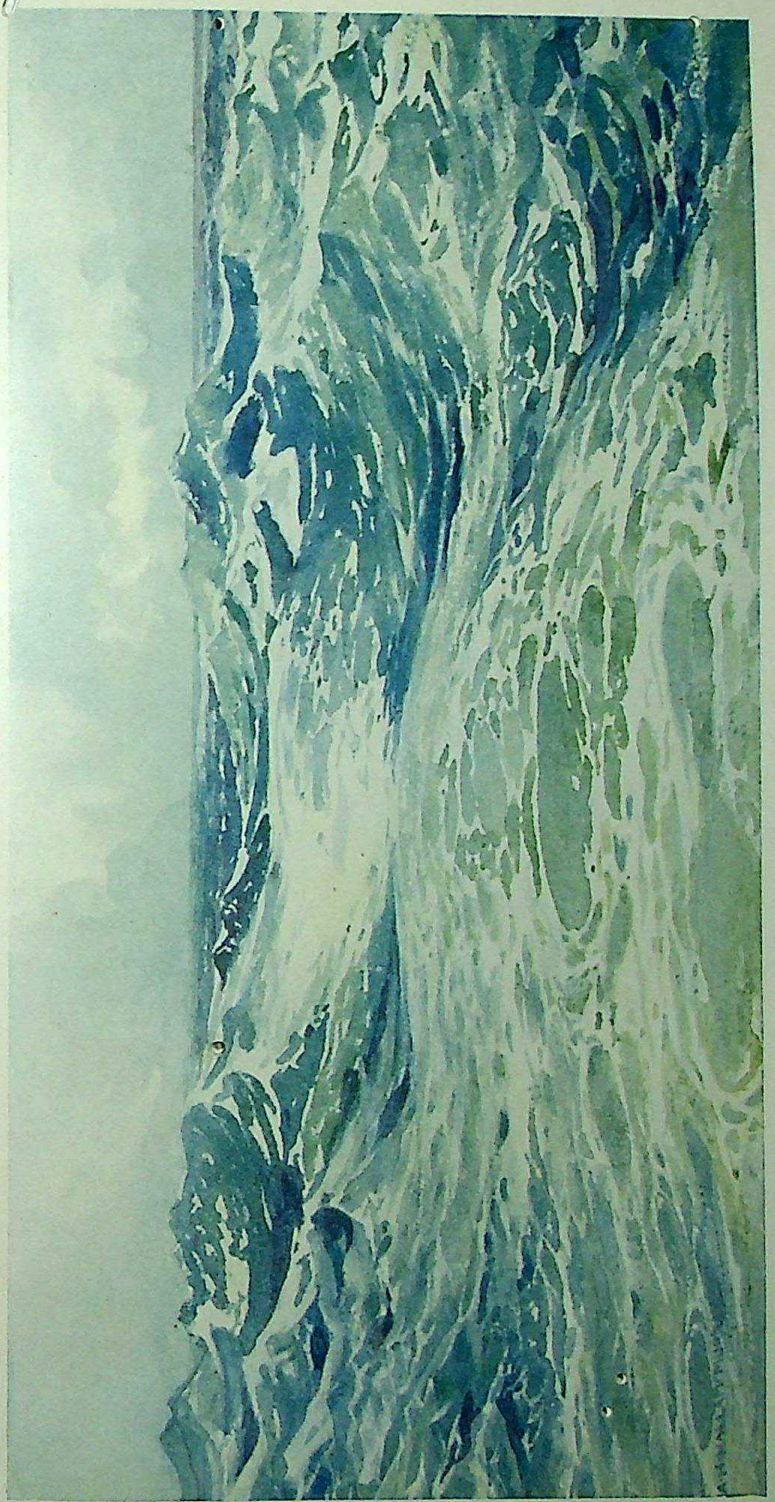

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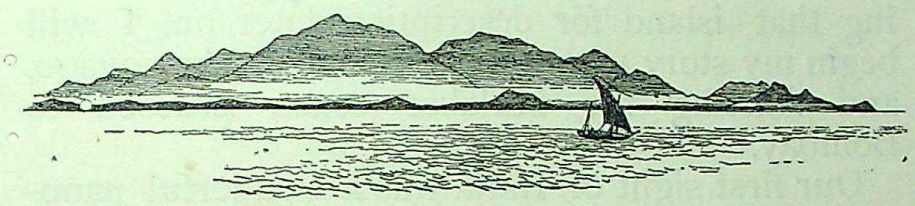
How much can be revealed in the vignette seen through a port-hole? Looking out, we had our first glimpse of a new world! It was unmistakable! Behind a horizontal bar of cocoa-nut palms, to the East, the sun was rising in true oriental splendour, reflected on a calm sheet of glowing water. Dusky figures, in many coloured garments, were distinguishable along the shore and in amongst the trees, and as the light began to penetrate the foliage, the low roofs of native huts appeared, and a thin wreath of blue smoke betokening the prepa-



THE MALABAR COAST

ration of the morning meal. Here and there a tower or spire broke the outline of the waving palms. Close by, on the water, a noisy, grey-necked crow alighted to dispute with his fellow the possession of some floating treasure, for he too must have his breakfast.

There was something in the simple scene, in the very air, and above all in the smell—that strange and all-pervading smell of everything aromatic—which seized on the imagination and indelibly stamped itself upon the mind. This was the East, the glorious, mysterious East. How different from anything expected, and how far more enthralling.

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And yet what was it that we have seen ? A belt of trees, a sheet of still water, some distant figures and a pair of crows. It was nothing in itself, but it was enough : it had created an undying and fascinating impression of the Oriental tropics.

Having come so far, I cannot any longer conceal the fact that we were not then on our way to India at all, but were in an Australian Liner, and bound for the south. It is not, however, my intention to recount our experiences at the Antipodes, nor, since chronology is of little importance, in this connection, will I loiter in Ceylon ; but leaving that island for description later on, I will begin my story with the end of the return voyage, and skirting the Malabar coast, proceed to Bombay.

Our first sight of India was a wonderful panorama of the Western Ghats, with their fine rugged outline, broken by isolated, precipitous and almost inaccessible peaks, silhouetted against the sunrise glow. That great barrier-range runs south for nearly 800 miles, following the line of the sea coast. It rises sometimes in splendid precipices, sheer out of the water, sometimes abruptly in terraces, beyond a strip of flat green and fertile low-lying land, to an extreme height of nearly 7000 feet.

The weather was glorious, and the sea quite calm. A peaceful day ended in a grand sunset ; about 9 P.M. I saw a curious meteor, which looked so strangely near that at first I thought it was a mast-head light not half a mile away. Very

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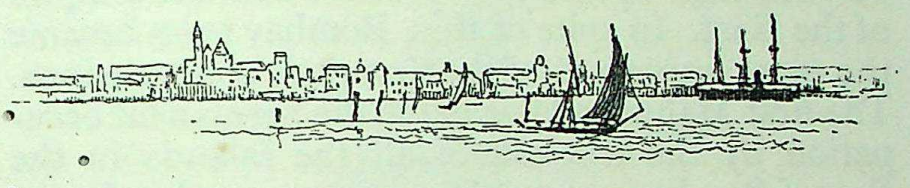
gradually it moved downward, and then vanished.

The coastline became gradually clearer, and two days afterwards numbers of small brown lateen sails appeared and clumps of fishermen's stakes, like Venetian *pali*, standing up out of the sea. At last Bombay emerged mistily above the horizon about 2.30 P.M. on January 11, and by 4.30 we were steaming slowly into harbour.

The beautiful Bay, studded with green islands



OUR FIRST VIEW OF BOMBAY

and jutting precipices, unfolded itself before us, with its background of strange, quaintly-shaped hills, amongst which the Bawa-Malang catches the eye with its peculiar cylindrical and bottle-shaped peak crowned with a ruined fort.

The town of Bombay stands at the southern end of one of the greenest of these low narrow islands, which lie as a much-indented, protecting barrier across the estuary of a river imprisoning an arm of the sea, from five to seven miles wide, along the mainland, and so forming one of the finest harbours in the world. On the sea side of the island is Back Bay, a shallow basin two miles broad, with Colaba Point between it and the harbour, and a ridge ending in Malabar Point on

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the sea side. The Fort is the nucleus of the city, and stands on the slightly-raised strip of land between Back Bay and the harbour, the entrance to which it commands.

Bombay Island was occupied by the Portuguese as early as 1532, and, coming to Charles II. as part of the dower of Catherine of Braganza, was leased to the East India Company for £10 a year. The Portuguese, however, still remained near neighbours and rivals on the Island of Salsette, and blocked the "open-door" to trade with the Empire of the East. In spite of this, Bombay soon became the most important of the Company's possessions. The first Mahratta War led to the permanent occupation by the English of all the Islands in the Bay of Bombay, where the commerce and industry of a large district had taken refuge from Mahratta oppression. Before 1830 Bombay had become the link between the East and the West. The natural barrier that separates the coast from the tableland of the Deccan was first broken down in 1838 by a road over the Bhor Ghat. Some thirty years later the railway was taken the same way on to the Deccan plateau by a brilliant feat of engineering skill. The Suez Canal of course completed the connection with the West.

When the American War cut off the supply of cotton to Lancashire, the importance of Bombay increased immensely, and, after various ups and downs of prosperity, it now rivals Calcutta as the commercial capital of India. The natural aptitude of the Natives for textile work, and their reputa-

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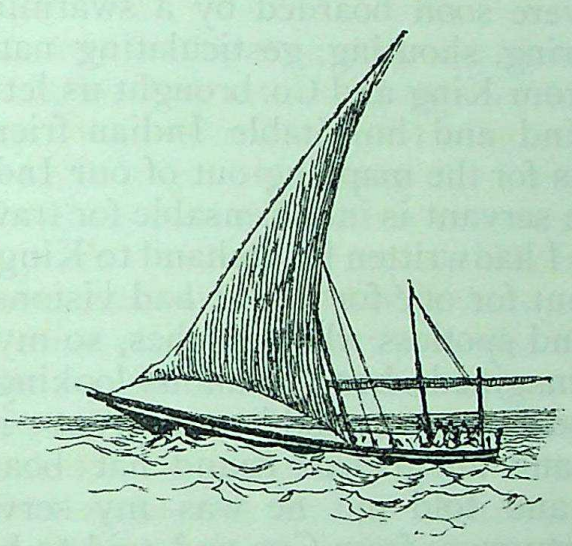
tion for turning out unglazed, genuine fabrics seem to be driving out the lower class of English cotton goods. The growth of these factories increased the already swarming population of this densely crowded Eastern city, but the plague has considerably diminished the export trade of late



A NATIVE DHOW

years, and has greatly reduced the population of Bombay.

It is useless to try to describe the magnificent scene, which now lay before us, as we came to anchor amongst the crowds of various kinds of craft, from both the East and West, which formed a most animated foreground. Some of the native boats, with high poops like sixteenth-century galleys, masts raking the wrong way, and three-cornered sails, were very quaintly picturesque. There were also troop-ships and men-of-war of

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H.M. East India Squadron, a Russian war-ship, mail-steamers and merchantmen discharging and receiving cargo, countless small boats, ships-dinghies, native bunder-boats and Karachis plying busily to and fro with their burden of brilliantly clad passengers.

We were soon boarded by a swarming crowd of jabbering, shouting, gesticulating natives, and a peon from King and Co. brought us letters from many kind and hospitable Indian friends, with proposals for the mapping-out of our Indian tour. A native servant is indispensable for travelling in India, so I had written beforehand to King and Co., to look out for one for me. I had visions of a red turban and spotless white clothes, so my feelings may be imagined when a villanous-looking figure—to all appearance a veritable cut-throat—in shabby clothes and an ancient round hat boarded the steamer and told me he was my servant. He was a Portuguese from Goa and said to be honest, which was consoling, and as I was told he had white jackets and trousers in the background, that would appear when we got to Government House, I took him for a time. He seemed to know his way about, but I felt rather doubtful about engaging him as a body slave for three months. The matter settled itself before long by his hearing of a permanent place as butler at Karachi, to which I let him go; and I took on John Lobo, a nice-looking young fellow, also a "Goa Boy," as I was told it was difficult to get an Indian, speaking English. He was active and intelligent, though not very methodical, and served me well.

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The disembarkation arrangements are not altogether a credit to the P. and O. Co., and it was not until six o'clock that, in a very badly managed launch, we finally succeeded in landing ourselves at the Apollo Bunder Quay below the Yacht Club, through a perfect pandemonium of vociferous coolies.

The sun was setting in a deep red glow, and its level rays lighted up motley groups of brilliantly dressed natives—who blocked the quay, as they squatted at their ease, watching the busy scene—and the brightly painted bullock carts with gaily-clad occupants—drawn by mouse-coloured oxen with shining satin skins, and little humps—which threaded their way amongst the traffic.

We put up for a few days—before going to Government House, Malabar Point—at a queer hotel, where the rats were very noisy at nights, the cockroaches numerous and of abnormal proportions, and the food so bad that we were glad of the possibility of getting meals at the Yacht Club, a delightful, cheery place, with a lovely view over a neat terraced garden, full of brilliant flower-beds, to the harbour and hills beyond. It is built for shade and to catch every breeze. I never appreciated a draught thoroughly before; not that I found the heat intolerable—I never felt a pleasanter or more exquisite atmosphere. It was just right, with cool mornings and evenings and very warm sun mid-day. The heat is neither so intense nor so damp as in Colombo, and the balmy breezes prevented our feeling overpowered by the hot sun.

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I lost no time in getting near the Native quarter of the town, and made my way soon after daybreak next day, past the Victoria Railway Station, a wonderfully proportioned building in the Byzantine style, of dark grey and brown stone, to the Crawford Market. There I made a futile attempt at sketching in a dense and motley crowd. The weather was brilliant and cloudless and the market was dazzling and thronged with all kinds of people in every variety of dress and undress ; all buying and selling, with a deafening hubbub, as the traders squatted in the centre of their stalls amongst their wares.

I was not prepared for the brilliancy of the colouring—scarlet and purple, crimson, green and white, all set off and harmonised delightfully by the variously shaded bronze and dusky limbs, the brown faces and great black eyes of the many different races thronging the busy scene. The strange fruits and vegetables too were nearly all new to us. We saw quantities of red bananas; gourds of many shapes and shades, yellow and green and golden ; heaped-up grapes, white and black, from Aurungabad ; oranges from Nagpur, and the pummelo, a shaddock, like a huge orange. The mango of Mazagon, famous for its delicate flavour, was not yet in season, but there was a strange vegetable, the fruit of the egg-plant,* of the marrow type, with a shiny black surface, like the material of the Parsi hat, called "baingan." There were also piles of "pan" or betel leaves, which, spread with lime (*chuna*) and wrapped round slices of the fruit of the

* *Solanum melongena.*

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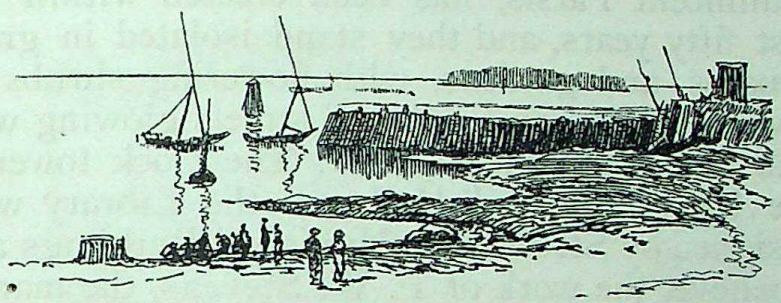
areca palm, are responsible for the red lips and black teeth one sees so perpetually. The flower-stalls were very quaint, for the jasmine, roses and other flowers were all ruthlessly picked to pieces, and threaded, flower by flower, into ropes and chains, strung with silver thread and tinsel into the strangest sweet-smelling garlands and festoons.



BACK BAY

These were sold by weight, to be worn round neck or head, or offered in the temples.

Outside the fruit and vegetable market is a garden shaded by large-leaved, dusky trees, overhung with wreaths of the flaming crimson bougainvillea, of "a colour that seems full of light, that no paint or dye could imitate." Here is the bird-market—alive with screeching flame-coloured and blue macaws and parrots of every description. The whole scene was as alluringly picturesque as anything one could wish to see.

We drove, in the afternoon, round Back Bay to Malabar Point. The Queen's Road by the shore was thronged with brightly clothed natives and with carriages, mostly occupied by Parsis. Looking back we had charming views of the fine public

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buildings and towers of the modern town. The ground upon which the European town stands has been reclaimed—this was mainly, I believe, the work of Sir Bartle Frere—and, for imposing buildings, it quite beat any of the Australian towns I had lately left. All this stately line of reddish-brown stone buildings, some of them built by munificent Parsis, has been erected within the last fifty years, and they stand isolated in green squares and gardens, with flowering shrubs of vivid hue between fine broad streets glowing with rich and harmonious colour. The clock tower of the University and Hall and the Library were designed by Street. The Municipal Buildings are, I believe, the work of F. W. Stevens, the man of the G.I.P., who built the fine Victoria Station. The whole has quite the dignified appearance of a university town, though one can hardly connect an academic atmosphere with surroundings of such riotous colour.

After passing many villas and crossing the railway, we reached a road, close to the sea, which reminded us of the Riviera: the rocky heights were terraced to the top with bungalow and villa gardens, rich in tropical vegetation; tall, slender and graceful palms raise their feathery heads above round-topped trees, and aloes and datura hide the great rocky boulders. From here there is one of the finest views in the world; and all is bathed in an atmosphere of light and fanned by refreshing and balmy breezes.

We passed the sumptuous villa of a rich Parsi,

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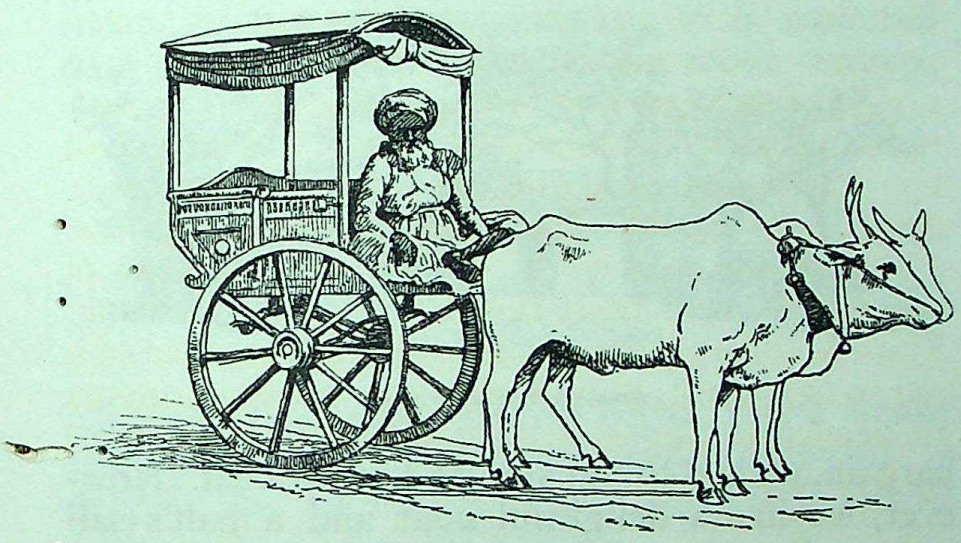
who appeared to be entertaining his friends, for outside his gate were many carriages and smart brightly-painted bullock-chariots, with panels adorned with painted garlands of roses and other ornaments. Then we went on to Malabar Point to write our name in the book at Government House, which is quite at the Point and within sound of the



A BOMBAY BULLOCK-CARRIAGE

waves. I stopped five minutes outside the gate to make a sketch of three quaint little whitewashed tombs under the trees by the road side, which rather pleased me. At Malabar Hill we called on the Bishop, and also on the wife of Col. Burn-Murdoch, R.E., who had kindly written to ask us to go to Elephanta with her.

All my life, since I first heard my old friend Mr. Fergusson talk about the caves at Elephanta, I

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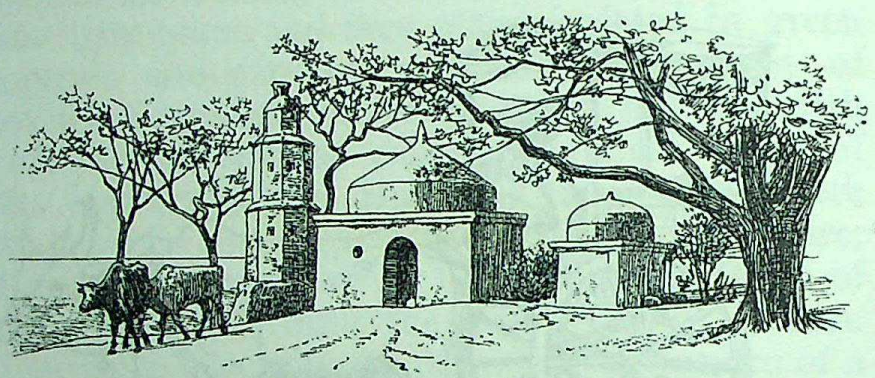
have had a great desire to see them, but, having lately heard them much depreciated, we very nearly gave up the expedition; I am glad we did not, as they were delightfully interesting. Owing to a stupid blunder, however, the Sappers' launch did not turn up till long after the appointed time; then the tide being against us, and low into the



TOMBS BY THE ROAD SIDE

bargain, we had to tranship to a small boat. However, we had a delightful hour and a half's sail eastwards across the Bay, through a crowd of picturesque shipping, and then, in the isle-sprinkled lagoon, we had the waters all to ourselves. At 5.30 we reached the landing-place, a slippery pier of isolated lava-blocks leading to the foot of a long flight of stone steps that mount the hill to the caves, amongst palm-trees and creepers above. Alas, by the time we reached the top the sun was already beginning to set. As we had to dine at eight at Government House—a four-mile drive beyond Bombay, in the opposite direction—it may be imagined

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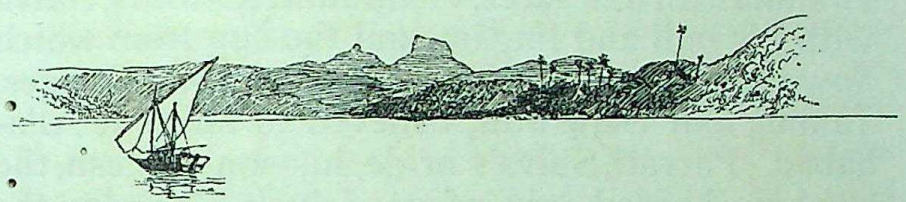
we had not much time to give to the temple, and I did not even get a slight sketch of it.

The rock-cut temple at Dambool,* in Ceylon, which we had seen lately, is more interesting, for it is still in use, whereas this has been given over for three centuries to bats and owls and sight-seers. But these temples stretch farther into the side of the mountain, and show much more art in construction and ornamentation. It is supposed that they date from the eighth or ninth century,



ON THE WAY TO ELEPHANTA

when the Brahmanic revival began which finally triumphed over Buddhism, and succeeded in driving that once supreme and purer faith almost entirely out of the Peninsula.

The entrance of the caves is divided into three, by two carved and somewhat mutilated pillars, cut out of the rock. These pillars are repeated inwards, forming a large hall of three aisles, and at the further end is a colossal figure, about 15 ft. high, with three great calm faces representing the triad of gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva: one of the hands holds Vishnu's lotus-flower, and round one arm is twisted a cobra. The Portuguese spared

* See chapter xxi.

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this figure when their cannon battered down so much of the temple.

There are openings on either side of this cave on the right into a smaller temple, and left to an open space, facing a third temple, guarded on either side by two conventional lions: before this is a circular platform where stood, doubtless, in old days the stone Nandi or sacred bull, so often kneeling at the entrance of a temple of Shiva. Most of the gods of the Hindu Pantheon seem to be represented here, Brahma with four faces, Vishnu and his lotus, Shiva with his bull and lingam, and the cup from which flow the three sacred life-giving streams, Ganges, Jumna, and Saraswati, believed to unite at Allahabad. Parvati, Shiva's bride, his son Ganesh, the elephant-headed god of good luck, Chandra the moon-god, Indra on his elephant, and Bhairava an inferior form of Shiva with rosary of skulls. The entrances are kept by gigantic dwarpals or doorkeepers. The stone is of dark weather-beaten grey, but bears traces of having been painted.

The whole place, amongst the volcanic rocks, covered with vegetation, is wonderfully picturesque, and I longed for an opportunity to sketch it. As we steamed back across the lagoon we had a most delightful distant view of the city with the deep vermilion glow of evening behind it, and the graceful palms and steep hill-sides standing up in the foreground against the sky.

We had despatched a messenger to the A.D.C. at Government House to warn him that we had been detained and might be late. A capital little

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pair of ponies, in a light carriage, got us to Malabar Point in twenty minutes time, and we found a very pleasant party at dinner, including Col. F. Rhodes, Capt. St. Leger Jervois, Sir John Gladstone, Sir R. Beauchamp and a Prince and Princess Sherbatov, who were leaving next day for Kandy. It was arranged that we should shift our quarters next day to Government House till we left for Poona.

The real Government House is seven miles off at Parell, in a lovely garden, but though a fine house it is rather avoided, as it has a bad reputation from a sanitary point of view, and Sir Jas. Fergusson's second wife died there of fever.

We spent five very pleasant days at Malabar Point, the assemblage of bungalows, which forms Government House. They stand sheltered by palms on the black basalt rocks, and all face the sea, which is quite close on three sides. Verandahs connect them with the great central bungalow, an immense long room,—partitioned with lattice-like carved wooden doors into a drawing-room, dining-room and hall,—with a delightful deep verandah all round. Next to it come offices and then our bungalow, standing on a knoll sloping down about fifty feet into the sea. Opposite the main entrance is H. E.'s bungalow, and close by others for guests, doctor and A.D.C.s. There are tents scattered about for servants and guards, then comes the stable, and the native village is beyond—it is quite a little colony in fact. My set of rooms, like the rest, included a large room some twenty-seven feet square, with a dressing-room, a bath-room and a

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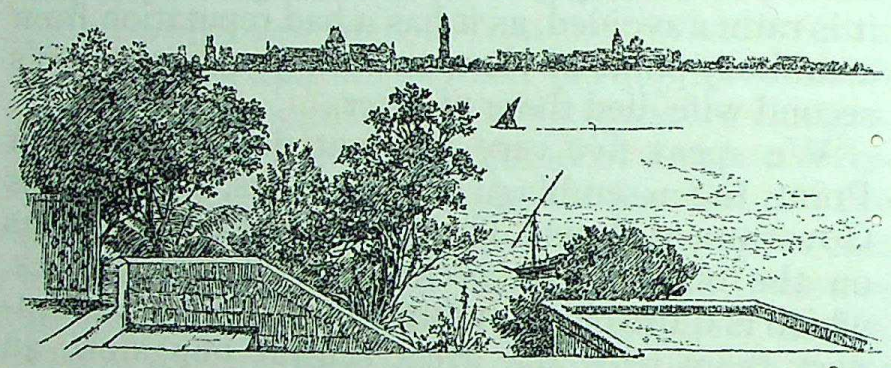
writing-room. The rooms are all arranged for coolness and shade, and court the breeze, with doors made like Venetian blinds; they are high and airy and open into charming, seductive, deep verandahs.

The wonderful silence of nature seemed to have subdued voices and movements to a uniformly low and gentle key; the only sound to be heard was the ripple of the waves breaking gently on the beach below us, occasionally broken by the harsh voice of



BOMBAY FROM MALABAR POINT

one of the many crows who, with consummate impudence, will even enter the dining-room to carry off a bone or other dainty from a plate. Across the blue bay and the little white-sailed boats dancing over the waves, we saw the towers and spires of Bombay, on the further horn, about one-and-a-half miles distant as the crow flies—or one might say the "vulture flies," for we have many here—"but that is another story."

All the arrangements in a large oriental ménage, such as this, are a quaint mixture of splendour and simplicity. The whole place swarms with wonder-

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ful khidmatgars in flaming scarlet and gold livery, and the body-guard is beautiful in an old-fashioned uniform and blue and gold turban, with lance and pennon. At dinner the band played, and we were surrounded by twelve or fourteen men, who each fanned us with a gigantic painted palm-leaf, and we drove out with four horses and postilions, with other marks of state. But on the other hand to get to our own rooms from the dining-room we had to pass through an end of the verandah, screened off to serve as a pantry, and down a covered walk, off which were little rooms serving as kitchens, scullery, and so on. Glimpses might be had, through the open doors, of quaint domestic scenes. I used to watch with some amusement groups of dusky figures seated on the floor, each slowly and deliberately wiping a cup or plate. This ceremony appeared to occupy the greater part of the interval between meals; then the crockery was packed away in a big basket, to be produced for the next meal.

We were lucky in coming in for a great party on the evening of January 15, which was a very brilliant and interesting sight. There were as many natives, Parsis and Hindus, as Europeans; all soldiers and sailors, including the Russians from the men-of-war in the harbour, were in uniform. Numbers of the most important natives were invited to dinner beforehand, I believe rather to the disgust of the English. This went so far that the lady seated at dinner next one of the best known and most public-spirited of the Parsis had the bad taste to refuse to speak to him, and kept

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her back toward him all the time! No wonder, foreigners who have had opportunities of ascertaining the mind of the natives tell us that, whilst acknowledging that we rule with kindness and justice and have given India peace, the natives have no affection for us, and think we lack the "true sympathy, without which weakness can never pardon superior strength."

The dresses of the Hindus on this occasion were most beautiful. The men were in vermilion and gold turbans, and soft white clothes with a touch of gold embroidery, and, on the top of the ears perhaps, an ear-ring with a bunch of emeralds and pearls. The Parsi women were lovely; gracefully clad in all manner of beautiful silks and soft brocades, pale pink, mauve, orange, or lemon-yellow, with a touch of gold or silver along the outer edge. They drape a long strip of soft silk around them as a petticoat, the end is then passed over their heads, above the white veil which confines their hair. They are often very pretty, and some of them wore such fine jewels as quite to eclipse those of all the English women. The rows of emeralds, pearls, and diamonds were especially splendid. Some of the native ladies had ornaments in the left side of the nose, a custom which is as unbecoming as it must be inconvenient, especially when the jewel falls down to or over the mouth.

One morning, before breakfast, I took a walk in the neighbourhood, down the oppressively hot avenue and then round to the further (west) side of

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the hill. Here, in the native village, I came upon a delightfully picturesque tank, about one hundred yards long, with steps, descending to the water on all sides, and above, all manner of quaint buildings. This is "Walkeshivar," a temple of the mystical Shiva, the giver of new life through death, and is regarded as one of the most sacred places in this part of India. Here, the lingam, Shiva's emblem, is reverenced with lustrations of holy water from the Ganges and offerings of betel leaves. The worshippers approaching the shrine, ring the bells, which are placed in three long rows above it. Though I do not suppose the temple and tank possess any antiquity, still, like everything else purely native, they are thoroughly picturesque, though it is mere whitewash, water, and flights of steps which combine to give this result.

Towers, small temples, and shrines—all most attractive in shape and colour—were grouped in charming complexity, with here and there amongst the buildings a gnarled old bo-tree. There were several of the usual tall octagonal pillars or towers for lights—which the uninitiated might take for attenuated pigeon-houses—perforated, on all sides and all the way up, with small apertures to hold the little "battis" or earthenware jars of cocoanut oil which illuminate the sacred spot. From the top of the temple flew a bright red flag. On one side of the tank the buildings descend to the sea, on the other they mount to the top of the ridge. Here for the first time I saw Yogis, by their brick shrines under the trees, at the waterside, who from

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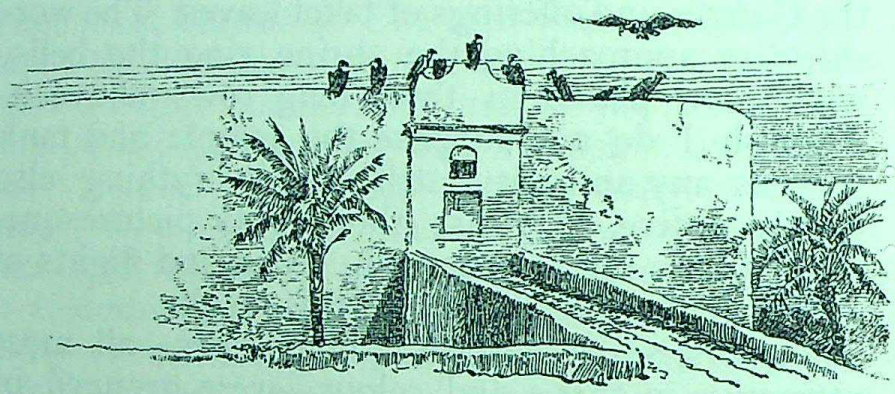
their revolting appearance, I imagine, must consider themselves very religious :—such shocks of matted hair had they, and bodies streaked and smeared with chalk and paint. They sat, quite unconscious of their surroundings, telling the rosary of beads which, with their hands, was hidden from sight, and repeating Shiva's one thousand and eight names over and over again. Not so



ONE OF THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

many years ago there was, I am told, a Yogi here, who lived for twenty years in a stone box, in which he could neither sit nor stand nor lie full length. The throngs of Hindus, coming away, all seemed to have their foreheads marked with quaint signs, which I discovered indicated their caste. The brown wrinkled forehead of the old priest was also barred with three bold white lines.

Another day I drove to the Parsi Towers of Silence on the top of the hill—the most beautiful site in the neighbourhood. A funeral procession

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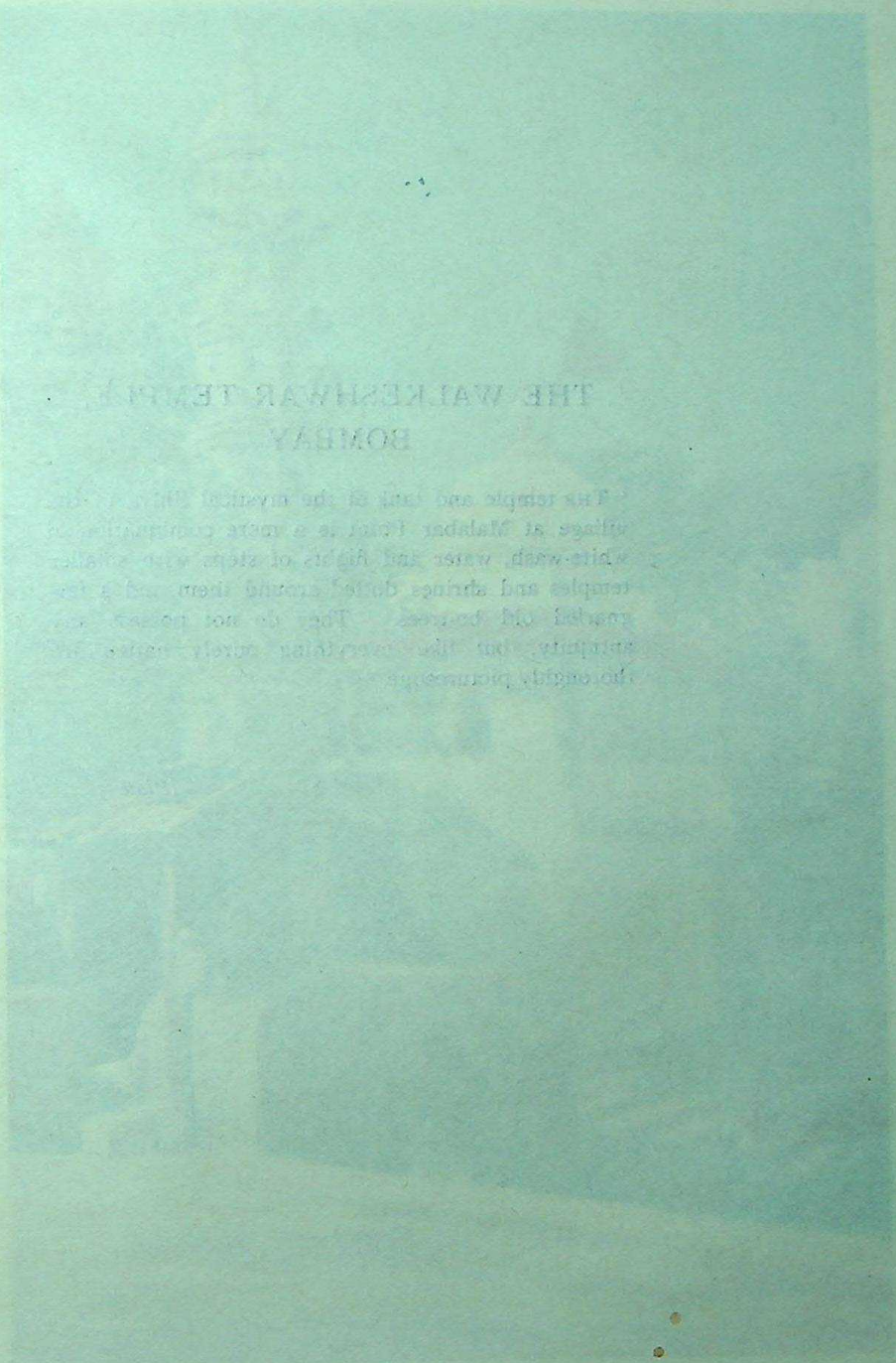

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THE WALKESHWAR TEMPLE, BOMBAY

"The temple and tank of the mystical Shiva in the village at Malabar Point is a mere combination of white-wash, water and flights of steps with smaller temples and shrines dotted around them and a few gnarled old bo-trees. They do not possess any antiquity, but like everything purely native are thoroughly picturesque."

Plate 5

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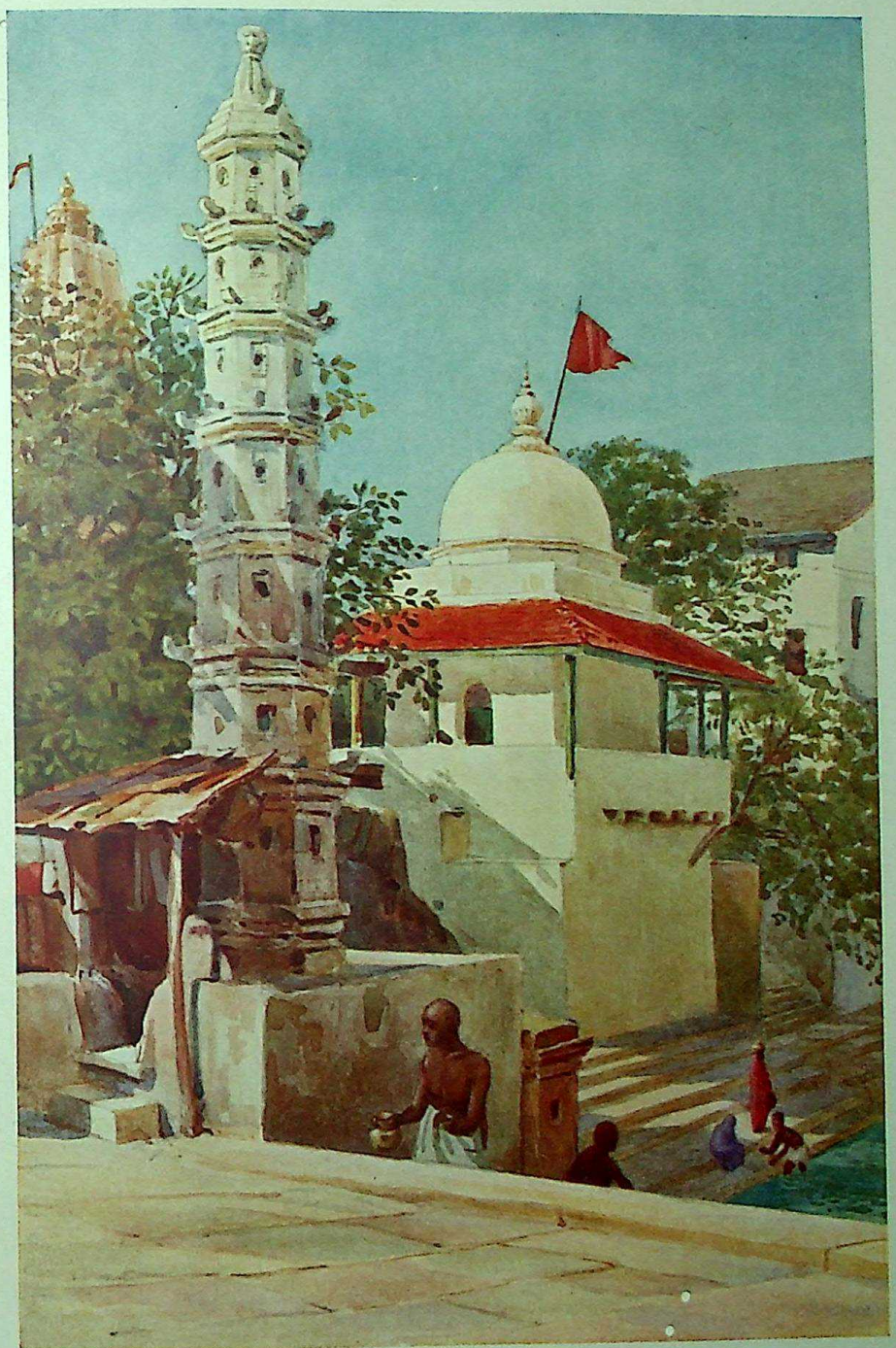

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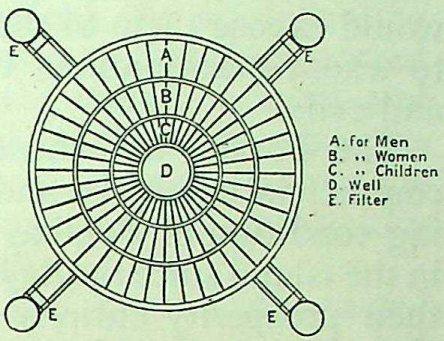
was coming down the steps from the tower gardens as I arrived; so I had to wait a few minutes until some hundred Parsis had passed, walking in a string, in prosaic white trousers, long white coats, with American cloth cow-hoof-shaped hats.

It was rather a gruesome sight to see the vultures hovering above one's head and flapping their huge wings. There are three or four Towers of Silence of various sizes, I should guess from ten to seventy yards across; they are cylindrical and of masonry, like white-washed gasometers, and the plan of them is this: inside they are open to the air and divided into numerous wedge-shaped compartments in three tiers—(A) the outside tier for the men's, (B) the centre for the women's, (C) the inner one for children's corpses. Before the bodies are placed in these cells they are laid out on a stone and a dog is brought up to them. If he licks the face of the corpse it is supposed to show that the soul has the *entrée* to Paradise, if otherwise that it is condemned. Rows of vultures, with here and there a crow, sometimes perched on a vulture's back, stand stolidly along the rims of the towers, waiting. After about five hours their work is done, and nothing remains but bones, which are placed in a great central pit, where they turn to dust, and when the monsoon



SKETCH-PLAN OF TOWER OF SILENCE

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comes the rain washes into this well, and the water, after being filtered, finds its way to the sea. They say the most up-to-date of the Parsis are rather ashamed of this custom of theirs, and would like it abolished, but it was their wonderful veneration for the sanctity of the elements that led to their devising this elaborate scheme by which they avoid the contamination of earth, fire, or water, for that would expose them to the attack of the Evil Spirit, to whose machinations they attribute all disease and evil.

The Parsis, on whose industry, level-headed commercial enterprise and public spirit the flourishing condition of Bombay is based, have only been in the island since the days of British rule, and owe their prosperity entirely to our protection. The Mohammedans in India always persecuted them bitterly, treated them as pariahs, and confined them to the country districts. They had fled from Persia in consequence of the persecution of Khaliph Omar, 642 A.D., and were allowed, by a Hindu prince, to settle in a district of Western India, on condition that they abstained from cow-killing and adopted a modification of Hindu dress. Their curious headdress seems to have originated in the tall Persian cap, cut down and bent: to this they cling tenaciously, but in many other respects they have adopted European dress and customs, though no people or caste has supplied so few converts to Christianity. They are not idolaters, though a certain amount of Hindu superstition has corrupted the purity of their worship, and to remove this an

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effort after reform, and return to the original monotheistic faith was made in 1852.

The Zoroastrian faith teaches them belief in a Supreme God, who is Infinite Perfection, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and further that to have the assistance of this Good Spirit they must cultivate good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and extreme purity, physical and mental; otherwise they offend the six Guardian Spirits charged with the care of the three sacred elements (fire, water, earth), metals, animals and birds, trees and plants, and put themselves into the power of the Evil Spirit, who, warring against the well-being and happiness of mankind, perpetually sows disease, sin, and death.

In the Zend Avesta (the Zoroastrian sacred writings), purity and immunity from sin and disease are continually described as proceeding from Good thoughts, Good words, and Good deeds. Through them, too, lies the way to Heaven, they give the soul the right to enter, and seem also to constitute its sole reward. A beautiful passage, from the Zend Avesta, descriptive of the passing of the soul of the good man upwards after death has been immortalised by G. F. Watts in his picture of the "Dying Warrior."*

"When the third night turns towards the light, then the soul of the pure man goes forward, and a light wind meets him from the south. In that wind

* My authority for this statement is the late Mrs. Arthur Hanson, to whom Watts quoted this passage when she asked him the meaning of his picture.

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comes to meet him the figure of a maiden, beautiful and shining, with brilliant face. Then to her speaks the soul of the pure man: 'What maiden art thou, whom I here see? who art fairer than maidens of earth?' And she replies to him, 'I am, O youth, thine own good thoughts and words and works, appearing to thee in greatness and goodness and beauty.'"

That the Parsis do obey the beautiful, ethical precepts of their religion is apparent from their lives, which are active, laborious, patient, generous, and very free from self-seeking. In their corporate life they are very closely united, and it is said that extreme poverty and crime are equally unknown amongst them. I understand that they suffered very little from the plague. But last census showed that this most intelligent and progressive community is diminishing in numbers. They had decreased considerably, and had fewer children under five years, in proportion, than any other class. There is a growing tendency in the younger generation to marry out of the community, and the reactionary party have lately resolved to exclude all such from their temples and charitable trusts. Some of the more progressive able men are determined to test the legality of this action, which they consider threatens the advance of the educated Parsis socially and intellectually.

The gardens round the Towers of Silence were delightful, they were bright with bushes of jasmine and scarlet poinsettia and oleander, and have a lovely view over the sea. They look down on

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groves of palms and acacia-like tamarind trees, white flowering mango, and tall peepul trees with vivid green foliage, all of a tremble in the breeze, and old cypress trees wreathed with flaming orange bignonia.

But the great attraction of Bombay to my mind lies between Byculla, Crawford Market and the Docks, in the extraordinary strangeness and beauty of the streets in the native town. It is, in a queer gaudy way, the most wonderfully picturesque place it is possible to imagine, and, I believe, one of the best bits of oriental town to be seen in India. I was quite enchanted with the people and their quaint haunts, and was never tired of driving in, in the dogcart, or taking the tram, and wandering on foot through the crowded streets, under tall, brightly painted houses with deeply overhanging balconies and beautifully ornamented corbels and pillars.

It would be well worth coming to India simply to see this part of Bombay. Indeed, it is in colour, sounds and smell—that characteristic and unmistakable Eastern smell of ghee, spices and wood-smoke—an epitome of Indian life. The architecture is a *bizarre* mixture of Portuguese-Renaissance and Hindu, and some of the tall houses with their elaborately carved façades and projecting upper storeys are remarkably good as works of art.

In the marvellous, small, low shops beneath, squat amongst their wares the native tradesmen on their heels, nursing their knees. They sell different sorts of grain, or hammered brass and copper pots; gold and silver Cutch *repoussé* work of Dutch

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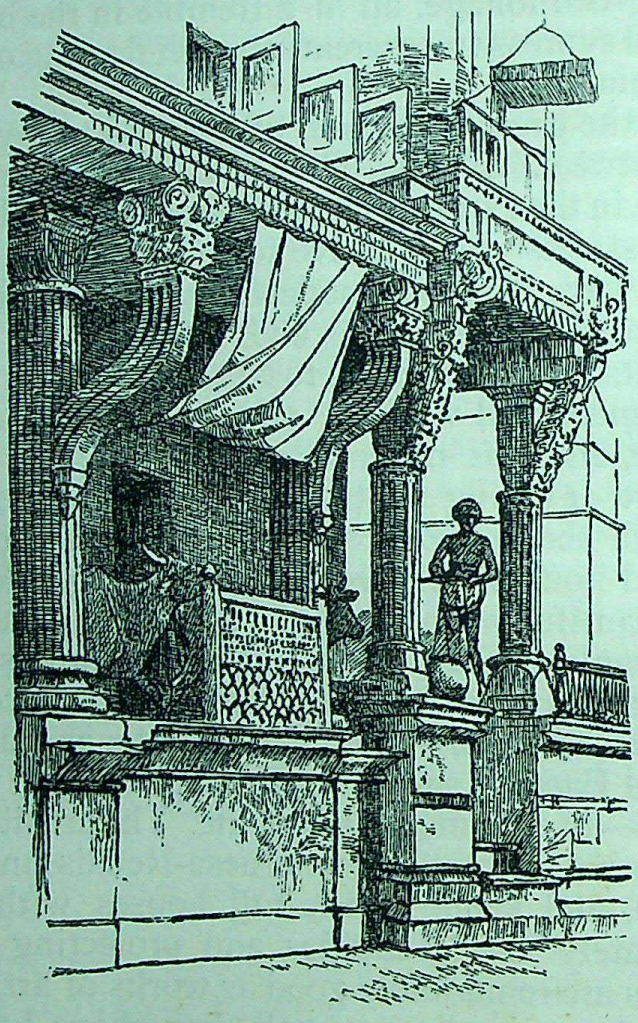
origin, or gold damascened Gujrat work; tortoise-shell carvings; the famous "Bombay boxes"



A HOUSE IN THE NATIVE QUARTER

of inlaid sandal-wood; carved ebony or black-wood furniture, also copied from the Dutch; carpets from Sind, of beautiful conventional de-

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signs and colouring; gold, and silver-thread and embroideries; and the confectioners' shops were filled with strange, oily-looking sweetmeats and queer balls of flour and honey. There are also many thousand jewellers, from different parts of India, who here display their dazzling wares: bracelets, armlets, anklets, nose-rings, necklets, made of strings of pearl and turquoise threaded on a gold wire; or of bands of gold enamelled with blue, green and red, or set with many-coloured gems—sapphires, emeralds, or rubies—which are often quite valueless except for the artistic effect produced by the points and sparkles of their gorgeous brilliant colour; chains of pearl with pierced amethysts dangling by a hook from between every two or three beads; native gold ornaments of many kinds, either magnificently solid from Gujrat, or covered with intricate designs from the Mahratti districts.

The whole place is one great bazaar, which runs through deep buildings where quaint archways give access to unexpected mosques or Hindu temples, painted like the houses in boldly brilliant and vivid reds and greens. All things conspire to make delightful combinations for sketching—the deep overhanging archways and balconies; the lace-like carving on the corbels; the frequent vistas of Hindu towers, domes, or stone carvings, and here and there a minaret; the tanks with steps down to the water and surrounded with a cluster of little temples, each with its upright stone spire.

All this is bathed in bright sunlight, and ani-

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mated by the continual stream of marvellous figures, surging and shouting in the narrow street. It is for all the world like a gigantic ant-heap that has been disturbed—or, perhaps, rather like some gigantic tulip-garden: for the vivid variety of riotous colours is endless and inconceivable; yet all these hues of red and yellow, vermilion, crimson, cherry-colour, rose and peach, orange, saffron, lemon, or canary-colour, and of purple, blue, or green of metallic or tender shade, are blent and harmonised deliciously in the glorious atmosphere of light, saturated and subdued by the softening influence of the sea air.

Equally inexhaustible seem the resources of costume, for in hardly any place in the world is there a busier city life than in Bombay, or a more varied assemblage of national types. There are of course more Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsis and Mahrattas than representatives of any other race, but specimens of almost every characteristic oriental dress may be met jostling each other in the swarming Bhendi bazaar. There are the Hindu coolies and artisans, with hardly a rag to cover their bronze limbs; elderly Parsis, with cerise silk trousers and cowhoof-shaped brown or black brimless hats; shimmering green and gold turbaned Mohammedan Moulvies or Khojahs; deep copper-coloured Mahrattas and rich Gujrathi and Marwari baniyas, with vermilion or crimson or white head-dresses, some arranged with high pointed peaks; fair complexioned Parsi women, with beautiful eyes and dark hair and fine jewellery, clothed in the delicate-hued soft silk

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draperies from Surat, which flow in artistic folds of every conceivable colour; Hindu women in white saris, carrying on their heads graceful brass lotas, are jostled by Arab horse-dealers from Muscat with long burnooses, and heads swathed in kefiahs bound with camel's-hair cords; dignified Persians, in Astrakan caps; Turks; wild-looking Afghans from the north, smocked and turbaned in blue; supple-limbed Malays, black-skinned Somali negroes; Lascars from the P. and O. and other liners in the port; fishermen from the neighbouring suburb of Mazagon: in fact, it is a veritable kaleidoscope of all Eastern tribes and races, far and near.

One morning, after "choti hazri" and before nine o'clock breakfast, I went into the Old Town and made a slight sketch of one of the houses near the bazaar which has a good deal of ornamentation about it. The ground floor is raised about six steps above the street and recedes, leaving space for a deep stone verandah, in front of which ornamented pillars rise to support quaintly sculptured corbels upon which the upper part of the house rests. The woodwork of this upper part was also richly carved, and the windows were furnished with innumerable shutters. Afterwards I wandered into the noisy but delightful brass bazaar, and thence to some of the temples: in one was a large tank and the two queer little towers in seven tiers at its side were intended to hold, on solemn occasions, tiny earthenware jars filled with cocoa-nut oil, in which floating wicks give as much light as

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wax candles. These native illuminations, outlining all the architectural features with lines of fire, are the prettiest sight of the sort imaginable. When I saw these quaint towers, they were covered with pigeons, perching in the niches and fluttering and hovering around.

Another bright day, with the thermometer at 80°, I was out sketching in Hornby Row at seven o'clock, and after breakfast Mrs. Burn-Murdoch kindly took us to see the Bombay Pottery Works. They were under the management of Mr. George Terry, an old man with a bent back, who told me that the origin of this revival of the old industry is due to a conversation he had with Sir Bartle Frere. It is a rude kind of ware which is made here, something like the Valerie pottery but not with such transparent glaze, though some of the colours are very good.

Some of the best native potter's ware in all India comes from Sind, and the industry is believed to have been introduced by the Moguls. They covered their mosques and tombs with beautifully coloured specimens of this art, in turquoise-blue, copper-green, dark purple, or golden brown, under an exquisitely transparent glaze. The Indian artisan is remarkable for his patience, his thoroughness, and accuracy of detail, and his artistic feeling for colour and form. The metal work and carving shows his true sense of conventional ornament. The composition and colour in carpets or enamels and the form of his pottery have seldom been surpassed. But much of the skill of

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the Indian craftsman is due to the hereditary nature of his art. The potter, the weaver, the smith, each belong to a separate caste; and a son inevitably follows the trade of his father and reproduces his work.

Unfortunately, the competition and prestige of Europe have created a tendency to imitate European designs; other causes also have combined to bring about a deterioration in the native work. One of the conditions most necessary to elicit good and artistic work from a native craftsman is absolute leisure. It is essential to have infinite patience with him, and to avoid pressing him in any way; for only when he is allowed perfect liberty to turn from one piece of work to another, as the spirit moves him, can he produce his best. The best work used to be done to the order of wealthy princes and nobles of the native courts, many of which have now ceased to exist, or lost their influence and wealth; and large orders, to be turned out at a fixed date, have tended, as much as anything, in the direction of decadence in Indian art.

The School of Art in Bombay has done much to revive the various technical industries of the people, which were dying out; but whether the influence of the different Government Schools of Art has been altogether beneficial is a much-disputed point, as there is always much risk that a school containing principally casts from the antique, and details of Italian and Gothic ornament, will destroy the old indigenous ideals; and as the native craftsmen have not much creative power, the

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result may be that their work will lose all distinctive character.

The little brown native children in the streets are a delightful, and often a curious, sight. The little Hindu girls all wear nose-rings on the left side, even though they may have no other attire, and they have often a profusion of jewels; chains, and bangles without end. Indeed they are sometimes made away with for the sake of the jewels with which the native parent delights to load her child. One day we went to inspect a Parsi girls' school, and were delighted with all we saw. The head-mistress was a Parsi, with three English mistresses under her, and there were two hundred better-class girls, from five to eighteen years of age, all able to pay for their education. The elder girls sang some of Scott Gatty's songs, and the little children their "Duty to God, their Parents and their Teachers," in Mahratta, clapping their hands three times at the beginning of each line; the music, like all Oriental music, had a curiously weird effect. Up to fifteen, the girls were dressed like little boys, in short satin trousers reaching below the knee, a sort of muslin vest and straight tight jackets of coloured satin. Their hair hung down in a pigtail beneath little round tinsel caps embroidered in gold or pearls. The elder children were dressed, like the women, in the ordinary silk sari, of beautiful delicate shades, edged with gold or silver embroidery. They looked happy and well, a contrast to the European children, poor little things, who were the colour of paper: long residence

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in this climate seemed to make every one look pale and boiled to rags, yet it does not exhaust them entirely. The popular and energetic Governor himself looked tired, and no wonder, with so much anxious work on his hands; but he was in good spirits; and our genial and indefatigable hostess had energy enough to leave Government House once a week at 4 A.M., drive a mile and a half to the station, then after a short railway journey have a good run with the hounds—the quarry being a jackal: she used to be back again in Bombay for nine o'clock breakfast.

Occasionally the thermometer dropped to the sixties and then it was chilly; one night, driving back from dinner with the Bishop at Malabar Court, there was a strong wind, and we felt it quite cold. But in spite of the cool nights and mornings, the sun was wonderfully strong—and I found it almost too hot, and in the old town humanity was too closely packed for sketching there to be agreeable.

This mass of human beings, with hardly a stitch of clothes on their bodies, are terribly overcrowded, especially in the poorer quarters. The overcrowding is most dense in the gigantic lodging-houses, or "chawls," in which so large a part of the native population lives. A single chawl, five to seven storeys high—with its steep narrow stairs leading to nests of small rooms, each inhabited by a family and opening on to a long, narrow, and dark passage—may contain from five hundred to a thousand inhabitants.

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Every known rule of sanitation is disregarded in these houses, which have the largest population to a square mile of any city in the world; and here, in September 1896, a terrible visitation of the plague made its first appearance since the time of Aurangzeb, and devastated Bombay, previously regarded as one of the healthiest of Oriental cities. It is not considered likely that it originated on the spot, though its origin cannot be ascertained with any degree of certainty; there are believed to be only two possible sources of infection, either the country to the extreme north of India, or China, for in both of these places plague constantly prevails. The probability seems to be that it came from China and was carried by rats, who certainly suffer and die from the disease, and transmit it to human beings by contact, or perhaps by means of fleas, which abound on the bodies of rats and desert them after death. In spite of the most strenuous efforts, it was found impossible to carry out all the desirable regulations, on account of the violent opposition and excited feeling of the people, who concealed their sick, opposed all disinfection, and even attacked the hospitals; consequently, the plague spread from Bombay City into the Presidency, along the sea-coast and inland in every direction. It then established its hold on the Punjab and North-West, and has since then returned every year, and in some districts in North India it raged in 1904–5 with a violence unparalleled since the "Black Death" in the fourteenth century. The Commission sent out by the Home Govern-

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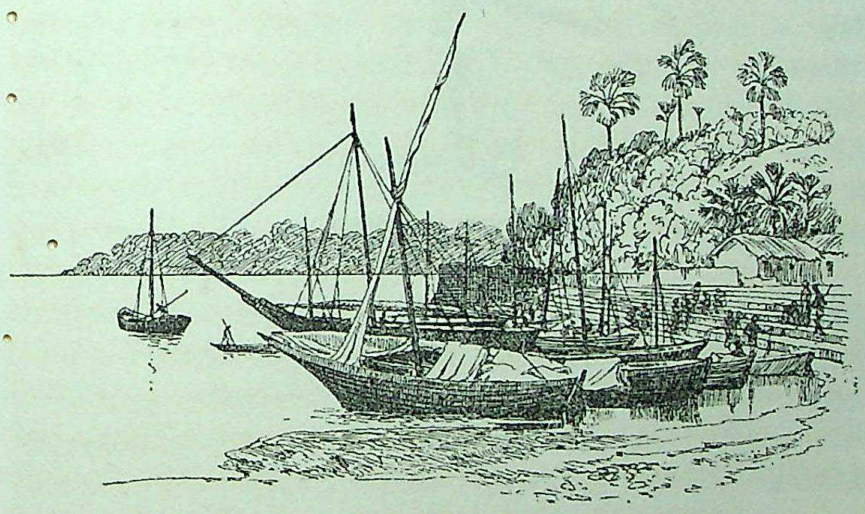
ment to report on the matter came to the disheartening conclusion that "there are no means of stamping out the present epidemic of plague in India; that even with the best measures most rigidly applied, a certain amount of danger subsists, and all that can be done is to lessen the danger as much as possible." The fear lest the Indian epidemic should spread to Europe does not appear to be without foundation.

The terrible mortality in the Punjab in 1904–5 sheds a lurid light on these serious words.



UNDER MALABAR HILL

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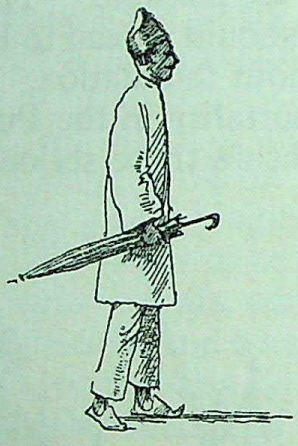

IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

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CHAPTER II

POONA

We left Malabar Point to give place to the new Governor of Madras, who was to land here on the way to take up his appointment. It was rather nasty weather, so that he and his party arrived twenty-four hours late, and the A.D.C.s and bodyguard, who were at the Apollo Bunder at 7 A.M. to receive them, had to wait hours before they were able to land. We left with regret, and with a promise to return to Malabar Point on our way home, when we had completed our Indian tour.

Our journey to Poona was our first experience of an Indian train, with its screens of boarding hanging over the windows to keep off the dust, its double roof, and smoked-coloured glass windows. We had a very agreeable fellow-traveller in an old Etonian friend, Captain Clewes.

The line runs to the foot of the hills, over a flat plain—which, after the rains, is one great swamp, but was then dried up and baked. Then we began to mount the Ghats, which we had so often seen from Bombay, looking, as their name implies, like gigantic landing stairs from the seaboard to the

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Deccan plateau. The scenery was very fine as we ascended by a mountain pass; and when the country is less burned up, it must be beautiful. As it was, we had some grand views looking back upon the hazy plains below.

The chief characteristic of the Western Ghats is that they are all flat-topped, and that the upper layer, a stratum of basalt or trap, usually has precipitous sides, broken through by prodigious volcanic outbursts which have formed the most unexpected jagged pinnacles and craggy peaks. These rise abruptly out of the forests, on the terraced sides. Near the top the line makes a zig-zag to reach the heights above—the Deccan plateau—which extends in one monotonous plain right away to Madras. Here we were at the watershed. From this point the welcome rain, brought to the Western Ghats by the Bombay sea-breeze and the unfailing monsoon from the Arabian Ocean, has to find an outlet to the eastward, right across India, in the Bay of Bengal. Clewes pointed out several spots in the jungle where he said panthers and bears were to be found, but the jungle struck us as a very scrubby affair compared with that of Ceylon.

The Mahrattas, who had their capital at Poona, were, from the time of Aurangzeb till 1818, supreme in the Maharashtra, "the great Province," which extends from the Arabian Sea to the Satara mountains in the north, and includes a great part of Western and Central India. The name was that of the people of all races, living in this region, but is applied to Hindus only. The Mahrattás,

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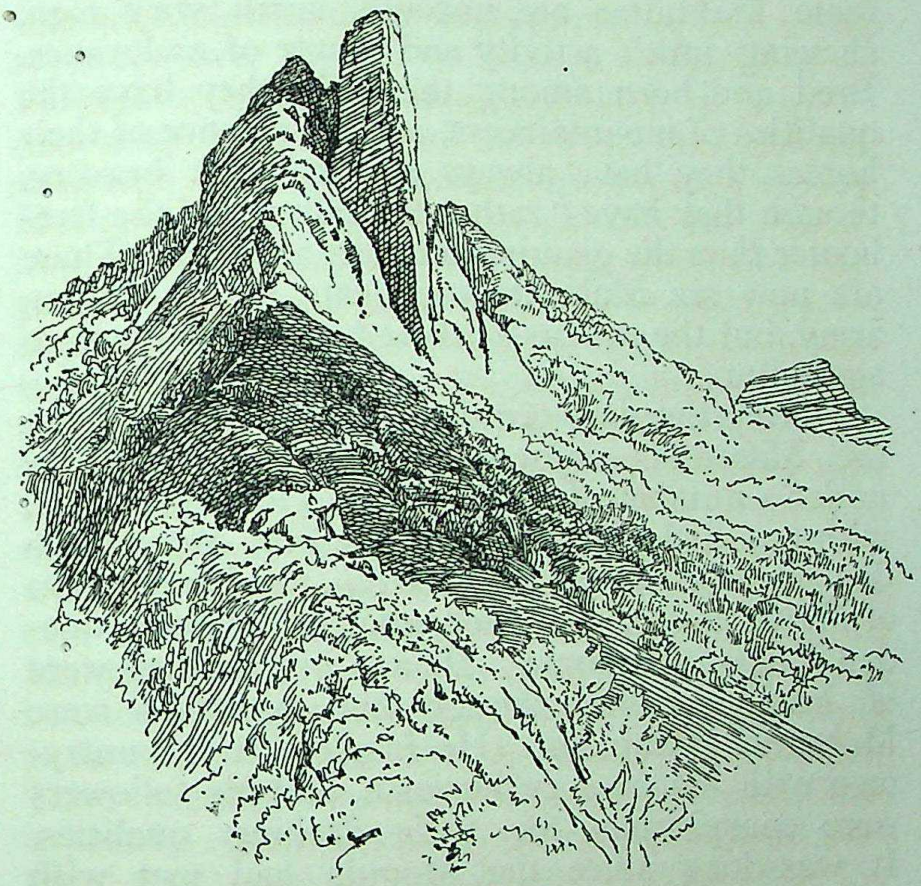
who probably descended into India from the North-West at an early period, still regard themselves as a separate people, though nowadays they almost



JAGGED PINNACLES OF THE GHATS

all belong to British India or to the Nizam's dominions: their language is a copious, flexible and sonorous tongue. They are of two castes only, Brahmans and Sudras. The Brahmans have small square heads, dark skins, and the regular features,

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spare upright figure and calm commanding appearance of a high-bred race, and are among the most ambitious and able men in India. The low-caste Mahrattas are uncouth, small wiry men, showing much activity and power of endurance. Bred and born among the hills they have the qualities of mountaineers, and in defence of their homes they have always shown great bravery, though they have "rather the courage of the free-booter than the genuine soldierly instinct." There are now six Mahratta regiments in the Indian army, but the race as a whole has settled down to agriculture.

During the first centuries of the Christian era the Mahrattas enjoyed considerable prosperity under a number of petty chiefs. They submitted, with but little resistance, to the first Mohammedan invasion, but in 1657 Shivaji, the famous hero of Mahratta story, rebelled against the Mohammedan Kings of Bijapur. He and his soldiers were of humble caste, though his ministers were Mahratta Brahmans. He inspired his countrymen with his own enthusiasm, and his followers were conspicuous for their dashing qualities. It was long since the Moguls had met with any serious resistance; but Shivaji, having conquered Bijapur, defied the Emperor, and before he died had gone far towards shaking off their yoke. The new Mahratta State which he founded was ultimately recognised by Aurangzeb. Shivaji's grandson, brought up at the Delhi court, turned out feeble and degenerate, and was a puppet

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in the hands of his Brahman minister, the Peshwa, who threatened Delhi and succeeded in establishing the right of "chauth" — the famous Mahratta claim of one-fourth of the State revenue—over the whole Deccan. The office of Peshwa became hereditary, and grew in importance with the growth of the Mahratta kingdom, the kings sinking into obscurity. Before 1760 the Mahrattas had overrun Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, and various Mahratta chiefs had seized different parts of the Mogul Empire: Sindhia ruled over a large stretch of country south of Agra and Delhi, the Gaekwars held the Rajput plains of Gujrat, and the north of Bombay, and Holkar the uplands of Malwa. All these States acknowledged the Peshwa at Poona, as the head of the Mahratta confederation, which finally absorbed nearly the whole of India and became the largest empire ever formed by a Hindu race. The renowned Mahratta cavalry numbered 100,000 men, and boasted of having watered their horses in every Indian river from the Kistna to the Indus. Their method was to ride long distances into a hostile country, strike some terrific blow and then retire beyond reach of pursuit. But the confederation lacked the elements of permanency; it depended on plundering expeditions, and, with the exception of the Peshwas, its chiefs were rude freebooting warriors. The first check came when the Afghan, Ahmed Shah Abdali, invaded India in 1761, and completely crushed the Mahrattas at Panipat. Their empire was not broken up however

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until the British came into contact with them; and till 1803 the titular Emperor of Delhi remained under the control of Sindhia. Then took place the great Mahratta war, in which both the Wellesleys distinguished themselves. After hard fighting at Assaye, Argaum, Delhi and Dig, the Mahratta confederacy was destroyed. One more struggle took place between 1816–1818, when the Peshwa joined with the freebooting Pindaris of Rajpetana in an attempt to defy British supremacy; but Mountstuart Elphinstone formed a scheme by which Holkar was utterly defeated at Mahidpur and the Peshwa at Kirkee. The Peshwa surrendered to Sir John Malcolm, who sent him as a prisoner to Bithna near Cawnpore. Here he died in 1851, leaving his undying hatred of his conquerors as a legacy to his adopted son, the infamous Nana Sahib, who showed the true Mahratta temper in the Cawnpore Massacres of June 1857.

At the top of the Ghats we found a deliciously cool breeze, and enjoyed a brilliant sunset, and at Poona Station were greeted by our host, Major Spratt. A drive of ten minutes amongst bungalows and compounds overshadowed by acacias brought us to his house, where he and his wife were comfortably installed, and we spent some very pleasant days with them, and made acquaintance for the first time with a normal Anglo-Indian household.

I had never realised before what a retinue the exigencies of caste require the unfortunate Englishman to keep going. First there is the *Khansama* or head-man, who is responsible for

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all the other servants, and buys all the provisions in the market; he has to have a *coolie* to bring home the food and hand it over to the *cook*, who is, of course, provided with a *washer-up*. A *Khidmatgar*, usually a Mohammedan, has charge of the pantry, and waits at table. Then each member of the family has his own *Bearer*, who is apparently responsible for his master and all his belongings, and dusts and keeps them in order. The *Sweeper* does all the rougher work, and the obliging *Bheesti*, with his goatskin water-bag, provides the water for the big bath-tub, which, standing on the Chuma floor of the bath-room, surrounded with earthenware chatties, is always kept full of water, and is one of the pleasantest of Indian luxuries. Part of the floor is set about with a four-inch high wall, and provided with water channels leading to a hole in the wall, where the water runs out, and by which the snakes, who like cool damp retreats, occasionally come in. Then there is the *Dhobi*, who washes your clothes in the river by the effectively destructive process peculiar to India. He stands in the water, close to a stone or rock, and when he has rinsed the garment in the stream he lifts it in a bundle above his head, and with all his force dashes it repeatedly against the rock till it is clean. Needless to say, it returns to you rather the worse for the wear and tear; and I was not so much amazed to hear that there are men who send their shirts to England to be washed, as I should have been without my acquaintance with the methods of the dhobi.

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Then, there is the *Durwàn* or doorkeeper, the *Mali* or gardener, a *Chaprasi* or "badge-bearer" to take notes and do outside commissions, a *Punkah wala*, a *Durzi*, or tailor, who sits in the verandah and sews, an *Ayah* for each lady in the house, and, for each horse, a *Syce* who sleeps at the foot of his stall, besides the *Coachman* who drives you. So that the simplest ordinary Anglo-Indian household consists of at least nineteen or twenty servants. Fortunately, they all have their separate huts, with their wives, behind reed enclosures in the compound, and cater for themselves.

It is only after hearing something of the caste system, and its indissolubly close connection with religion in India, that it becomes apparent why the Englishman has allowed himself to be saddled with this, at first sight, ridiculously large staff. The Hindu believes that the Supreme God created separate orders of men, with fixed employments, as He created varieties of plants and animals, and that whatever a man is born that he must remain for the whole course of this life. Consequently, should any member of even the lowest caste overstep the strict limits of his divinely ordained duty, he would commit an offence, to deal with which a caste meeting would have to be called ; and should the transgression be proved, the culprit would be condemned to a form of persecution, of which, says Sir Monier Williams, boycotting is a feeble imitation. No one of his own or any caste would be allowed to associate or have any trade dealings with him. He would be a ruined, homeless,

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friendless outcast, and his only course would be to flee the country; unless, by a money payment and submitting to degrading ceremonial purification, he were able to secure re-admission to the ranks of his fellows. Originally there were but four castes —Brahmans, the first human emanation of the Supreme God; Kshatriyas or soldiers; Vaisyas or agriculturists (these are the so-called "twice born" castes); and Sudras or servants. They were all believed to be born and obliged to remain "as distinct from each other as elephants, lions, oxen, dogs, wheat, barley, rice or beans."

But as society became more complicated, and a greater variety of occupations became a necessity, the four castes were split up, and developed into an endless number of trade-castes, often of mixed origin. The census has revealed innumerable professions of most strangely amusing simplicity, such as "hereditary givers of evidence," hereditary beggars, hereditary tom-tom men, "hereditary makers of speeches," hereditary "planters of cuttings," hereditary professionals whose business in life it is "to make sport of the enemies of the rich and praise their friends." There still remain some of the original pure castes, chiefly amongst Brahmans, but the Rajputs claim to be pure-blooded Kshatriyas, and the baniyas or traders to be pure Vaisyas. Members of these four original castes are superior to those of any trade-caste of mixed origin. But nowadays a Brahman need not necessarily be a priest; his parents may choose for him a secular profession, and he may be a cook

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or a soldier, or indeed belong to any trade-caste which is not degrading. But to whatever caste a man belongs, he must conform implicitly to its rules, which are supposed to be divinely ordained: they regulate the food to be eaten, the common meal which may be shared, marriage, and the employment a man may engage in. The food allowed varies in the different castes, but must never be cooked by a person of lower origin. No food cooked with water may be shared by different castes together, and strict rules determine from whom the higher castes may receive water. Fruit, however, or dry food requiring no preparation, may be shared indiscriminately. No intermarriage is allowed between persons of different castes, and caste-rule enforces child marriage, and sternly forbids the re-marriage of a widow. The different castes, and the worshippers of the different gods, are distinguished from one another by special signs with which the forehead is marked after bathing. Some kind of perpendicular bar denotes a follower of Vishnu; and some mark denoting his third eye, a follower of Shiva.

In spite of the tyranny and terrorism which may result from the caste system it is not all bad; and though it has created various complexities in the Englishman's household, yet probably the endless divisions and animosities of caste and trade leagues, which make political combinations impossible, have helped us to govern India.

Poona, which stands on a rather rocky, bare and treeless plain on the bank of the River Mutto, is

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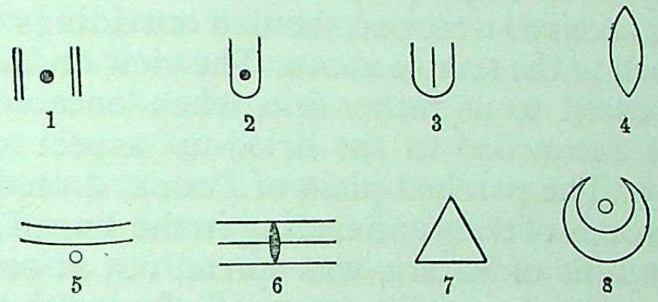
the centre of the government of Bombay during the rainy season and the headquarters of the Bombay army. Our host, Major Spratt,* and Captain Clewes spent the greater part of the day, whilst we were in Poona, in camp some six miles distant; where manœuvring and gun-practice were going on. The camp was pitched on an exposed plain



1, 2, and 3, *Followers of Vishnu.*
4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, *Followers of Shiva.*

SECTARIAL MARKS

to the east of the town, with plenty of space all round.

The day after our arrival in Poona we drove out to Parbati Hill, which is an isolated conical peak, crowned by an old palace and a Hindu temple. Parbati is about three miles south in the direction of the hills, which terminate in the bold square rock of Singhgarh, a place famous in Mahratta history.

We reached the foot of the Parbati Hill just about the hottest part of the morning, and toiled up the steps to the summit. There are about

* Now Colonel Spratt Bowring, R.A.

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two hundred great wide steps and ramps on the way up, with their numbers marked on them in Marathi: we took it easily and did it pretty comfortably, but it was a hot walk, and we were very glad to fall in with the suggestion of an old woman, going up with offerings; and we sat beside her on a step, under the shade of a cactus hedge. Half way up we found a blind man who, having received a copper, shouted out tidings of our approach to the temple above. The view on the way up appeared to us rather fine, when once we had become reconciled to the dried-up aspect of the country. The parched plain of Poona, dotted with little groups of trees and ending in the line of ghats and the hills of Satara, was spread out at our feet like a great tawny yellow carpet flecked with black, under the pale blue canopy of sunlight. When we got quite to the top we found a deep picturesque window opening in the wall, and there we stayed some time to rest, looking down over Poona and the river on one side, and to a wooded tract of country away across the famous battle-field of Kirkee. The last Peshwa is said to have watched the final annihilation of his troops from this identical window. To the south, on our left, lay the hills, amongst which is Mahabaleshwa—where our host's children then were—the hill station to which before the rains all Bombay takes flight from the heat. A canal leads towards these hills, and ends, about seven miles off, in the great artificial lake of Khadakwazla, over fourteen miles long, from which the Poona water-supply comes.

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When we reached the top of the Parbati Hill the hereditary chief priest was having his midday meal, and did not make his appearance until later; but his son, an intelligent young Brahman educated in a school in Poona and speaking English remarkably well, met us and took us round.

In an outhouse of the temple we were interested to see two women grinding at the mill in the true Biblical fashion, with two stones and a handle in the side of the top one.

Besides the principal temple to Parbati, or Durga, the wife of Shiva, there are within the enclosure here, two other temples, one to Vishnu and one to Ganesh, the elephant-headed god of good luck, and in the corner of the first court-yard are four shrines. These are dedicated to Surya, god of the sun, driving a chariot; Kartikkeya, Shiva's six-headed son, the god of war, riding a peacock; Vishnu, and Durga.

The young Brahman priest explained that there are not so many deities worshipped in India as is sometimes supposed. Vishnu and Shiva, under their various forms, their wives, Shiva's two sons and the monkey-god Hanuman, complete the list of those who have temples dedicated to them.

The three chief gods, all manifestations of Brahm the supreme spirit, are Brahmā, Vishnu, and Shiva, and there are only two places in India—Poshkara or Pokhar near Ajmere, and at Idar, near Ahmedabad—where Brahmā is worshipped. He must not be confounded with the Supreme God Brahm who is, as it were, the eternally evolving life,

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forever taking fresh shape, and then forever drawing back into formlessness. He is an impersonal, spiritual Being, pervading everything, but he can never be worshipped except by turning the thoughts inwards, and has no temple in India. His first manifestation was in the triple personality of Brahmā, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Shiva, the Destroyer and Re-creator. They are typified as the Supreme God by the letters A.U.M. composing the mystic syllable Om with which all acts of worship begin.

These three are all equal, and their functions apparently interchangeable: each may in turn become Paramesvara, Parbrahm or Supreme Lord. One of the Hindu poets expresses it thus:

> In those three Persons the one god was shown
> Each first in place, each last—not one alone;
> Of Shiva, Vishnu, Brahmā, each may be
> First, second, third, among the blessed Three.

These three, like all subsequently emerging forms of life, will eventually be reabsorbed into the divine formlessness of Brahm. The Hindus believe it to be impossible to draw any line of separation between different forms of life: inanimate objects, stocks and stones, plants or animals and men, demigods, gods—they are all liable to pass into each other, from a blade of grass to Brahm, and all will return to Brahm and shapeless, unconscious impersonality in the end.

Of the triad of gods, Brahmā is represented, as we saw him at Elephanta, with four heads and arms, holding a spoon and vase for lustral cere-

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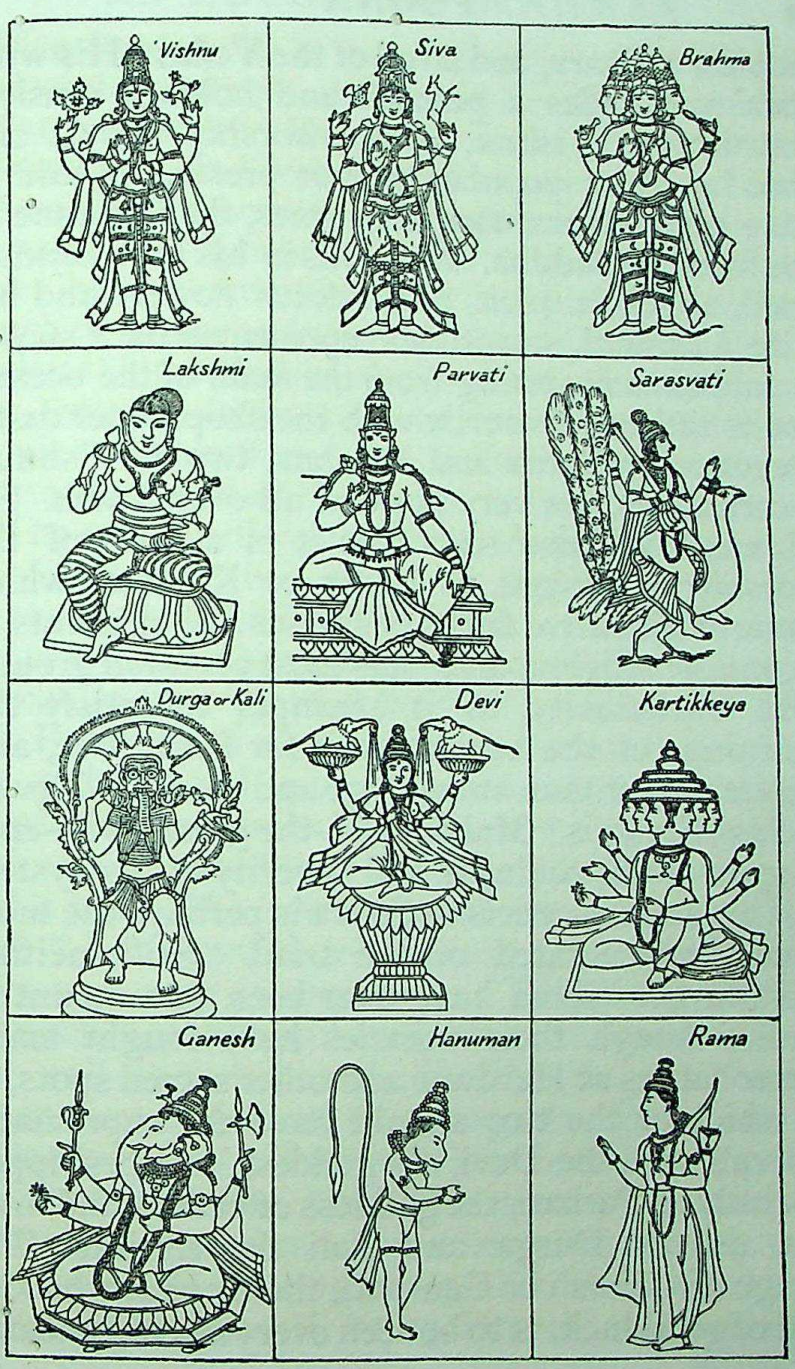

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monies, a rosary, and a roll of the Vedas. His wife, Saraswati, rides a peacock and holds a musical instrument. Vishnu, whose worship was at one time far more popular than at present, is said to have become incarnate nine times, the last time in the form of Buddha. He holds in his four hands a shell, a club, a quoit, and a lotus flower, and his wife, Lakshmi, sometimes represented on a snake, is said to have sprung from the foam of the ocean : she is rather a favourite with the shopkeeper caste. Devotion to Rama and Krishna, two of Vishnu's incarnations, are very popular all over India. Sir Monier Williams says that it is a form of the worship of Vishnu, as Rama or Krishna, which alone of all native faiths possesses the elements of a genuine religion, and "has most common ground with Christianity, as it attempts to satisfy the yearnings of the human heart for faith, love, and prayer, rather than knowledge and works." Nevertheless, Shiva is "Mahadeo"—the great god—and, in spite of the coldness and severity of his system and his stern asceticism, Shiva is perhaps the most generally venerated of the triad. Still, neither Vishnu nor Shiva have ever been paramount in India, though their votaries have fought many bitter battles at Hardwar and other sacred spots, as to which of the two should have the supremacy. Shiva's wife, the Devi, *the* goddess, is worshipped not only as Parbati, the goddess of beauty and love, but also as Durga, and Kali the terrible. The image of Ganesh or Gan-pati, the elephant-headed god of good luck, is to be seen everywhere, smeared

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with red paint; he is the giver of practical wisdom and worldly success, and therein lies the secret of his great popularity. His image is met with all over the country, and worshipped by every sect. He is essentially the homely village god, and controls the hosts of evil spirits, who, the terror-haunted villager believes, are ever plotting evil and on the watch to harass and torment him, and to impede all undertakings. Consequently, although Ganesh has few temples dedicated solely to him, in all ceremonies—except funerals—and at the beginning of all new enterprises, his name is first invoked.

The palace adjoining these temples was that of the Peshwa. It is in ruins, having been struck by lightning just before the battle of Kirkee. Our guide told us a legend to account for the numbers of mango-trees planted beneath in the plain. The last Peshwa had no son, but a wise priest told him the gods would give him one, if he planted a number of fruit-trees round the town; he planted a lakh of mangoes, but it had no effect, and he never had a son. The priest's comment was naïve; he said, "You know they were very ignorant in those days and very superstitious. They believed the gods could give them a son; but we are now civilised and well educated, and, like the English, know better than to believe that the gods give us sons."

One wonders indeed by what mental process an educated Brahman, who has been trained to think accurately, ever can, without becoming utterly demoralised and entirely losing all faith in anything higher than himself, bring himself to acquiesce

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in the extravagances of the Hindu Pantheon and play a part in a system which encourages so many strange and monstrous superstitions and such hideous idolatry. There has, however, always been a chasm between the superstitions of the masses and the philosophy of the cultivated classes in India, for Hinduism is *par excellence* an all-comprehensive fold, so that the intelligent and cultivated Brahman has probably always had some method of mental engineering by which to explain away the idols, as simply aids to devotion, and as enabling the masses to form some idea of the countless manifestations of the Supreme God. In its infinite adaptability to the infinite vanity of the human mind is said to lie the strength of Hinduism: "It appeals to all, philosopher, man of the world, the poet, the lover of seclusion; and yet it allows every variety of idolatry, and sanctions the most degrading superstition." It is this which renders it essential that missionaries in India, if their influence is to be constructive as well as destructive, should be not merely fervent Christians, but men of the highest culture and widest sympathy.

When the young priest had shown us over the temples—or rather round, for we were not allowed to go in—he brought to us his old father. He was clothed simply in an ancient yellow rag, and I think he must have entered on the fourth stage of a devout Brahman's life, when he abandons all worldly concerns; but he conversed most intelligently about Sir Bartle Frere, whom he remembered seeing in 1875, when the Prince of Wales came to India. I

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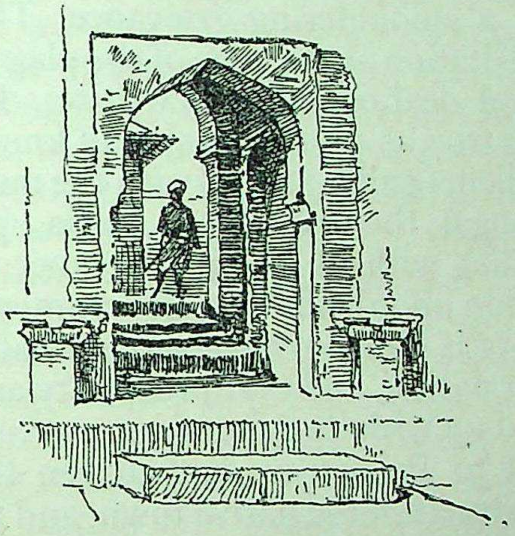
wondered whether his one and only garment had been washed since then. He expressed a hope that Sir Bartle's son was in the Civil Service, not the army: as "military officers do not get such good pay as Civil Service gentlemen."

Two Russians from the Czarewitch's suite had been up to Parbati with Major Spratt; and the old



A DOORWAY IN THE TEMPLE OF PARBATI

Brahman was much *intrigué* about the Russians, and most anxious to know what *they* were doing here, and whether it was really likely they would invade India. He had heard that the Russians, having an unsatisfactory country at home, were anxious to add India to their possessions. This, he appeared to consider, would not be advantageous to the natives; adding that he believed "they were a very hard people, and if they came they would compel us

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all to be Christians, and there would be no justice as under the 'Inglis Sahibs.'" I was glad to hear him say this, as the Poona Brahmans have a bad reputation as the most disaffected in India. It is supposed that the Mahratta Brahmans find it difficult to forget the century of rule which ended, as suddenly as it had begun, in the loss of Delhi and of Poona, and they have the reputation of continually nursing a smouldering grievance. The house-to-house visitation at the time of the plague gave rise to a good deal of seditious writing. I hope, however, it is true, as some who should know assure us, that the belief gains ground with the most thoughtful amongst the natives of India, princes and people, that, with all its imperfections, the English domination affords the best government India has ever had or is likely to have, far preferable to that of any other nation, and that prosperity and progress are bound up with its continuance.

To get to Parbati we had driven through the crooked streets of the native town, and the "Ralie" (or tin and copper) bazaar, which of course was as attractive as such places always are. We had heard nothing about the native town, so it came upon us as a surprise. In the Mahratta days the town was divided into seven Peits, or wards, named after the days of the week, with an eighth called the Baital Peit, or the devil's quarter. This is now known as "Panch Howds"—the five tanks—and is where the son of our old friend Mr. Elwin* was, for so long, head of the Cowley-Wantage Mission. The mis-

* At one time Editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

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sion has existed here about thirty years ; they have founded schools, an industrial home for boys, and a hospital and dispensary, and have received into the Orphanage many friendless and homeless children, who had joined the crowds of beggars who haunt all Indian cities. In India begging is one of the few professions out of which it is always possible to make a living. It is considered most unlucky ever to refuse to give to a mendicant ; and a feast to the swarms of beggars, religious and otherwise, who perambulate the streets in troops, is believed to be a sure way to acquire merit.

The missionaries had some terrible experiences in Poona at the time of the plague in 1899, as they remained at their posts in a most self-devoted manner. The pestilence carried off 20,000 people, and travelled steadily and rapidly from house to house, hardly sparing a family in the doomed city. Thousands fled from the town and crowded into the neighbouring villages, or camped out in the open, carrying the plague into country districts which might have escaped.

One of the Homes had to be moved to the segregation camp, where all persons who had had any contact with plague were detained for ten days' quarantine. One of the Wantage Sisters very pluckily accompanied the boys to the rough quarters of this great heathen camp. About thirty cases from the mission were taken to the plague hospital, where long huts—wooden-frame buildings covered with matting, and roofed in with grass—erected in a waste bit of land, served the

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purpose of wards. The influx of patients was so overwhelming that the staff were quite unable to cope with it adequately: at one time as many as ninety per cent. died, the supply of coffins ran short, and the bodies lay in heaps awaiting burial. Only half the mission plague-cases died, but Sister Gertrude, who had cheerfully and courageously borne the brunt of the exposure and anxiety, never recovered the strain, and died soon afterwards.

The progress of Christianity in India has been so extremely slow as hardly to merit the term. It is pathetic to read in Bishop Heber's Journal the glowing anticipations he formed in 1825 of the changes likely to be the result of the work then being undertaken; but though progress has so far been very slow, yet I believe the last Indian census has caused some astonishment to statesmen in India, by bringing out prominently the extraordinary relative advance of Christianity during the last ten years, compared with that of any other religion in India.

There are no striking or important buildings in Poona city. The Peshwa's castle was burnt down in 1827, and only the massive walls remain, close to the lane where, under the Mahratta *régime*, political offenders were trampled to death by an elephant. The last Peshwa watched from a window in the palace the ghastly death in this manner of a Maharaja Holkar, in the lane below.

There are, however, many quaint nooks and corners in the city, and we passed some good doorways, and quaint Hindu temples and shrines,

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A DOORWAY, POONA

"THERE are some picturesque nooks and corners in the city. I found time to make a drawing of a quaint doorway, wreathed with a garland of marigold, and of a lazy boy, whose time appeared to be of little value, sitting on a projecting ledge swinging his legs."

Plate 6

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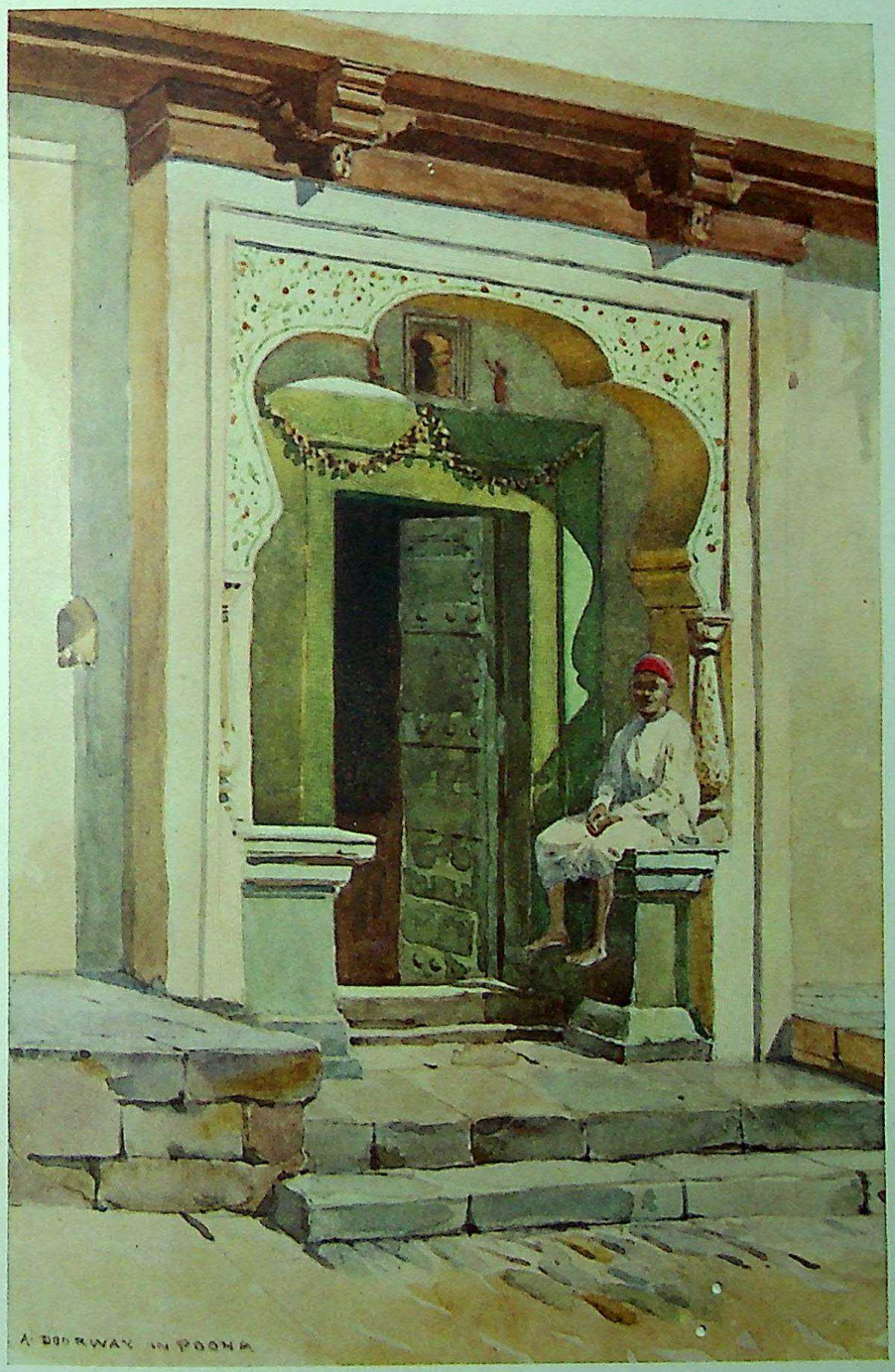

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which, though perhaps they cannot be admired in themselves, always look well, standing out with their overhanging trees from amongst the lath and mud of the native houses, and the brightly painted shops with deep shadows within. I found time to make a drawing of a fantastically shaped doorway, wreathed with a garland of marigold, and of a lazy boy, whose time appeared to be of little value, sitting on a projecting ledge swinging his legs. We were amused by all kinds of entertaining little incidents in the native bazaars—girls washing the family linen in copper pots in the street, or a goat lying on the family bedstead, with another looking on from the upstairs balcony; and once a big cow came bouncing down the front stairs, and upset a dignified old gentleman who sat, smoking his hookah, in the gutter below.

We had several pleasant excursions towards the close of the day in the delightful Indian evening, when silence descends and the lines of pungent-smelling smoke become quickly visible in hazy, low-lying lines. Once we went to the Boat Club, whence we got a very pretty view of a bend in the river, with Parbati in the middle distance and the hills beyond against the saffron-coloured sky. Another evening our host sent on horses and carriages half-way—"laid a dak," as it is called—and we drove to the Khadakwazla Lake for tea, and then sat and watched the sunset and the moon rise over the water in the soft, smoky silence of the Eastern evening.

It was really chilly as we drove back to dinner.

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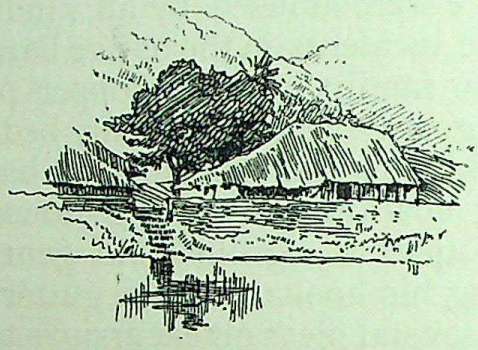
Later on that evening Major Spratt accompanied me to the station, where my "boy" made up my bed in the waiting-room, and there I slept—or tried to sleep—until the 3 A.M. train for Bijapur came in.



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CHAPTER III

BIJAPUR: A CITY OF TOMBS

I WAS in a compartment of the night train from Poona, and was awakened by a strange and noisy patter of many feet above my head. We had just come to a halt at Sholapur station. I quickly rose, and, stretching out of the carriage window, discovered a party of light-hearted monkeys dropping from an overhanging tree and chasing one another, with many an antic, along the carriage roofs.

At Hotgi Junction we got an excellent breakfast, and saw the last of the Governor of Madras, who had arrived at Government House, Bombay, just before we left, on his way to take up office at Madras. Here I changed on to the narrow gauge and began a very tedious progress toward Bijapur, stopping long at every station, and at one as much as an hour. The trains were crowded with natives, and how they jabber!

The country is monotonous and very flat; in places it reminded me somewhat of the surroundings of Biskra, dry and burned up; dotted over the plain were mud villages, and small groups of stunted trees like thorns in the distance; the occasional patches of grain crops, now ripe, were

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mostly burnt a dull brown. The human element in the prospect consisted of very black people, with very few and ragged clothes, who here and there, all along the line, were tending goats and buffaloes and lived in most elementary grass and straw huts.

Some hours later—whilst crossing a wide and treeless but fertile plain, interspersed with rare flocks of small antelopes grazing quietly, regardless of the train—I caught the first sight of Bijapur, with the vast dome of the Gol Gumbaz bright in the sunshine.

We reached Bijapur late in the afternoon, and I drove at once to the dak bungalow to deposit my baggage; then started off in a tonga, with a pair of capital ponies harnessed to a yoke, to see as much as daylight would permit of this once magnificent Mohammedan city, now a city of the dead. The place I stopped in, the "dak bungalow," was originally a mosque attached to the great Gol Gumbaz, which I had seen across the plain, and of which more hereafter.

Major Spratt had kindly telegraphed from Poona to the police officer here to ask him to take me round. Unfortunately he was away, so my only resource was to get a native guide, who could not speak a word of English, and to let my servant interpret for me, but his English is of the vilest, and his translations were almost entirely incomprehensible. I should have been quite at sea without Cousen's most useful book. Bijapur of to-day consists of the partly ruined and very

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THE GOL GUMBAZ, BIJAPUR

"This building attracted me not on account of any special beauty of detail—for it is singularly wanting in ornament, and within is perfectly plain—but because of its vastness and dignity; and of the unique character of its dome. It stands four square upon its platform, with octagonal towers at the angles seven storeys high. In the centre rises the great dome, which constitutes its most striking feature and covers a larger area than any other in the world."

Plate 7

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much deserted remains of the once glorious city. Its palmy days, when it was equal in splendour to Agra and Delhi, were from 1501,—when Yusaf Khan declared himself its King—until 1686, when it was taken by Aurangzeb. Since then it has suffered violence and fallen into decay, but it still contains a number of splendid buildings.

Unlike the other Mohammedan states in India,

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

which all owe their origin to invasion from the North-West, Bijapur claims to have been founded by an adventurer-prince who came direct from Turkey; and there is certainly much in the character of the architecture and ornament to support the theory of Turkish origin.

There still existed in Turkey in the fifteenth century, on the decease of the Sultan, the ancient custom of putting to death all his sons, with the exception of the heir. It may have been a simple way of avoiding undesirable disputes, but it

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tended to create uneasiness in the minds of those wives whose sons were not likely to succeed to the throne, when the health of their lord and master began to fail.

Such was the state of mind of the mother of Yusaf on the death of his father, Sultan Murad, in 1451. Then she heard that Yusaf was to be strangled, and acting on an inspiration she hastened with her boy to a merchant from Persia named Khojah Imad-ud-din Gargastani, and exchanged her son for a slave who bore a striking resemblance to him. The next morning the report was spread throughout Constantinople that young Yusaf had died in the night, and the body of the little slave was given a royal burial.

In the meanwhile the merchant, finding that it was to his interest to act discreetly, quietly withdrew to his native place Saver, taking the real Yusaf with him. There, and subsequently at Kassim, Yusaf remained under the faithful guardianship of Khojah Imad-ud-din Gargastani, until one day appeared to him in a vision a mysterious person, who bade him proceed to Hindustan, where his ambitions would be realised, and where after experiencing hardships and difficulties he would gain a kingdom for himself. "Your bread," said the mysterious messenger, "is already baked for you in the Deccan."

Fired with a desire to obey the call, Yusaf —readily persuading the merchant to accompany him—started in the year 1459 on his journey eastwards. At Dabul they tarried, but a second

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appearance of the vision spurred the young prince on, and they eventually reached Bidar in the Deccan and the Court of Sultan Muhammad Bahmani. It so happened that Imad-ud-din was known to the Sultan, and through his influence Yusaf was taken into court employ. He soon became a favourite, as he excelled in all athletic and manly exercises, and quickly was raised, by his royal master, to an important position in the state.

His rapid promotion and the favour which he enjoyed aroused the envy of the less fortunate, and whilst he was absent in the Carnatic—where he had been sent, in command of a large force, to quell a disturbance—his enemies were busy in intrigue and did their best to poison the mind of the Sultan against him.

His success, however, in that as in other expeditions, notably in that against the State of Bijapur, only served to increase the confidence which his master placed in him, and he was eventually appointed Governor of Bijapur with the title of Adil Khan.

On the death of Muhammad the State of Bidar fell on evil times. His successor did not possess the confidence of his people, and Yusaf, having a strong force at his disposal, rebelled against his new master, openly declaring his independence. He made himself master of Bijapur, and extended his dominions to the sea-coast, even wresting Goa from the Portuguese. He founded in 1489 the Adil Shahi dynasty, which, after a brilliant career of

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nearly two hundred years, was eventually overthrown by Aurangzeb in 1686. A hundred years later it passed to the Peshwa, then to the Rajah of Satara, and eventually with the rest of his possessions into the hands of the British.

The history of Bijapur is a history of great warriors and great builders.

Surrounded as was the territory of Bijapur by warlike chiefs on all sides, it was hardly to be expected that it would remain long at peace. With or without pretext, the kings of Bijapur were constantly either making inroads on their neighbours' country or in turn defending themselves from attack, or for mutual greed and aggrandisement coming to terms with some chiefs with whom they had but recently been in bloody conflict, in order to make a combined attack upon a third, and carry fire and sword up to the gates of his fortress. Few histories afford a better lesson in the art of intrigue or more tales of wild romance than that of the Court of Bijapur, especially during the intervals when the throne was occupied by a minor and the government was in the hands of a regent.

The buildings of Bijapur are unique. Though they have been sadly mutilated—first by depredations of the Mahrattas in the eighteenth century and secondly by long neglect—there still remains much to be seen of this once rich and splendid city. For this we have to thank the efforts of successive Residents at Satara, from Mountstuart Elphinstone to Sir Bartle Frere, who obtained a large

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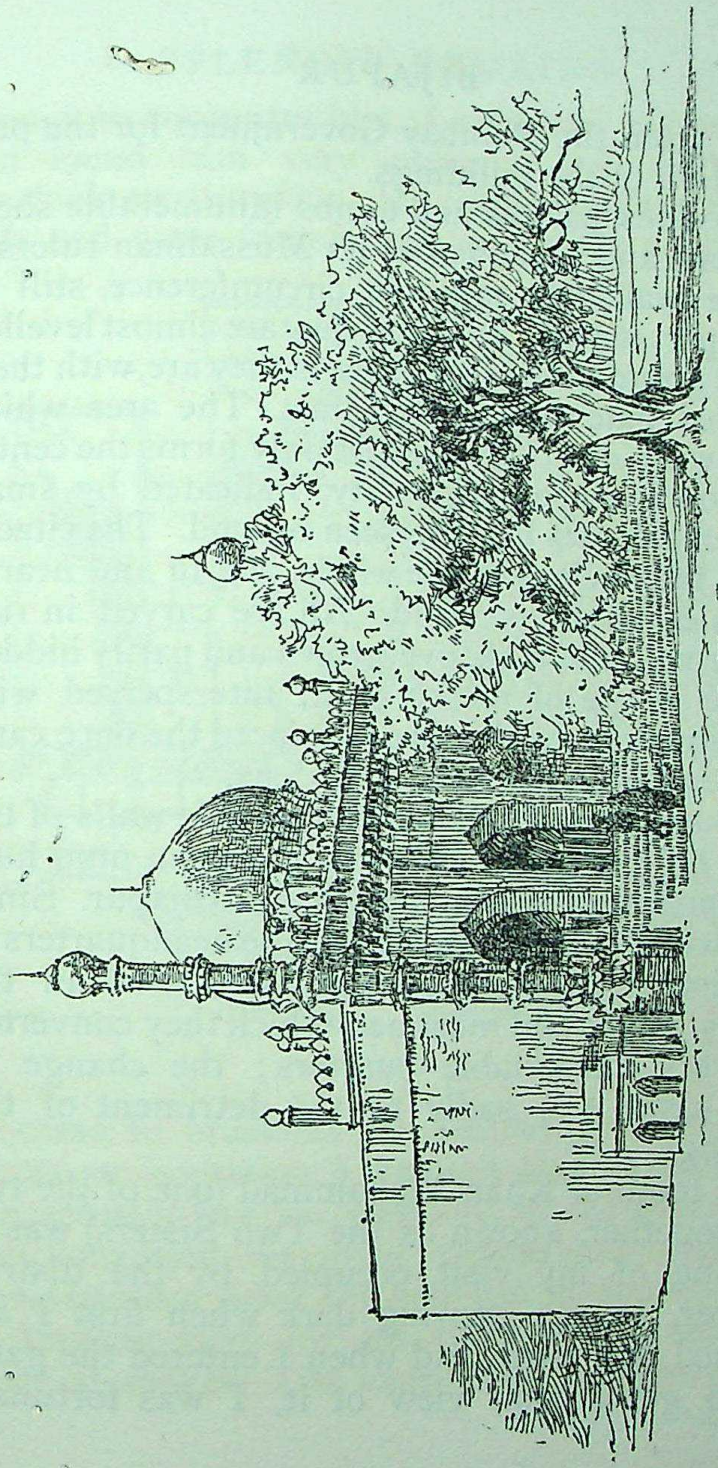

A SMALL MOSQUE IN BIJAPUR

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grant from the Bombay Government for the preservation of the buildings.

Mosques, palaces and tombs innumerable show the taste and greatness of its Mussalman rulers.

The walls, six miles in circumference, still in great part remain. In places they are almost levelled to the ground, but in other parts they are, with their fortified gateways, fairly intact. The area which these walls enclose, however, only forms the centre of a once much larger city, indicated by small scattered domes that are seen beyond. The citadel forms the nucleus of the whole, and in and near it the chief buildings stand. All are carved in rich brown volcanic rock, overgrown and partly hidden by the jungle of prickly pear, interspersed with tamarind trees, which has displaced the once carefully tended and beautiful gardens.

Grouped about under the venerable walls of the larger buildings are clustered the mean mud huts of the present native inhabitants of Bijapur. Since 1883, when the town was made the headquarters of the district, the Europeans have lived in the palaces, tombs and mosques, which they converted into very comfortable quarters; the change in most cases was sadly to the detriment of the buildings.

The tomb of Khan Muhammad (one of the two close together, known as the Two Sisters) was at the time of my visit occupied by the district engineer. It was growing dark when first I approached this tomb, and when I entered the gateway to get a near view of it, I was fortunate

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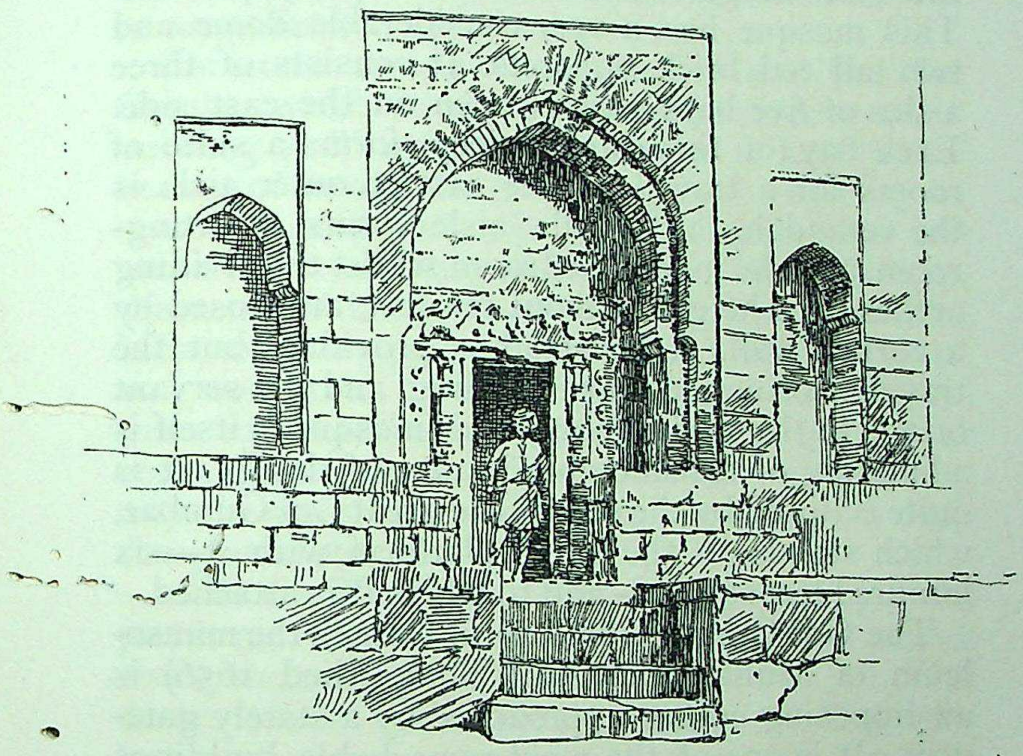
enough to encounter him. I told him my errand and found him very pleasant and ready to overlook my intrusion. He introduced me to his wife and some friends, and eventually asked me



BY THE ROAD-SIDE

to come to breakfast the following morning, at 10.30, an invitation I was not slow in accepting. He actually had his dwelling in the tombs, and had converted the great vaulted hall under the dome (sixteen sided and fifty feet in diameter) into a drawing-room for his wife, and a charming room it makes. The vault below, where are the

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tombs, is his office, and his bedroom is a small mosque, with the mihrab converted into a cupboard for hanging clothes. What a desecration!

The post office occupies a mosque, as does also the dak bungalow, where I took up my quarters. This mosque has a very considerable dome and two tall red brick minarets. It consists of three aisles of five bays and is open on the east side. Each bay (of three aisles deep) forms a suite of rooms for a traveller. The east or outer aisle is the verandah, the middle aisle forms a sitting-room, and the inner a bedroom, whilst the dividing arches, to a height of about ten feet, are closed by a curtain wall. A bedstead is provided, but the traveller brings his own bedding, and his servant brings in the food. Though this mosque in itself is a building of considerable beauty of design, it is quite eclipsed by the size of the great Gol Gumbaz, which stands on the same platform with it—six hundred feet square—and to which it is attached.

The Gol Gumbaz (or Round Dome), the mausoleum of Muhammad Adil Shah (died 1656) is an imposing edifice, approached by a stately gateway. It is one of the most remarkable buildings in Bijapur, both on account of its size and of its constructive boldness.

The kings of Bijapur, during the later part of the dynasty, vied with one another in the magnificence of the tombs which they erected for themselves. Ibrahim II. built a tomb (the Ibrahim Roza) of surpassing beauty, lavishly enriched with ornament. Muhammad's tomb exceeded that

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of his predecessor in grandeur of dimensions and constructive skill; whilst Ali Adil Shah commenced a mausoleum for himself which—if his death had not put a stop to its progress—would have surpassed every other building in India, both in magnificence and size.

For some reason or another it was the Gol Gumbaz which attracted me more than any other building at Bijapur: not on account of any special beauty of detail—for it is singularly wanting in ornament, and within is perfectly plain—but because of its vastness and dignity; of the unique character of its dome; and, partly perhaps, also because of my greater familiarity with it, lodged as I was at its feet, and gazing up into its face, from my chamber in the mosque. I got up to see it by sunrise, and it was the last thing I saw, with the moonlight playing on its surface, as I lay down at night.

The Gol Gumbaz stands four square upon its platform, with octagonal towers at the angles seven storeys high. In the centre rises the great dome, which constitutes its most striking feature and covers a larger area than any other in the world. Fergusson writing of this building says:

"As will be seen from the plan, it is internally a square apartment, 135 ft. each way: its area consequently is 18,225 sq. ft., while that of the Pantheon at Rome is within the walls only 15,833 sq. ft. . . . At the height of 57 ft. from the floor line the hall begins to contract by a series of

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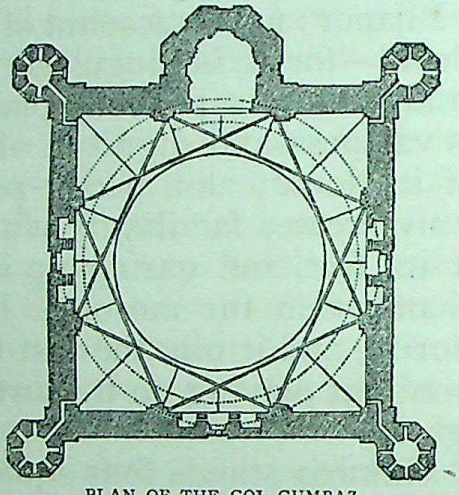
pendentives, as ingenious as they are beautiful, to a circular opening 97 ft. in diameter. On the platform of these pendentives the dome is erected 124 ft. in diameter, thus leaving a gallery more than 12 ft. wide all round the interior. Internally the dome is 178 ft. high, externally 198 ft. high: its thickness being about 10 ft.



PLAN OF THE GOL GUMBAZ

"The most ingenious and novel part of the construction of this dome is the way its lateral or outward thrust is counteracted. This was accomplished by forming the pendentives so that they not only cut off the angles, but that, as shown on the plan, their arches intersect one another, and form a very considerable mass of masonry perfectly stable in itself, and by its weight, acting inwards, counteracting any thrust that can possibly be brought upon it by the pressure of the dome. If the whole edifice thus balanced has any

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tendency to move it is to fall inwards, which from its circular form is impossible; while the action of the weight of the pendentives, being in the opposite direction to that of the dome, it acts like a tie, and keeps the whole in equilibrium without interfering at all with the outline of the dome."

One of the first buildings I visited, about half a mile from the Gol Gumbaz, was the Jumma Musjid—a splendid domed building begun by Ali Adil Shah I. (1557–1579) and continued by his successors, but never finished. Its stately mass is conspicuous from a distance rising above the trees. It is entered on the north side by a fine gateway; the chief entrance, which would have been on the east side, was never built. The interior of the mosque proper, divided into five aisles of nine bays by massive square piers, is striking from its exquisite simplicity of design and prevailing whiteness of tone. All the colour in this impressively solemn building is concentrated in the Mihrab; it is gorgeously gilded and enamelled with delicate arabesques, and designs of the most varied character, interwoven with inscriptions intended to recall the name of the builder, and to remind one of the transitory nature of life and beauty. The grandly proportioned dome is rather flatter than most Eastern domes, and, like that of the Gol Gumbaz, is raised on pendentives. There is a wealth of beautiful detail in the windows. Even in its incomplete state it is one of the finest and most graceful

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mosques in India, and as large as an English cathedral. The great cloistered courtyard was intended to hold 8000 worshipers, and was, in its palmy days, strewn with beautiful velvet carpets, all, alas! carried off by Aurangzeb.

Near here is a very delightful little bit of architecture, the Mehtar Mahal—the gateway to a small mosque—which comes as a surprise as one goes along the road. It is a small but most charmingly original building, in form a square tower three storeys high, with minarets at two corners; and, about its balconied and projecting windows, it is richly ornamented with intricate stone carving in a mixed Hindu and Mohammedan style. Its main feature is a beautiful oriel window which projects from the second floor, supported by exquisite corbels with rows of hanging drops. The façade of this fascinating window extends on either side, and forms the front of a balcony before two smaller windows. And the whole is shaded by a wide projecting canopy of stone, which rests on most delicately sculptured brackets, a marvel of stone carving, enriched with a perforated design. It is wonderful that this lace-work of ornament should have stood for two centuries without snapping.

Thence I went to the Citadel, a fortress surrounded by a moat, containing most of the public buildings, and many courts and gardens and palaces, of which the ruined Sat Manzil (the Palace of Seven Storeys) was one of the most remarkable.

Into the walls of the Citadel are built many

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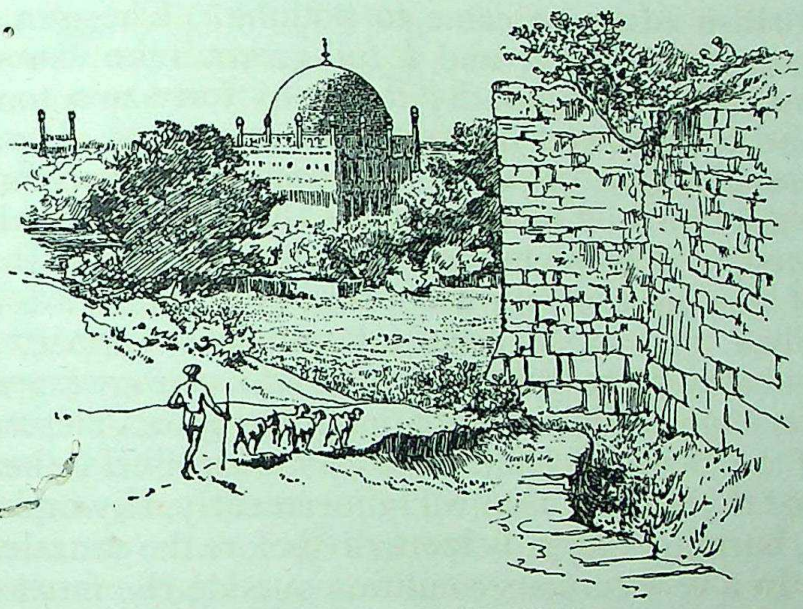
ancient pillars and sculptured stones, probably taken from the Jain temples which stood here when the Mohammedans stormed the Citadel. Many wild tales of adventure are connected with this spot, but none more striking than that of Yusaf's widowed Queen Bubujee Khanum, a Mahratta princess by



THE DOME OF THE JUMMA MUSJID

birth. During the minority of her son, she defended the Citadel and his life against a traitorous regent. Clad in armour, she fought amongst the soldiers, until a band of faithful Moguls, rallying to her support, reached the brave defenders by means of ropes let down from the ramparts. One of the principal assailants, Saftar Khan, was killed by a great stone rolled down on him, by the young

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king, from the parapet of the Citadel, after which the assault collapsed.

One of the big guns used in the final siege of Aurangzeb, the celebrated Malik-i-Maidan (King of the Plain), for which Bijapur is famous, lies still on a bastion south of the Shahpur Gate. Fortunately the proposal to place it in the British Museum came to nothing. The gun is 5 ft. in diameter, and a full-grown man can sit upright in its mouth; it weighs forty-two tons, and of its powers marvellous tales are told. It was cast at Ahmednagar, two hundred miles away, and was carried off by one of the Bijapur kings, who brought it here through a roadless country. It is of fine bronze, with a considerable admixture of silver, and has a beautifully finished surface. A monster, represented at its mouth swallowing an elephant, reminded me of one of Orcagna's pictures of the mouth of Hell. I was not surprised to hear that the Hindus used, till quite recently, to worship it, burning a light perpetually before the muzzle.

In a very ruinous condition outside the moat of the inner citadel is the Asra-i-Sharif, or Palace of the "The Hair of the Noble one." This is a large, heavy-looking building, designed for a Court of Justice in 1646, and it consists of a spacious hall, entirely open on the east side, facing a great tank and supported by teak pillars about 60 ft. high. The west side is divided into two storeys, and here, in a frescoed chamber, is the shrine where the "relic"—two hairs of the prophet's beard—is supposed to be kept; but as no one has ventured to examine the

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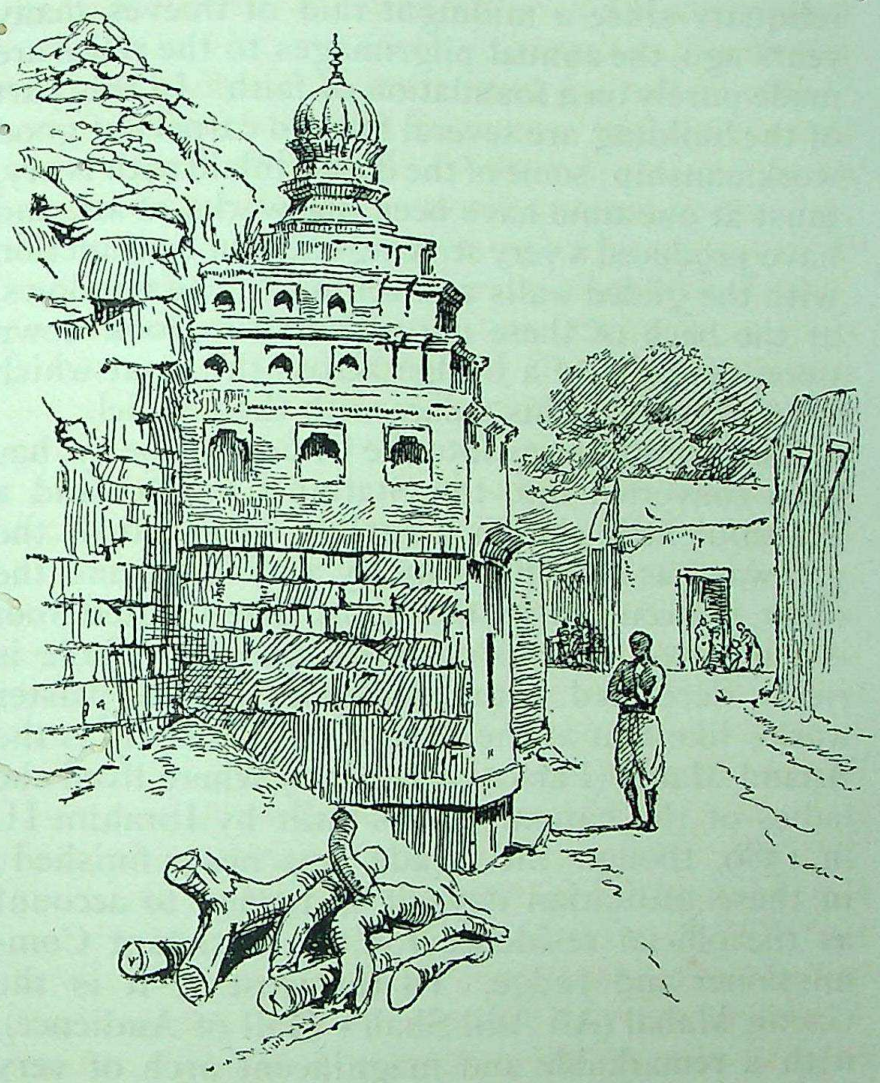

A WAYSIDE TOMB

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reliquary since a midnight raid of thieves many years ago, the annual pilgrimages to the relics are made purely on a foundation of faith. In this part of the building are several fine old carpets of good workmanship; some of the doors, inlaid with ivory, must at one time have been fine works of art, and have produced a very striking effect in conjunction with the gilded walls and ceiling.* The windows, at the back of these upper chambers, look down upon the piers of a bridge across the moat which used to connect this palace with the Citadel.

The main gateway into the Citadel, close by, has been converted into the Station Church—and a beautiful little church it makes. One end of the gateway has been filled up by a window, and the other is occupied by the door. The vaulted roof is supported by two columns, and the whole is richly decorated with Saracenic incised plaster work; like that at the Alhambra. Close by is the Anand Mahal (Palace of Delight), where lived the ladies of the harem. It was built by Ibrahim II. in 1589, though the façade was never finished; in these utilitarian days it is turned to account as the official residence for the Assistant Commissioner and Judge. To the west of it is the Gagan Mahal (Ali Adil Shah's Hall of Audience), with a remarkable and magnificent arch of very wide span, flanked by two smaller ones, opening

* The valuable library of Arabic and other manuscripts was rescued from the neglect which threatened its destruction by Sir Bartle Frere, and may be seen, by those interested, in the India Office Library at Westminster.

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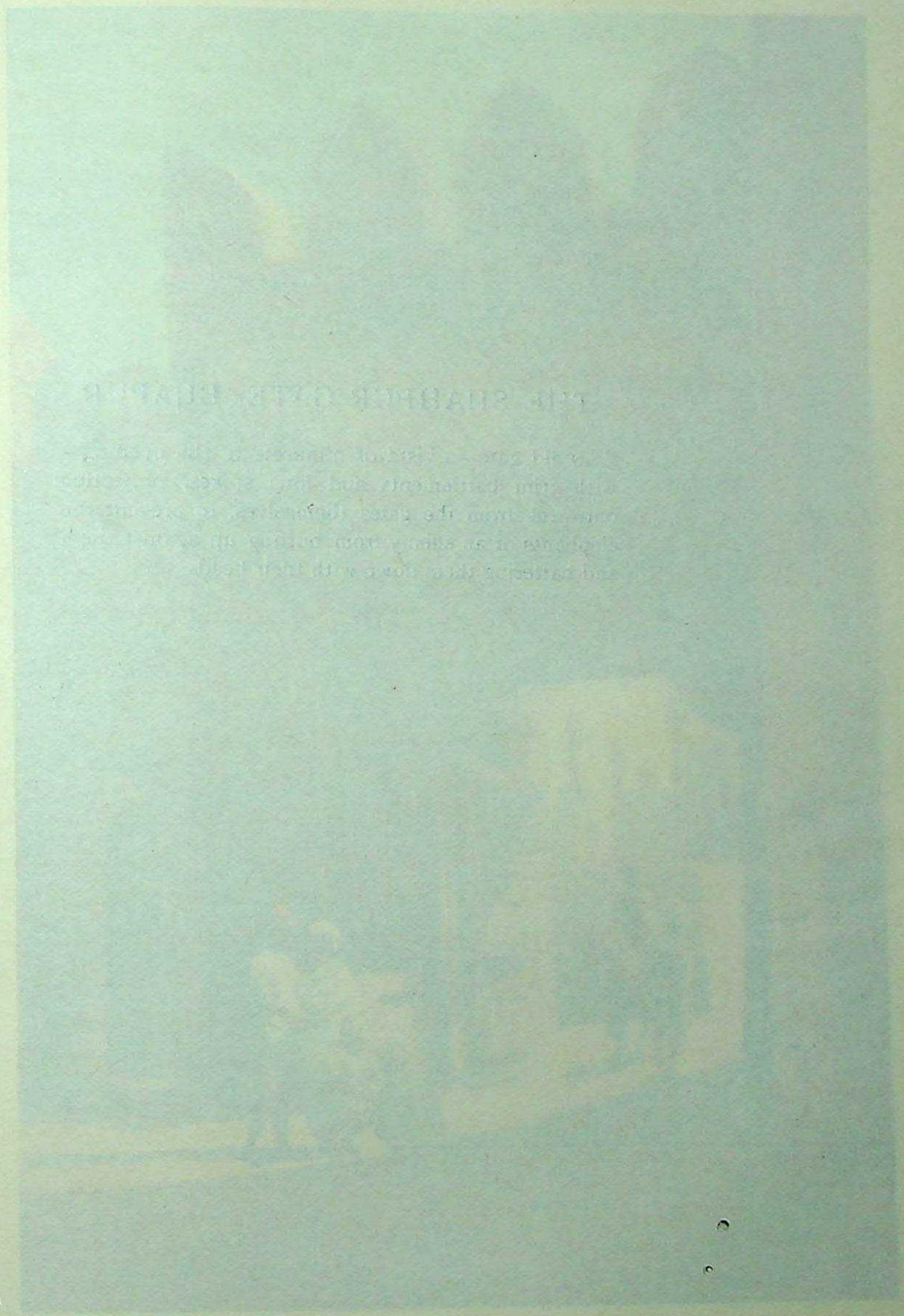

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THE SHAHPUR GATE, BIJAPUR

"An old gate—a vista of minarets in the opening—with grim battlements and long spikes, projecting outwards from the gates themselves, to prevent the elephants of an enemy from butting up against them and battering them down with their heads."

Plate 8

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to the north. On the roof was a gallery, where the ladies of the harem sat to see the pageants in the open space below, and whence they may have witnessed the submission of the king and nobles of Bijapur in silver chains to Aurangzeb. Also appropriated to the use of the ladies of the palace, was the Makka Musjid—a miniature mosque of great simplicity of design—near the old mosque of Malik Karim-ud-din. It is quite in good preservation, and its proportions are, as far as I could judge, perfect. The arches of the mosque proper cannot be more than eight or ten feet high. The rude minarets at the corners of the small courtyard are of earlier date.

From here I drove to the Shahpur Gateway; a motley throng of passers-by was streaming through in the evening light. An archway is always a picturesque object, but this old gate—a vista of minarets in the opening—was especially attractive with its grim battlements and the long spikes, projecting outwards from the gates themselves, to prevent the elephants of an enemy from butting up against them and battering them down with their heads. About sunset I made my way out through the Makka Gate to the Ibrahim Roza, the great mausoleum of Ibrahim II. where Aurangzeb lived during the final siege of Bijapur. It and its accompanying mosque form a domed group of great beauty rising on a platform about 19 ft. high from the centre of what was once a lovely garden. The whole effect of the domes, and the forest of minarets and pinnacles

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rising out of a shady grove of dark trees, against a brilliant evening sky, was very striking. The tomb is surrounded on all sides by a double arcade of seven arches, the ceiling of which is exquisitely carved with verses of the Koran and wreaths of flowers, gold on a brilliant azure

A CHILL MORNING

ground. The windows are filled with a lattice-work of Arabic sentences cut out of stone slabs, the space between each letter admitting the light. This work is admirably executed, and is not surpassed in all India. The vaulted stone-slabbed ceiling of the principal chamber is of mysterious construction, being perfectly flat in the centre and supported apparently only by a cove projecting

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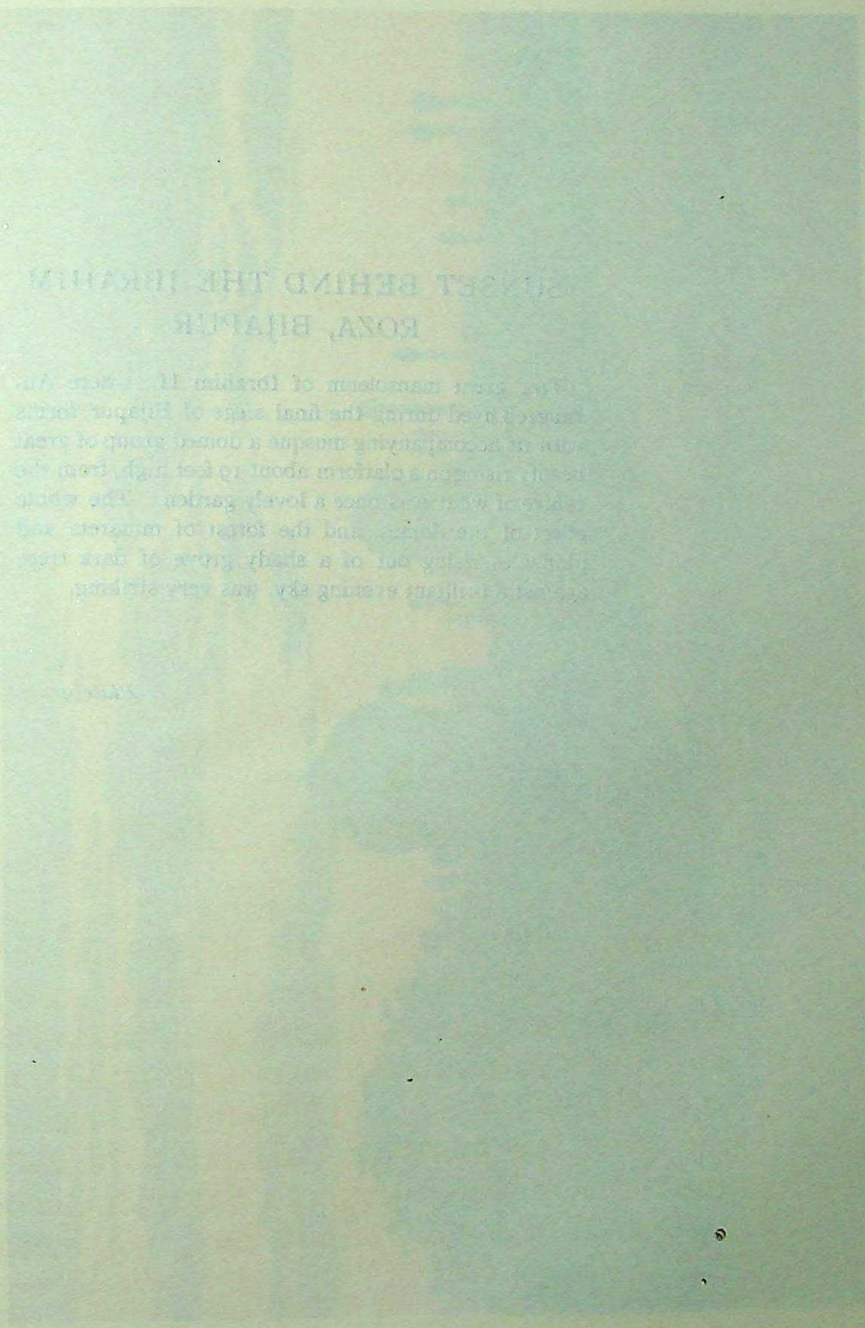

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SUNSET BEHIND THE IBRAHIM ROZA, BIJAPUR

"THE great mausoleum of Ibrahim II., where Aurangzeb lived during the final siege of Bijapur, forms with its accompanying mosque a domed group of great beauty rising on a platform about 19 feet high, from the centre of what was once a lovely garden. The whole effect of the domes, and the forest of minarets and pinnacles rising out of a shady grove of dark trees against a brilliant evening sky, was very striking."

Plate 9

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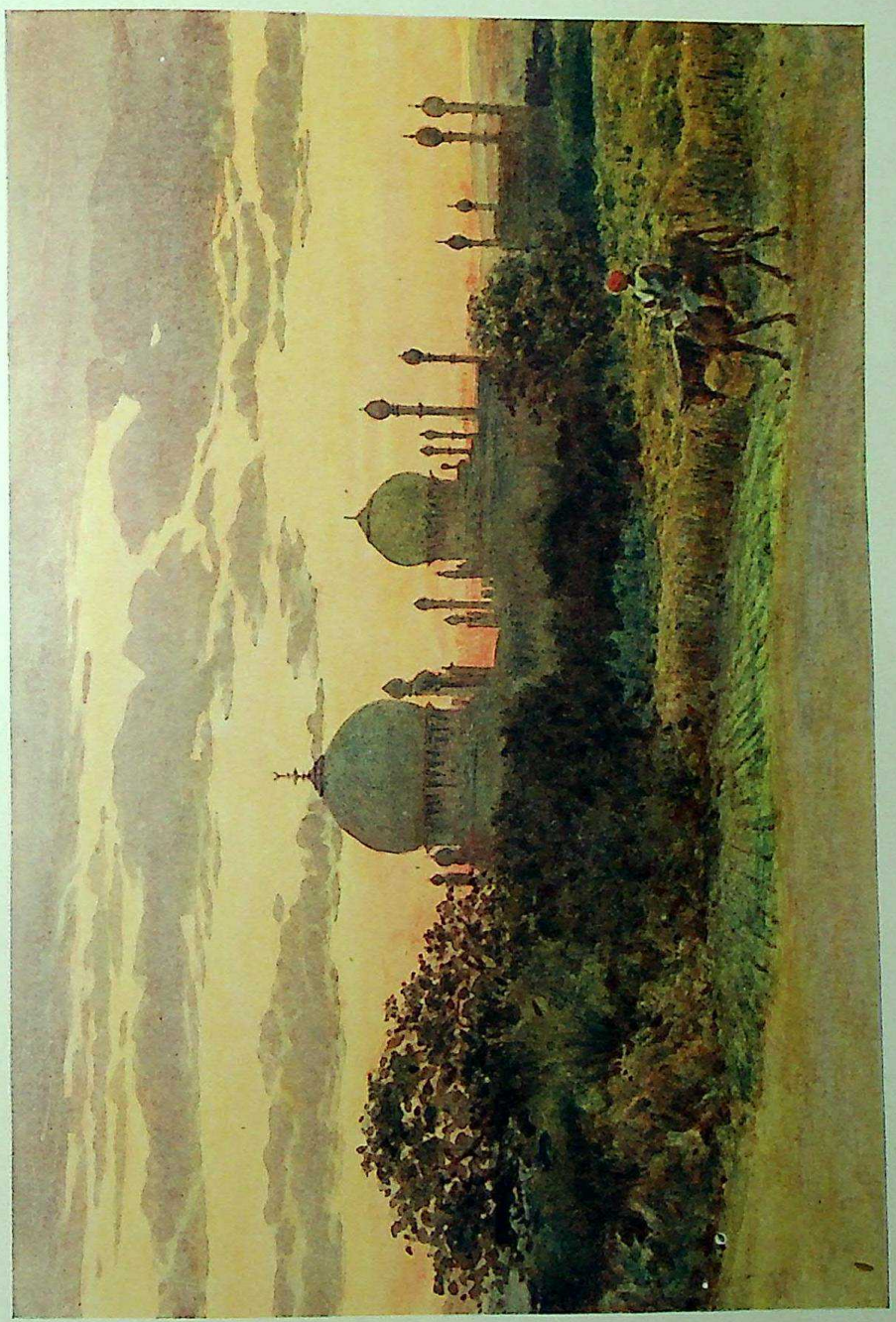

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from the walls. It is probably kept in place by the remarkably adhesive properties of the cement, which rivals that of the Romans in this respect.

I was greeted on waking next morning by a glorious sunrise, and spent the greater part of the day in sketching in this wildly romantic place, and I agree with Meadows Taylor that the picturesque beauty, arising from the combination of fine old tamarind and peepul trees, hoary ruins, and distant views of the more perfect buildings, forms a varied and very impressive series of landscapes. The groups of palaces, arches, tombs, cisterns, gateways, minarets, all carved from the rich brown basalt rock, garlanded by creepers, and broken and disjointed by trees, are each in turn a gem of art, and the whole is a unique treasury for the sketcher or artist.

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A NAMELESS TOMB, BIJAPUR

Plate 10

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CHAPTER IV

ALLAHABAD: THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

I LEFT Bijapur by a midday train, having in my carriage two men from Madras: one, I think, was a judge, but I did not discover his name. They were very pleasant travelling companions, and I was sorry when they left me at Sholapur, where they were received on the platform by a little crowd of natives. As I was in their company, I came in for part of the ceremony of welcome. A wreath of very strongly scented flowers was put round my neck, a bouquet pressed into my hands, the back of my hand smeared with attar of roses, and the palm sprinkled with lavender water. Then a few betel leaves, containing areca, chuna, or lime, &c., and wrapped in gold paper, were presented to me, and I felt some little embarrasment as to how I was to dispose of all these things; fortunately the train was on the move, I jumped in, and was thus relieved from the difficulties of the situation, and saw my friends no more.

On arriving at 7 A.M. next morning at the Victoria Station, Bombay, I found awaiting me my companion, who had come down from Poona

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by the previous train, escorted by Major Spratt's peon. We went to church at 8 o'clock, and then to Watson's Hotel for breakfast; after lunch with the Burn-Murdochs, who were as kind as ever, we drove back by Breach Kandy and the native town, intending to stop the night in Bombay. At dinner, it was suddenly suggested that it would be wiser not to delay our start, for next day was mail day, when we should have less chance of getting a compartment to ourselves. We hurriedly left our dinner, and, with superhuman efforts, just succeeded in catching the express for Allahabad, in which we fortunately secured two communicating compartments to ourselves.

The country through which we passed next day was uninteresting and dried up, and, until we reached Itarsi Junction, we ran chiefly through dusty, scrubby jungle; then things improved, and the landscape became greener. It was colder, but we were rising up to the great central plains of India, and were prepared for cold nights at this time of year. Frost greeted us the next morning, and we realised that we had left warm weather behind us, and when by 9 A.M. we reached Allahabad we were glad to don thick winter clothes.

After a rather tiring journey of a day and a night from Bijapur to Bombay, and then a day and two nights on to Allahabad, we thought well to stop three nights to rest. This is more than the interest of the town warrants, but we had many letters to write and difficult arrangements of plans to make, and the place is not wholly without

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interest. Sir Auckland Colvin, unfortunately, was in camp, but Mr. Benett, the permanent secretary, and his sister very kindly took us in charge; he was most agreeable and interesting to talk to, and we spent some very pleasant hours in their company.

Allahabad is situated on a sandy plain at the extreme point of the Doab,* which lies between the Jumna and the magnificent Ganges. This river, the object of the veneration and affection of millions of Hindus, we were now to see for the first time. We had crossed the Jumna, in the train, five minutes before entering the station. The Ganges lies about two miles on the further side of the town, which extends almost to the meeting-place of the rivers, about four miles off, and ends on the higher ground, where the walls of the fort rise steeply above the river bank.

The fort was built by Akbar, about 1575, and he gave the town its present name. The Mohammedans had had possession of it from the twelfth century, when Shahab-ud-din, descending from the north, seized the whole of North-West India. They continued paramount until the period of anarchy following the rise of the Mahrattas. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the English quelled the Mahrattas, and restored Allahabad to the shadowy Mogul empire. For a short time the phantom emperor, Alum Shah, made it the seat of imperial rule, but it, apparently, did not suit his views to be so close to his English friends, and, throwing himself into the arms of the Mahrattas, he withdrew to

* A generic term for a tract of country between two rivers.

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Delhi, the walls of which before long encircled all that remained of the once splendid Mogul Empire.

When Alum Shah left Allahabad the East India Company sold the district to the Nawab of Oude, from whom it came back into our hands ten years later.

Centuries before Akbar's day, however, a stronghold, called Prayag, or the place of sacrifice, existed at the meeting of the Ganges and the Jumna, which, since the earliest days, had been a most popular place of pilgrimage with the Hindu race. The first authentic historical information about it is on the tapering shaft of the Lath of the Buddhist king Asoka, in the garden at the entrance of the fort; it dates from about B.C. 258, and its 49 feet of height is covered with inscriptions; it is, no doubt, very curious, but is one of the things about which I find it difficult to screw up much enthusiasm.

Modern Allahabad—or Canning Town as the European quarter is called—has no streets. Their place is taken by a wide network of long, broad, well-watered avenues, bordered with compounds in which stand bungalows, surrounded by fine trees with twisted, gnarled boles. Even the shops and post-office are in bungalows, with a drive up to the door and a garden in front. Things looked greener than in Bombay, owing to a recent thunderstorm, and some of the gardens were very bright, with splendid roses, bougainvillea and bignonia—the two last are seen in masses everywhere—but there is no grass, and the dusty soil was too much in evidence for English eyes.

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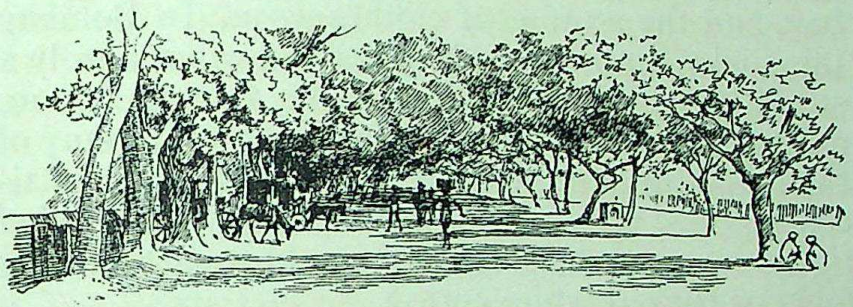
This is not entirely calculated to arouse enthusiam in the mind of a sketcher, but, nevertheless, there are attractions for him, if he looks in the right direction. The Maidan is crossed by flat roads, leading away in various directions: on them may be seen the usual picturesque figures of an Indian highway. Bheesties with their brown, distended, dripping goatskin bags, fruitsellers, women bearing hods, little naked children, half-clad groups sitting



AN AVENUE IN ALLAHABAD

by the wayside, or the bullock cart drawn to one side whilst the driver lies underneath in the dust, taking the rest which seems a *sine quâ non* after the midday bath and food. Here and there, these roads pass through scattered groups of trees, and under one of these clumps of trees, where the ground was dotted over with small dilapidated shrines of varied form, I found a suitable subject. It was evening and dusk was approaching; the air was full of the red glow of the setting sun, which penetrated the smoke rising from behind a neighbouring wall and the evening mist, with a hot and

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murky glow. Past me poured a constant stream of rattling, many-coloured ekkas, returning to the town with noisy devotees from the *mela;* the dust from their wheels added mystery to the already hazy atmosphere.

In the native town, with its low brown houses, there were of course picturesque corners, but what struck our eyes chiefly—as we drove, through it, to the tomb of Khusru—was the absence of colour, after the vivid blues and reds and yellows of Bombay, and the number of clothes worn. In Bombay the dusky limbs of the natives had often hardly a stitch of clothing on them; here, at this season, quilted coverings were not unknown, and many of the men swathed themselves in voluminous petticoats looped up between their legs, or wore wrinkled tights covering their legs, to the ankles, with skimpy folds of rucked white cotton.

We drove, under a tall archway, overgrown with creepers, into the Khusru Bagh, one of the most beautiful and shady gardens in India, and there, under a fine spreading tamarind-tree, we saw the last resting-place of Akbar's ill-fated grandson, Prince Khusru, the rebellious and popular heir of Jehangir. Akbar had a great affection for Khusru, whom Jehangir treated with a jealous animosity that caused the Rajput Princess Khusru's mother to commit suicide. In his brilliant youth he was mad enough to seize Lahore from his father; but he was soon overpowered, and spent the remainder of his life a prisoner. Sir Thomas Roe, James I.'s Ambassador, came across him travel-

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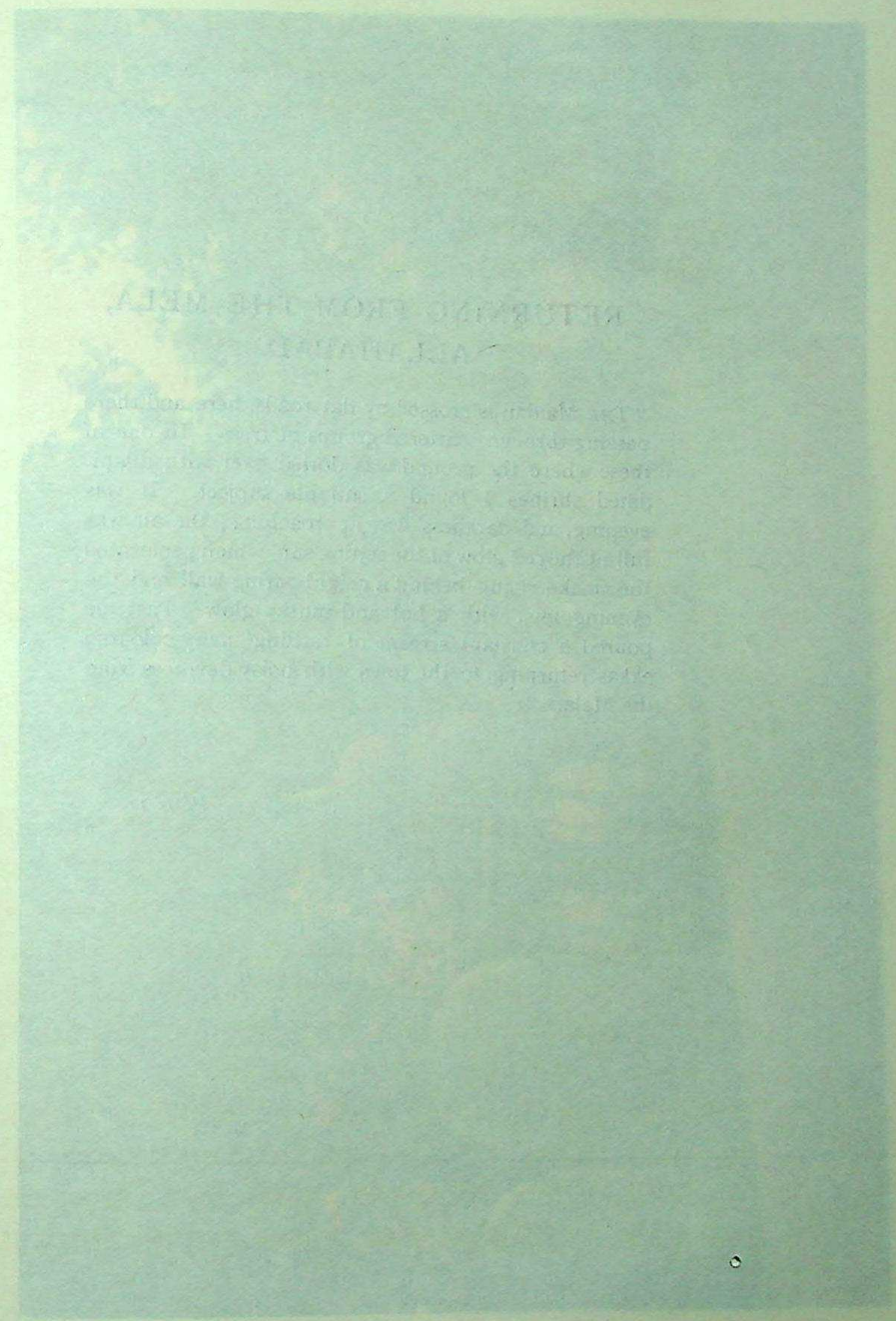

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RETURNING FROM THE MELA, ALLAHABAD

"The Maidan is crossed by flat roads, here and there passing through scattered groups of trees. In one of these where the ground was dotted over with dilapidated shrines I found a suitable subject. It was evening, and darkness was approaching; the air was full of the red glow of the setting sun, which penetrated the smoke rising behind a neighbouring wall and the evening mist with a hot and murky glow. Past me poured a constant stream of rattling many-coloured ekkas returning to the town with noisy devotees from the Mela."

Plate 11

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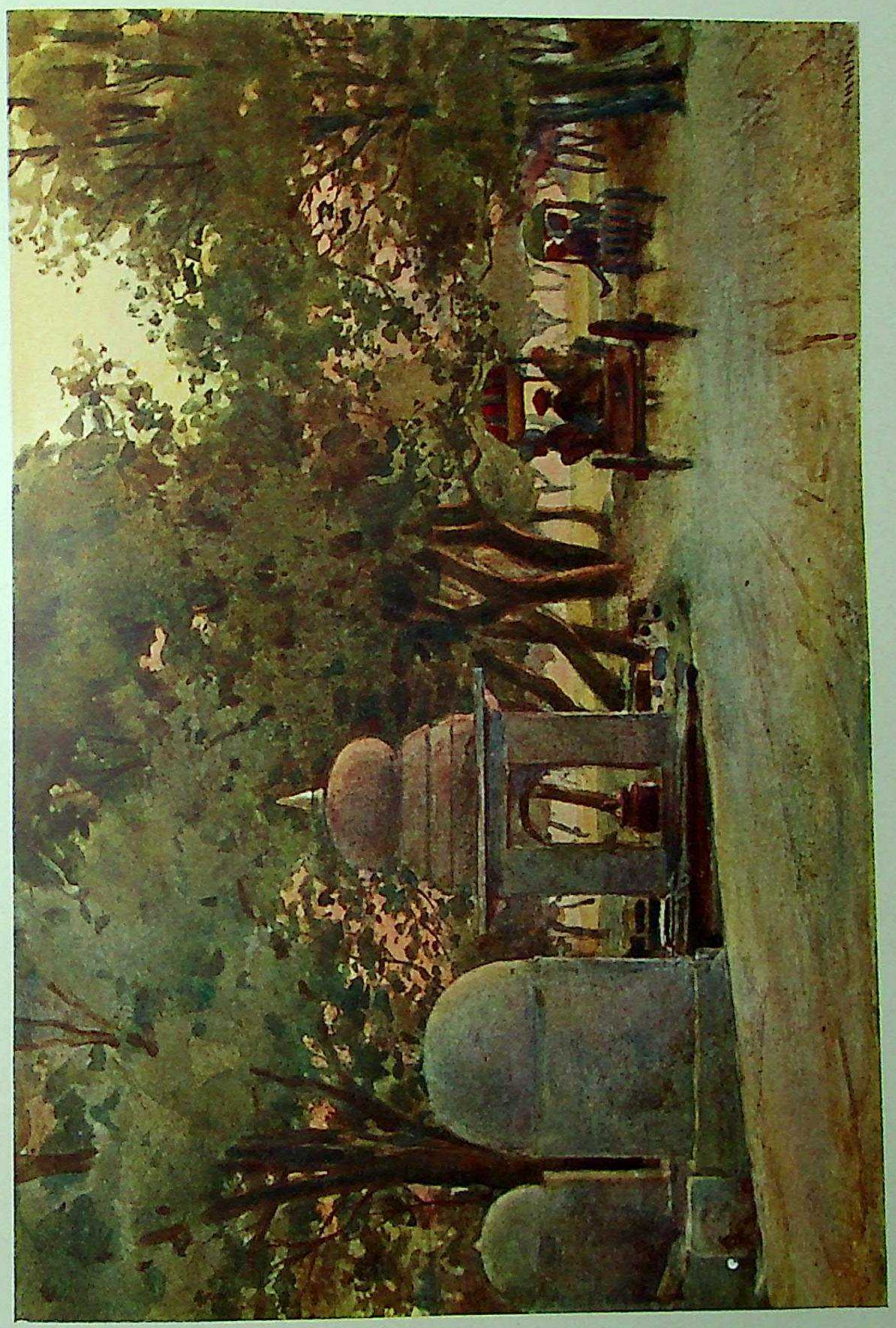

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ling, in custody, in the wake of the army of his brother Shah Jehan, and an interview, which Khusru accorded him, increased the already great interest he felt in his fate. As the price of his support to Jehangir, in a Deccan campaign, Shah Jehan had obtained the custody of his brother, and soon afterwards, when Jehangir was ill and his life despaired of, Khusru died so suddenly that Shah Jehan was strongly suspected of having poisoned him, in order to secure the succession.

It is curious that the tomb of this unlucky prince should be almost the only monument of Mogul days unmutilated in Allahabad. The Fort, which passed to the English in 1801, must have been originally a splendid and intensely interesting place, and it still forms a striking object rising above the sandy spit at the meeting of the rivers. But perhaps military exigencies obliged us to obliterate and destroy every vestige of originality in it: it has been ruthlessly shorn of any trace of architectural beauty or archæological interest. The high towers are laid low, the ramparts topped with turf and fronted with a stone glacis, and modern stucco covers the ancient walls. All the excrescences have been shaved off, and doorways and windows recklessly made, or filled up; floors are inserted where no floors should be, and the whole is thickly daubed with whitewash. It was, I suppose, inevitable. Here and there scraps remain of the original fortress; the entrance is under a domed and lofty gateway with a fine wide vault beneath, and we also saw a beautiful deep

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octagonal well, flanked by two vaulted octagonal chambers, probably intended as cool retreats from the summer heat. And, if we were disappointed at not seeing Akbar's Audience Hall—"supported by eight rows of eight columns, and surrounded by a deep verandah of double columns, with groups of four at the corners"—we remembered that the Arsenal, which it now contains, was probably a very essential part of the Indian Empire, and that the Director-General of Ordnance had, no doubt, good reasons for disfiguring the palace by a modern brick and mortar façade.

The military authorities have been more respectful to the Hindu remains and have not interfered with the well-known Akshai Bar, or ever-living banyan tree—a forked stump, with the bark on—which, though the tree appears to be replaced every few months, yet stands in the midst of what is, probably, the identical Hindu temple of Shiva, described by the Chinese pilgrims in the seventh century. It is now in a pillared crypt, reached by an underground passage beneath the walls of Akbar's Fort; this seems to show that Akbar's well-known religious liberality led him to allow the priests and pilgrims free access to the ancient Hindu shrine, though he was obliged to incorporate it in his building.

In the passage leading to the ancient temple are some curious idols, and, in the centre, a stone rudely tapered to a cone, which the devout venerate and reverence with lustrations. Beyond is a square aperture probably leading to the river,

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though the Hindus say it leads straight to Benares; whilst the natural moisture, exuding from the walls, is supposed to prove the truth of the legend that the sacred river Saraswati, which disappears in the Bikaneer desert, many miles away north, finds its way to this holy spot. The tree was probably worshipped here by the rude aboriginal tribes before the Aryan invasion brought the religion of the Vedas to India, and Hinduism, with its ostrich-like capacity for assimilating alien religious practices, has sanctioned its continued worship. Hiuen Tsiang gives a description of the wide-spreading tree in front of the principal shrine of the temple, which recalls the descriptions of the blood-stained grove at Kumasi. The tree was supposed to be the abode of a man-eating demon, and was surrounded by the bones of the human sacrifices, with which from the "old unhappy far-off days" of earliest tradition it had been propitiated.

From the ramparts of the Fort, we looked down over the river, with its many strange craft, and the little temples on the brink, and saw immediately at our feet a very interesting and characteristic scene. The great *mela*, or religious festival, to which Allahabad probably owes its origin, and which takes place every year at this time, was just beginning. The cold blue waters of the Jumna wash the Fort walls, and after flowing for about half a mile, beside a sandy spit of land, fall into the muddy Ganges ; this tongue of land, between the two sacred rivers, was covered with grass and palm

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huts and booths of manifold shape and height, the encampment of the pilgrims who come from the ends of India—Srinagar or Ceylon, Kabul or Calcutta—for cleansing and purification.

From time immemorial, many points on the ever-swelling stream of the mighty Ganges have been held sacred; the source Gangotri, and the issue into the plains Hardwar, Deo Prayag, Benares, and Sagar, where it enters the sea, have always been the scene of crowded religious festivals, to which multitudes throng. But the place of pilgrimage, *par excellence*—to which literally hundreds of thousands repair, to wash away the stains and defilements contracted in the turmoil of life and its illusions—is where the waters of the clear and rapid Jumna meet the slow and stately stream of the beneficent benefactress, Mother Ganges, and, as they believe, the still more sacred waters of the Saraswati. Not many are devout or adventurous enough to undertake the six years' pilgrimage to all the holy spots from source to sea, though the passion, which glows beneath the calm impassive exterior of a Hindu, moves some intense and fervent souls to accomplish the endless penance of measuring their length the whole weary way. But every year hundreds of thousands flock here to bathe and pray, and there are many whose fervour leads them to devote a full month in all solemnity and earnestness, to fasting and religious exercise. Then the strings of priest-led pilgrims, with banners floating from long bamboos, return home, bearing pots of holy water from the sacred stream with reverent care. Water

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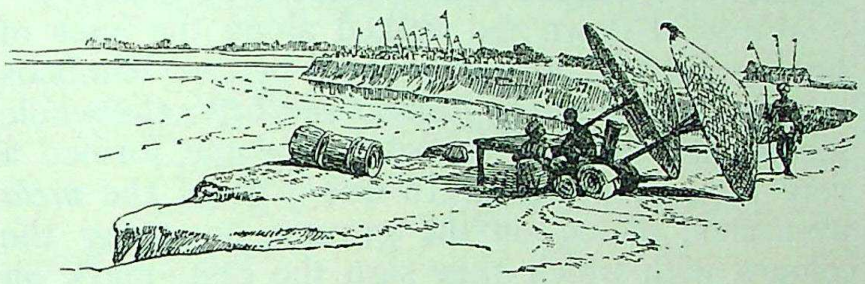
from the Ganges is prescribed by the ritual for use in many domestic rites.

Everyone who bathes is also shaved, and widows travel hundreds of miles to have their hair cut off here, as an offering to the sacred stream. The barbers have each to pay a tax of four rupees for a licence to practice at the *mela;* the revenue netted at Allahabad in this way has amounted to 16,000 rupees in the season—this gives one some idea of the size of the gathering at its height.



AT THE MELA

They had not yet come in very great numbers; nothing like the whole concourse of eager, patient, saffron-robed pilgrims, seeking redemption, had yet arrived, but, nevertheless, there was already a regular city by the river side, and the swarms of people were quite sufficient to give us a very good idea of the scene later on, when the authorities would have some anxious hours, supervising the thousands who encamp on the bank of the stream, to wash away their sins in the sacred waters of healing. Of course, a religious festival involves a fair, and to the strain and stress of religious emotion, and all

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the danger involved by it, where so many differing faiths are concerned, are added the rowdiness and excitement which accompany such gatherings all the world over. The Government has a delicate task in keeping all this seething cauldron from exceeding the bounds of decency and order. A quainter contrast than that between the primitive passions and traditions of the unchanging East here revealed, and the elaborate painstaking organisation, so carefully administered by the conscientious West, it would be difficult to conceive.

We went down and walked along the lines of booths and huts, all surmounted by long bamboos with bright fluttering flags at the top ; the whole scene, with the busy crowds of people, formed a very piquant prospect. In one part of the *mela* were men, seated on the ground, preparing the colours with which they sign the caste-mark on the foreheads of those who have worshipped and bathed ; further on were groups selling the garlands of white flowers which, strung flower by flower, with threads of tinsel, and worn as necklets and fillets for the head, recall the Greek custom of coming to sacrifice crowned with flowers. The scene, with its millions of little twinkling lights, is most striking at night, but the early morning is naturally the moment when the throng is at its busiest and noisiest, and then the air is full of discordant cries and deafening shouts, all the yogis, Brahmans and worshippers clamouring loudly " Jai Ram," or " Jai Vishnu," as they perform their devotions, their dark foreheads barred

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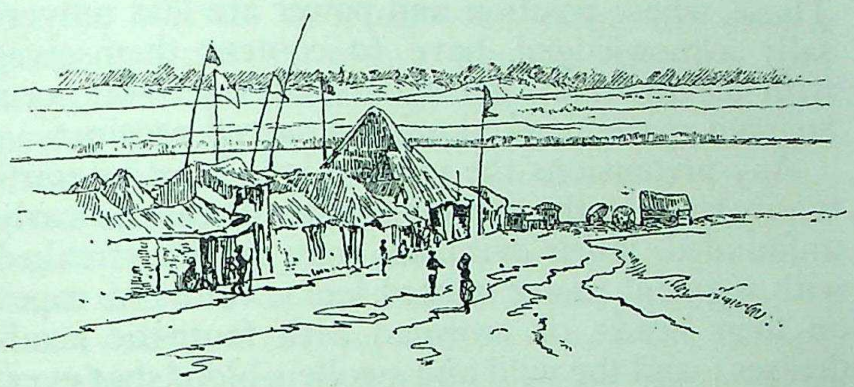
with white, or smeared with bold patches of ochre, in the shape of Shiva's eye, or Vishnu's trident.

The weird and horrible forms of the fanatical yogis repelled and fascinated our attention at the same time ; with bodies smeared with ashes, and barred with paint—yellow, red, or white—with dusty matted hair : many of them were most loathsome objects, as they sat counting their beads before



BOOTHS AT THE MELA

their huts, or the grass umbrellas which served the same purpose. Before each ascetic was a cloth, spread on the ground, and on this the passers-by, as a tribute to his supposed sanctity, threw offerings, —often simply cowrie shells, which pass as current coin, of such infinitesimal value, that sixty-two make only a farthing ; those, who appeared to have gone through a long course of austerity and penance had the richest harvest, as they are presumably those gifted with the highest occult power. I called down the wrath of a holy man by putting my

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foot on the boards in front of his booth, which I imagined to be a kind of shop; but when he swore vehemently and horribly, and sprinkled the place with water, I discovered that it was considered a holy spot. I believe the chief yogis, or gurus, occupy a throne or seat, called *gadi;* it is placed under a pavilion, and sometimes even roped round, to ensure respect for the sanctity which attaches to it from its occupant, whether present or absent. Those, whose position and power are less universally acknowledged, have to content themselves with an umbrella and small mat, tiger-skin, or a boarded space, marked off as a sacred precinct.

Any pretensions the yogis might have to spirituality were, in the greater number of cases, clearly unfounded. Their evil faces were boldly streaked with pigment under matted locks, coiled in ropes on their heads, or crowned with fantastic headdresses; and the wild and swollen, bloodshot eyes, which add to their repulsive aspect, are the result of the different preparations of opium or hemp with which they intoxicate themselves, hoping thus to deaden their nerves to the self-inflicted tortures, which they believe will give them supernatural power over gods and men.

There are about five and a half millions of these men in India, who have given up all earthly employment, and live apart as ascetics; they spend their time chiefly in roaming the country and begging. Some belong to more or less well-organised communities, called *akharas*, of which at least ten varieties were represented at the Alla-

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habad *mela;* and some are free-lances. But all yogis, sadhus, sunyasis, or devotees, whether Sikh-Akhalis, Mohammedans or Hindus, whether they are *Kanphattis* with great glass rings in their ears, or *Alakias* with coils of black rope round their bodies and jingling bells, or wild *Bairagis* with long matted ropes of hair, crutch and leopard-skin—men who are so dangerously undisciplined and immoral that they are confined by the officials in a separate camp—all have a guru or superior, whose peculiar austerity they copy, and to whose reputation for sanctity and power they hope to succeed. Some remain with their limbs so long in one position that they become atrophied and immovable, or lie with their heads buried in the earth; others hang for hours head downwards from their knees; still another has a couch of thorns, and another a bed of nails, on which he lies, in remembrance of the "arrowy bed" of Bhisma, the San Sebastian of the Mahabarata. The free-lances are usually the wildest, and their straining after spectacular effect, and the theatrical nature of their degrading performances, are most repulsive; with their trappings of paint, beads, tongs and tiger-skins they are not unlike the medicine men of savage tribes. Some, however, of the organised communities, such as the Nirmalas appear to belong to bodies of learned gentlemen, clothed and very much in their right minds, well disciplined and organised, and behaving in all situations with discretion, true dignity, and real religious earnestness. But, of whatever standing,

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all these *akharas* from their numbers, their ubiquitous habits and the influence they exert on the people, cannot but be of immense importance in all religious and political movements.

The evening, after we visited the *mela* we dined with the chaplain of All Saints' Church, where Father Benson, of Cowley, had been holding a Quiet Day, and had given some addresses which, I was told, were very interesting. "In India may be found, at the same moment, all the various stages of civilisation through which man has passed from prehistoric ages until now."

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CHAPTER V

CALCUTTA, THE SEAT OF EMPIRE

It was 6 A.M., on a chilly February morning, when we arrived in Calcutta, and I was not at all prepared for its appearance; instead of a city of magnificent palaces and wide avenues, on the banks of a majestic river, and beneath a brilliantly clear sky, we found overselves in a dank, chilly mist, crossing a wide muddy stream, with its banks lined with grey warehouses and tall chimneys, that reminded me strangely of Vauxhall on a November morning. Only the dark faces of the white-clad people recalled an Oriental town.

Professor Forrest had kindly asked us to stay with him, and sent a peon to meet us, and his carriage to take us to his flat, in a large white-washed house in Hungerford Street.

We crossed the river, by a bridge of boats, and drove through many irregular, but uninteresting and European-looking streets, with houses, for the most part, of damp-stained stucco, then over the Maidan, a wide, open, grass-covered space like Regent's Park—dotted with trees—with here and there an equestrian statue and through the mist

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faint indications of Fort William appeared in the distance.

The public buildings have very little that is grand or characteristic about them, and might quite well be in Liverpool or Manchester. To the north and east of the Maidan is the town, to the west the river and the Fort, to the south and east are streets of villas, or stucco palaces, surrounded by high mildewed walls, and scraggy trees—palms, teak, tamarind, &c. &c., and at the south-east corner of the Maidan is the Cathedral. Our host's house or flat is on the east side, about a quarter of a mile from the Maidan, which, as we crossed it together, on foot, later in the day, reminded me forcibly in places of Wimbledon Common. It was shortly after sunset; we were enveloped in mist with nothing to distinguish it from a November mist on the common, except that it was hot. We were walking over dry grass, towards a road, lit with gas lamps, which might quite well have been those along Sir Henry Peek's wall: when we joined it, we were amongst trees exactly like those opposite the Pound, and I had an irresistible feeling that I was only half a mile from the golf links. Then a Hindu, clothed in but one rag, brushed against me, and the illusion was destroyed.

It is not surprising that there should be so little that is Indian and Oriental about Calcutta, for it is a purely English creation. The East India Company had first a factory at Hooghly, the original Portuguese port in Lower Bengal, but in 1686, under their president Job Charnock, they founded a settlement,

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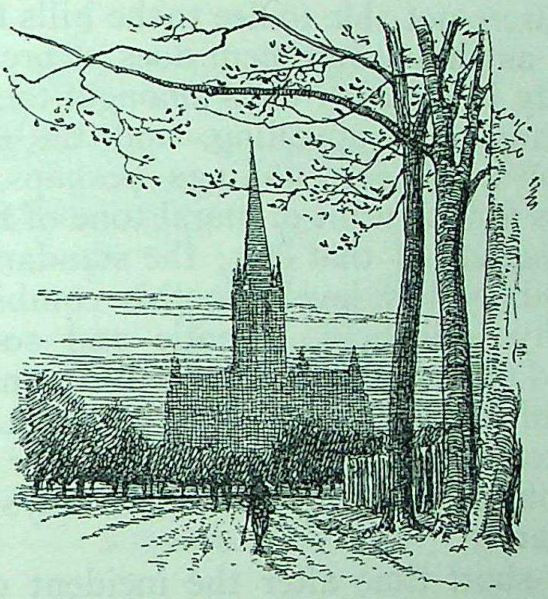
on the old pilgrim road to Kalighat, a shrine venerated from the dim days of the earliest Hindu tradition. Fifteen years later they acquired from Aurangzeb's son the freehold of two or three miserable river-side villages—in an almost perfect level of alluvial marsh, a great part of which lies rather



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

below the river banks—and there built the old Fort to protect their possessions. The attraction of the spot lay in the excellent anchorage afforded to their ships by the Hooghly and the shallow lagoons on the edge of the Sunderbans, and in the protection interposed, by the broad stream, between their godowns and the marauding Mahrattas, who at times harried the further shore.

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dawn of a better day is looked for. There are great schemes afoot now to relieve the terrible overcrowding.

I must confess I did not like Calcutta; it is, to my mind, a dull and stupid place, with nothing beautiful to look upon, though my companion maintained that it had charms which revealed themselves on closer acquaintance.

One undeniable drawback to Calcutta is that the Bengali is, in many of his characteristics, as much a creation of our own as the town, and there is an utter absence of colour in the crowds.

Coming across from Bombay to Allahabad we constantly passed groups of women in brilliant saris and men draped in gorgeous Cashmere shawls with variously coloured long tights and perhaps a fine satin or brocaded waistcoat in a contrasting colour. And beyond Jubbalpore we saw a lot of splendid men, armed to the teeth, and gorgeously arrayed, coming in to pay their respects to a new Deputy Commissioner. All this colour we missed terribly in Bengal.

The slim natives of Calcutta are even less picturesque than those in Allahabad; the women wear white cotton chuddahs, and the men have flapping draperies of dingy white cotton or muslin, looped into loose drawers, without even a bright turban to relieve the monotony. The long scarlet coats worn, above their brown legs, by the chaprassies—or government messengers, attached to every public office or official—and the scarlet and gold uniforms of the Viceroy's bodyguard, are almost

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the only spots of bright colour seen in the streets. And the sleek and smooth-faced young Calcutta baboo even wears a black alpaca coat and trousers, in place of the dignified and comfortable clouds of flowing white muslin of the older generation. The Bengali turban, too, of State occasions, is a formal artificiality, and, unlike any other with which I have made acquaintance, it is broad and flat like a plate, with a white crown, and the brim is ornamented with stiff rolls of muslin, arranged in an unnatural and elaborate criss-cross pattern.

We went to the India Museum looking for Ancient India, untouched by the West, and were not prepared to find that the most interesting things—early Buddhist sculptures, B.C. 250—were quite Greek in grace and feeling. They have a much greater degree of refinement, action, power of telling a story, vigour and humour, than are usually characteristic of Eastern work. These, the earliest examples we have of Hindu sculptures, are the best that are known; the carved rails from Buddh Gaya, of the date of Asoka, only a century after Alexander's day, are among the most interesting sculptures in India. They have excellent representations of animals and trees, and express the idea they embody with a distinction, purpose and grace which is admirable. By the first century A.D. decadence had set in, and the early precision of touch was lost.

The stone rail was the feature on which the early Buddhist craftsman lavished all his art. These rails usually surrounded the Stupas, the many-storeyed

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towers that mark some sacred spot, or the Dagobas, buildings containing relics of Buddha, but they sometimes enclose sacred trees, and those from Buddha Gaya encircled the sacred Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) where Sakya Muni sat for five years in meditation, and received enlightenment on the problems that perplexed him. Legend, history and art combine to set before us his benign and beautiful figure, first in the luxurious court of his father, on the borders of Oude, where, in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world of pain and sorrow laid such hold on his pitiful and gentle nature, that he fled from his wife and child and all human intercourse, into the calm of the ascetic's silent life. For six years he dwelt in the desert, hoping, by meditation and the endurance of bodily privation, to attain a mental conquest, and, by this great renunciation, to penetrate the obscurity which envelops the riddle of life, and force it to yield up its secrets. The Asiatic believes that by attenuating the bond between soul and body, the soul can liberate itself and attain to knowledge which will prove a pass-key to unlock all secrets.

After the supreme moment, under the Bo-tree, Sakya Muni devoted the remainder of his forty years of wandering in the lands watered by the Ganges, to publishing to his fellows the knowledge —which he believed he had wrung from heaven— of the eight-fold path that leads by purity, pity, truth and gentleness to perfect peace, and emancipation from that craving for individual existence which

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he believed to be the root of all evil. Sakya Muni possessed the passionate devotion of a martyr, and the supreme intellect of a sage, but he was a pure agnostic. He can tell us no more of the origin and meaning of life than "I came like Water and like Wind I go." His personality is one of the most flawless in purity and tenderness that ever abode in the "battered caravanserai" of life, or struggled for deliverance from the prison of the senses. His spiritual influence is that which most nearly approaches Christ's; but the philosophy and the dogmatic teaching of Buddha are sundered as the poles from that of Christ; thought was ever to him more than action, knowledge than love, and his highest aspiration never went beyond the hope of ceasing to suffer, nor attained to the conception of an active joy in "the glory of going on and still to be."

The rails we saw were those Asoka placed around Sakya Muni's tree, which he reverenced so much that when he sent his daughter to convert Ceylon, he sent with her an offshoot of the sacred tree, planted in a golden vase. Other rails we saw, from Bharhut, with beautiful flowing scrolls and clean-cut medallions, illustrating legends from a worship earlier than Buddhism as we know it; they are of a period probably but little later than Asoka. But the great figure of Buddha from Muttra, six feet high, with a floral halo round his head, is of a time nearer the Christian era, for in the early days Buddha's life was an inspiration, but he himself was not presented as an object of worship, and

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groups of dancing boys, or scenes representing incidents of love or war, are those that, with honeysuckle and lotus ornament, predominate in the finest early carvings.

In its social aspect, Calcutta, at the moment of our visit, was very gay, and our kind host and other friends took care that we should have every opportunity of seeing this side of Anglo-Indian life. We had a very pleasant dinner at the Viceroy's at Government House, which was built by Lord Wellesley in 1800, and stands on the outskirts of the business part of the city. It is an important looking house of yellow painted stucco with deep verandahs and colonnades, like a house in Regent's Park, but for the screaming green parrots and feathery palms surrounding it. I believe it is as inconveniently planned as it well could be—but the six acres of green garden, with lovely roses, great bushes of Cape jasmine, oleanders and scarlet hibiscus, and real grass lawns must be some compensation for the drawbacks indoors.

The dinner, as was quite fitting, was better done than anything we had come across in any other Indian or Colonial Government House. Just at the right distance a band played, whilst fifteen magnificent khidmatgars, in long red cloth tunics, white trousers and bare feet, with scarlet cummerbunds round their waists, gold embroidered breastplates and white turbans, handed silver plates and champagne to twenty-four persons. The Viceroy's splendid blue and gold turbaned Rohilla bodyguard, with their scarlet kurta, or long

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coat, with blue and gold points, blue breeches and Napoleonic boots and gauntlets, formed a fine background to the scene. I found a brother amateur in water-colour in Colonel Ardagh, and two old Eton acquaintances in other members of the staff. Among the other guests were the then Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts and his A.D.C., Captain Furse, the son of our old friend the Archdeacon of Westminster, who was one of the last people we had seen before leaving home. We met also General Gordon, Military Secretary to the Embassy at Teheran; Lord William Beresford, Sir Andrew Scobell, legal Member of Council. The Viceroy and Sir Andrew recommended me strongly to make a push for Peshawar and the Khyber Pass, which, however, I unfortunately never succeeded in reaching.

The government of India is probably one of the most stupendous tasks ever undertaken by a civilised State; and it is certainly incomparably the greatest burden—in the moral sense—which Great Britain has taken on her shoulders. In so far as human welfare depends upon the efficiency and the justice of government, Great Britain has the responsibility for the welfare of a larger portion of the human race than any other nation. Very few of us have a clear idea of the size of India. The area and the population is equal to the combined population and area of the whole of Europe with the exception of Russia. Less than 1000 Englishmen are employed in the superior civil government of this enormous continent, and a single Englishman is

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usually responsible for the life and property of about 300,000 human beings, and entrusted with jurisdiction over about 1200 square miles.

Our host, Professor Forrest, is a living encyclopædia of things Indian, and no one is so capable of enlightening the appalling ignorance of the British mind on the mysteries of the growth of the present system of Indian government, out of that of the Company's board of directors in the day of Clive and Hastings.

It is a common error to suppose that the East India Company were a trading company exercising sovereign rights over vast provinces in India, until in 1858 an Act of Parliament transferred these lands and their government to the Crown. The claim of the Crown to the Indian territories was asserted as soon as Clive, in 1765, laid the foundation of sovereignty, by acquiring the right to receive the revenues of Bengal, Behar and Orissa.

It was by the regulating Act of 1773 that the British nation first assumed actual responsibility for the government of the East India Company's possessions, on the principle that no subjects could acquire the sovereignty of any territory for themselves, but only for the nation to which they belonged.

Soon after, Burke laid down, as the sound principle on which the good government of India must always depend, that the governing body was accountable "to Parliament, from whom the trust was derived." In 1784 Pitt brought in a "Bill for the better regulation of our Indian concerns," the

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object of which was in reality to place the whole government of India under the control of the Crown; but the powers of the Court of Directors were continued, subject to the revision of a Board for Indian Affairs appointed by the Crown. By 1793 this Board had become an India Office, and its president was always a member of the Cabinet and practically Minister for India. But, by this time, the importance of the Governor-General in Council had been much increased by a great constitutional privilege, which conferred the power of legislation over the whole Indian Empire, with due regard to the royal prerogative, and the privilege of Parliament.

In 1855 Lord Dalhousie, one of the ablest and most sagacious and far-seeing of Indian statesmen, opened the doors of Council to the public and allowed the debates to be published. Professor Forrest believes * that Lord Dalhousie perceived that the Government of India would some day be directly vested in a Secretary of State, only answerable to Parliament. In order, therefore, to provide adequate protection for the people of India against the ignorance of Parliament he desired to create an independent legislative body. Strong as he was, he may have felt that no Governor-General could withstand the undue interference of the Minister for India, and of Parliament, unless freedom and publicity were granted to the Indian legislation.

When the news of the Mutiny became known in England, the responsibility for the wild fanatical

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1905.

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outbreak was laid at the door of the East India Company, which was universally condemned. A Bill for the better Government of India was introduced by Lord Palmerston; and a Council was established, styled "The President and Council for the Affairs of India," with the impetuous and imperious Lord Ellenborough as president. He excited general indignation by the publication of a secret despatch censuring Lord Canning for his action in regard to the punishment of the authors of the outbreak. He resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Stanley, who introduced another East India Bill.

On November 1, 1858, a royal proclamation, issued throughout all India, declared the direct sovereignty of Queen Victoria over all territories, whether administered directly, or through native princes.

So ended the rule of the "Company of Merchant Adventurers trading to the East Indies"—"merchants with the sentiments and abilities of great statesmen, whose servants founded an Empire which they governed with firmness and equity."

By this Act one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State exercises all powers and duties which were exercised by the Company or the Board of Control. A Council was established, called the Council of India, but all the decisive power passed into the hands of the member of the British Cabinet who is Secretary of State for India, the Council in practice being consultative only. In India the superintendence, direction and

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control of the civil government has always been vested not in the Governor-General, but in the Governor-General in Council; and that of the military government not in the Governor-General, nor in the Commander-in-Chief, but in the Governor-General in Council.

Fifty years ago Bengal was transferred from the personal charge of the Governor-General into the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor, who has, till lately, grappled with the overwhelming task of ruling the foremost province of India, rich in coalfields, and sugar, tea and jute, with a population twice as great as that of France; a task which in time of famine proved well-nigh impossible, and from part of which he has now been relieved.

Whilst we were in Calcutta our friend, Chief Justice Way,* appeared one Sunday morning. It was most refreshing to see him, full of spirits and animation, and delighted with all his experiences. With him was Dr. Pennefather, whose knowledge of New Zealand ways and people had been so kindly placed at our disposal the previous year. I drove with him to call on the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal at Belvedere, a fine house outside Calcutta, in a beautiful English-looking garden with huge beds of enormous roses, an artificial river, and some of the largest lawns in India. Having tea there one day later, and strolling round the garden, I was rather startled to come across a cheeky jackal prowling about. The Zoological Gardens are close to Belvedere, but I think

* Now Sir Samuel Way, Bart.

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the jackal was a gentleman at large. I had walked to the Zoological Gardens in the afternoon; they are nicely laid out, and there are some fine tigers —the successors of those that starved themselves to death from homesickness—also a lion, which was born in the London Zoo. The Australian birds and beasts are well represented, and I made great friends with a white cockatoo, who confidingly turned all parts of his body towards me to be scratched. The parrots' cages, lined with hay, looked very comfortable and much better for the birds, I should imagine, than the usual wire network over dirty sand.

We were taken by the Lieutenant-Governor in a steam-launch to Garden Reach, with its rather cockneyfied villas, and then to tea in the celebrated Botanical Gardens opposite; they are well worth seeing, and we walked about the gardens after tea, and met the Commander-in-Chief here again. The gigantic banyan (*Ficus bengalensis*) here rivals the high over-arched and pillared shade of the one the Viceroy uses as a dining-room at Barrackpur. It was Dr. Wallich, a Dane in the Government service, who made this one of the most useful and beautiful tropical gardens in the world. His experiments here laid the foundation of tea cultivation at the foot of the Himalayas and in Assam; he collected specimens of all the finest trees and plants in India, as well as exotics from Penang, Nepaul, Java, and Sumatra, and palms and creepers from South America and the South Seas. There is a tree with scarlet flowers flaming like a fresco

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of souls in Purgatory; another, a creeper, covered the bamboo hedges with great clusters of enormous white bells; the *Amherstia nobilis* was in great beauty, coming into flower. I thought, however, that the ordinary gardens of Calcutta were all the unlearned needs for pleasure and content. We were never tired of admiring the avenues of bamboos, the masses of blue convolvulus covering low walls; the ubiquitous orange and wine-coloured creepers, the great beds of roses and heliotrope, the bushes of Cape jasmine and double scarlet hibiscus; or the jungly dark-red lanes, full of ferns and lovely trees, with their stems a tangle of vivid green creepers, or cotton-trees with red magnolia-like flowers; the ditches a mass of beautiful caladium leaves, blotched and streaked crimson, purple, brown and white, and the tanks filled with pink water-lilies as big as peonies.

On the Maidan people play golf, and drive in the afternoon, and the Viceregal turn-out may be seen in great state, with four horses and postillions, footmen, outriders and escort, all in scarlet and gold, driving under the shadowy forms of preceding Viceroys' statues. One of the pleasantest legacies left by any departed Viceroy is the Eden Garden, planned by Lord Auckland's sisters by the river side; it is prettily laid out with trees, winding paths and ponds of water; beside one of these is a picturesque pagoda temple brought from Burmah. One of the most attractive aspects of Calcutta is revealed by an evening stroll there, beyond the fort, along the river and past the forests,

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of shipping; great four-masted schooners lie close to the quay, amongst the native craft, some with high poops, great rudders and low projecting bows.

The English were not, by any means, the only, or indeed the first, adventurous spirits to establish trading settlements on the Hooghly in the seventeenth century. The Portuguese, French, Dutch and Danes all founded "factories" or depôts, for their merchandise on the river. The Portuguese, before Shah Jehan's time, built a fort at Hooghly; the French settled at Chandernagore in 1673, and still have a colony there under an Administrator subordinate to the Governor-General at Pondicherry; the Dutch held Chinsurah from about 1640 to 1828, when they ceded it to the British in exchange for the Island of Sumatra; and the Danes sold Serampore to the East India Company in 1845.

We were very glad that a picnic, to which our host took us, gave us the opportunity of seeing all four of these early settlements. Two launches awaited our party on the river, and it was arranged to steam up to the Dutch settlement, Chinsurah, there to lunch in the old Dutch Government House, which is now the property of the Maharajah of Burdwan. The wind was very chilly going up stream, and we were quite glad of thick coats and rugs. Unfortunately, owing to the tide and wind being against us, it took us five hours to reach Chinsurah. We managed better on our return, and did the distance in three hours, but our stay at Chinsurah was cut very short, and we had no time

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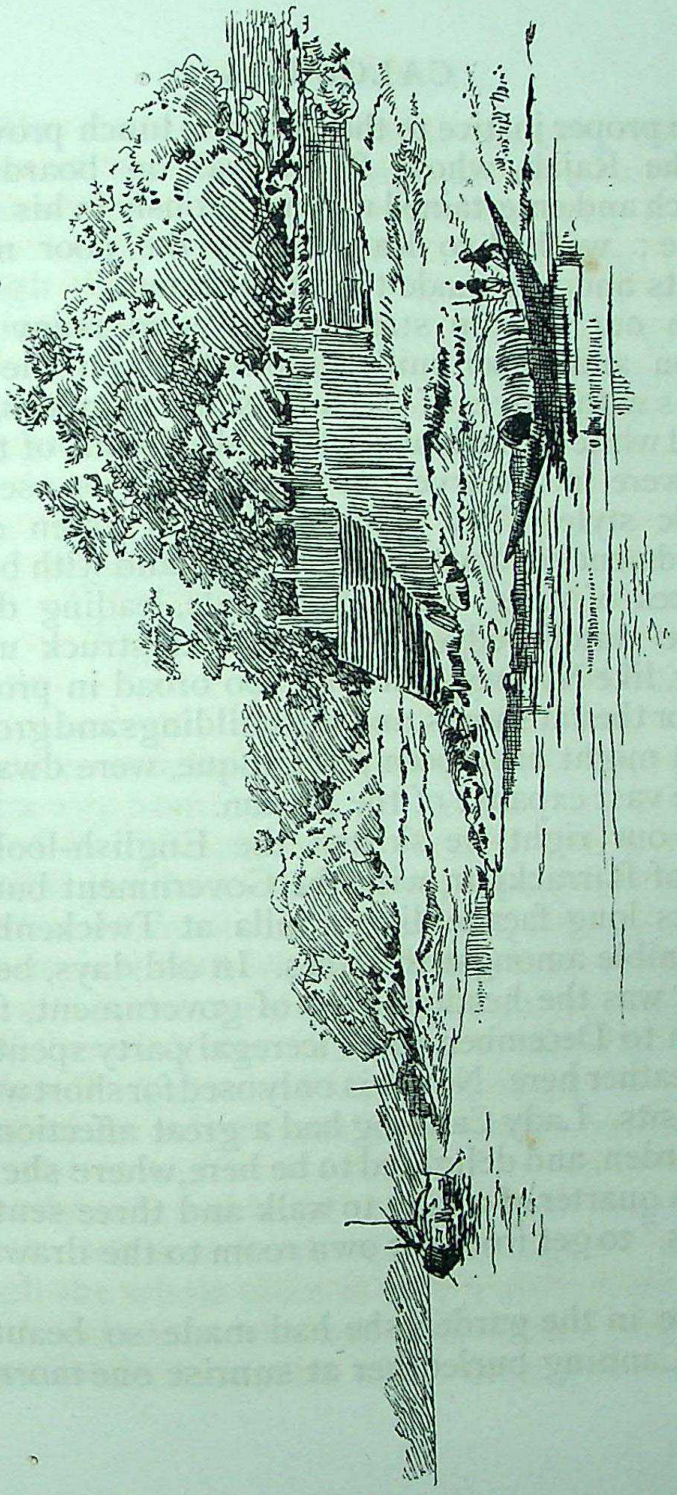

THE HOOGHLY AT CHINSURAH

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to do proper justice to the elaborate lunch provided by the Rajah, whose father was on board our launch and entertained us sumptuously in his son's house; we had to leave before the poor man's sweets and ices made their appearance.

On our way up stream we passed many jute, cotton and paper mills, alternating on the flat banks with groves of cocoa-nuts and mangoes, and small whitewashed modern temples; some of these last were in a marvellous semi-classic or pseudo-gothic style. They stand usually in green compounds, enclosed within high walls, and with broad terraces of steps, on the river side, leading down to the water's edge. But the river struck us as being, like Sydney Harbour, too broad in proportion for the flat shores, and the buildings and groves, which might have been picturesque, were dwarfed by the vast expanse of the stream.

On our right we skirted the English-looking Park of Barrackpur, with the Government bungalow, its long façade, like a villa at Twickenham, discernible amongst the trees. In old days, before Simla was the headquarters of government, from March to December, the Viceregal party spent the hot weather here. Now it is only used for short week-end visits. Lady Canning had a great affection for the garden, and delighted to be here, where she had not "a quarter of a mile to walk and three sentries to pass," to get from her own room to the drawing-room.

Here in the garden she had made so beautiful Lord Canning buried her at sunrise one morning

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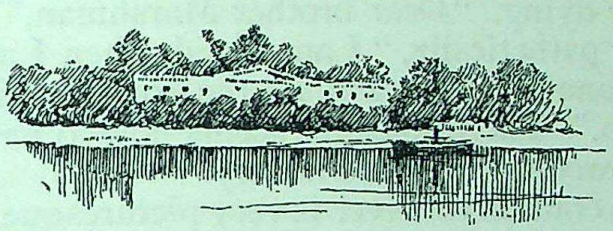
in 1861. Lady Canning went through all the horrors of the Mutiny time, and felt acutely all the anxieties of the position of the Viceroy, on whom lay the responsibility of steering India through the crisis, and then, in the face of severe criticism, meting out adequate penalties to the misdoers, without overstepping the line where just punishment becomes unchristian retribution. The strain proved too much for her, and she succumbed



BARRACKPUR

at once to an attack of fever caught in the *terai*. On the way from Darjeeling she had halted at the foot of the Himalayas to make a sketch of the beautiful jungle scenery, and arriving in Calcutta unwell and overtired, she died in a few days. Her grave is in a little glade of green turf, shaded by trees, and opening on a beautiful reach of the river (which here is twice the width of the Thames at London Bridge), which she so much admired. For a long while a light was kept always burning on her grave at night.

On the other side of the river we passed the French settlement of Chandernagore, where, though the whole place is only 3 miles round, the French Administrator has under him a perfect reproduction in miniature of his home government.

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Then came the Danish settlement of Serampore, where Dr. George Smith used to live; the scene of the labours of the Baptist missionaries, Marshman and James Carey. Carey was a great botanist and planted profusely; his magnificent park with fine teak, mahogany and tamarind trees has been devastated by the cyclones to which Calcutta is always liable late in the hot weather and after the rains. He showed a very human side of his character as he lay dying. "Dear brother Marshman," he said rather pathetically, "I am afraid, when I am dead and gone that you will let the cows get into my garden." The whole site seems now to have been swallowed up in a jute factory.

The craft on the river is very picturesque, and in the sunset coming back, the temples on the bank and strangely shaped boats, looked much more effective between the brilliant sunset sky and its reflection in the river.

Some of the boats were covered with reed thatch, others had great square, much-tattered sails, and with the wind dead aft, were making good way down the centre of the stream; most of them had great rudders with high sterns and platforms raised above them from which the tiller was worked. Here and there a wreath of smoke from a small steamer added interest to the scene.

When the moment came to leave Calcutta we were quite refreshed at the prospect before us of "dirty" Benares, but we were glad to have been in Bengal, if only because we saw quite a different sort of country. It is a great deal flatter than the

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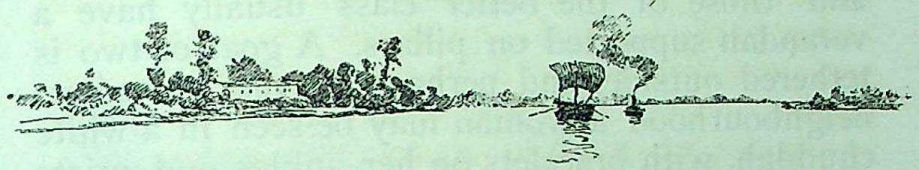
palm of one's hand, and very fertile, with a beautiful richness of vegetation and variety in the foliage of the groups of trees. The brown huts are huddled together on a little mound round or near a tank of dirty water, under the familiar cocoa-nut palm, for which we had quite an affection, and which we had hardly seen since we were in Ceylon. They exist in Bombay—where they are all government property, and each with its number attached—but



THE HOOGHLY ABOVE CALCUTTA

not to anything like the same extent as in lower Bengal. It struck us as curious that in the country north of the Hooghly, which we crossed above Bankepore, there should be not one, although they come almost to the water's edge on the south side! The country is very highly cultivated in small patches of different crops, separated only by a very narrow raised footpath and perhaps a row of palms. We heard the names of many crops, some of which we could not at the time identify—turmeric, arhar (pulse), jute, linseed, indigo, joari (millet), paddy and rabi, which I found to be the term used for all crops sown in October or November. We noticed chiefly various sorts of grains, bright green now, and the tall castor-oil plant, a shrub like a kind of broom, and very effective masses of white-flowered opium poppy.

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Fences or walls seemed unknown, except in the case of an occasional "walled garden." The mat-huts are often covered with creepers and thatched, and overshadowed by plantains with pale sea-green foliage or feathery bamboos and dark mangoes. They consist of a front room with a door, and a hole two feet square, as window, and a smaller back room, which gets its light and air only through the first. Some of them are tiled and those of the better class usually have a verandah supported on pillars. A goat or two is tethered outside, and perhaps in the immediate neighbourhood a woman may be seen in a white chuddah, with bracelets on her ankles and wrists and hair drawn back tight into a knob. No woman, however humble her station, but would lose her self-respect if she appeared, before her family, without a nose ring and bangles. The people all congregate into the villages, and there is no one in the fields, unless it be a watchman or chokeedar, crouching under his little straw shelter.

These self-contained Indian village communities have preserved their constitution, customs and character unaltered for centuries, through all the vicissitudes which have befallen the land, under the rule of their native princes, and that of their Moslem conquerors, through the cruel raids of Mahrattas and the, to them, incomprehensible methods of the British. For thirty or forty centuries they have had the same officials. The Headman who presides at the meetings of the *panchayat* or local board, which assembles under

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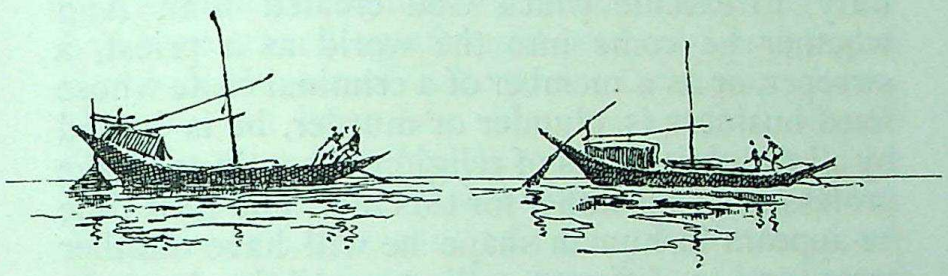
a large tree to discuss and settle affairs of public interest; the village Notary or accountant who keeps record of the business and of the land assessment, produce and rents; the Priest or spiritual head, a Brahman, who is almost worshipped, and presents to whom bring down almost incalculable benefits. He sometimes combines with his office that of the village Astrologer, a most important function, for a native's life is passed in



BOATS ON THE HOOGHLY

constant dread of evil influences from the stars or from some unlucky omen, and the astrologer knows the charm by which all such malign influences may be averted. The village Schoolmaster—who teaches the children to read from a hornbook of palm-leaves and to write on the sand, and who enforces discipline by strangely original methods—is sometimes also a priest. If so, he takes no payment for his instruction, as in India no religious teacher ever teaches for money, though no doubt his scholars bring him gifts of produce or food. The Barber shaves, cuts nails, cracks joints, and is an expert at massage. There will be also a village carpenter, blacksmith, cowman, weaver and a shoe-

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maker, dyer, dhobie, oilman, water-carrier, watchman and sweeper. The hereditary Potter must not be forgotten, as, though a Hindu usually prefers to eat his food off a platter of leaves, the consumption of earthenware is considerable, for no article of the sort should, strictly, be used a second time. All these hereditary craftsmen pursue their trades as a sacred calling, and not for money. The Hindu regards the work to which he is born as a holy duty, to execute which God created him. And whether he come into the world as a priest, a sweeper, or as a member of a criminal caste whose fixed business is plunder or murder, he is bound by all the obligations of religion to continue in the profession of his father for this life. The next time he appears in human shape he will have another caste, and a different calling, until he has run through the whole gamut of human existence, and can cease to be. So the "long-limbed, whole-hearted, and dull-headed" villagers have always believed from the dim days long before history concerned itself with them, and so now they continue to go dutifully about their business, following the traditions of their elders, "confused between facts and fancies, tied and bound by the allegorical practices of a faith the inner meaning of which has long been forgotten." So they are content to toil with an apparently indifferent calm, beneath which lies a great and ardent capacity for passion; and as they live so they die, as their forefathers did before them, calmly smiling.

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CHAPTER VI

BENARES: THE HEART OF HINDUSTAN

It was cold in the train in the early morning: we had been travelling all night, and had exchanged the coast-climate of Calcutta for the colder plains. We were an hour late when we reached Mogul Serai station, and had barely time to catch the Benares train. By 2 P.M. we were in Clark's Hotel, Benares, a clean, comfortable bungalow in the Cantonment, but unfortunately three miles from the old city. As soon as we had time to turn round we made our way to the centre of the native quarters, and were enchanted with the novelty and vivid interest of the scene. There is no doubt about it, Benares is wonderful; it is marvellously picturesque, and as for sketching, a lifetime would not exhaust the subjects. It is a long narrow town, extending in a crescent along the left bank of the Ganges for two miles, overlooking, on the opposite side of the river, a flat and monotonous expanse of cultivated plain; the bank is steep, and about 100 feet high, and is clothed, as it were, with staircases coming down to the water's edge in wide irregular flights, quite unconnected with one another. Above these flights of steps, or ghats, are huge houses and palaces, temples and

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the great mosque of Aurangzeb, packed close, with narrow alleys between them. All this, in spite of its attraction, is comparatively modern, and except a few buildings, there is nothing earlier than the time of Akbar (sixteenth century); for like many Eastern towns Benares has shifted its site from time to time, and has left traces of its "dead self" for miles along the Ganges.

Unfortunately, I did not see the remains of the earliest city, Sarnath, a marvellous place, I believe, with gigantic Buddhist Topes, and ruins of other colossal buildings, still *in situ* close by.

No one knows the story of its beginning, at the time of the very earliest Aryan settlement in India, but Benares was the religious centre of India as far back as the sixth century B.C., when it was chosen by Sakya Muni as the first place in which to preach his doctrine of Nirvana. It then became a stronghold of Buddhism for many centuries; but in the fourth century A.D. reverted to the Hindu faith. In the twelfth century came the Mohammedans, who conquered it, and converted its temples into mosques, and the story goes that Alu-ud-din boasted of having, here alone, destroyed 1000 Hindu shrines.

After 600 years of Moslem predominance Benares returned to its old faith, and has since continued the sacred city *par excellence* of the Hindu.

In Calcutta and Bombay—though one cannot fail to notice the enormous predominance of natives over Europeans—yet, owing to the modern aspect

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of the greater part of these cities, with their wide streets and broad spaces, and their law-abiding inhabitants, the Indian population does not impress one by its vast numbers. To all this the appearance of crowded Benares forms a striking contrast. Here is the very heart of India. Here, in this fountain of Hindu fanaticism, beats the quick pulse of the people. To this sacred spot, from the utmost corners of the land, stream in endless pilgrimage thousands upon thousands of devout Hindus, who, through the narrow alleys and dark passages of the city, constantly course along, jostling one another in a seething flow, towards the temples, or the sacred river, to drink or in bathing to wash away their sins, or to die, if need be, in the arms of old Ganges, the mother of life.

Here then, above all other places, in this swarming mass of humanity, is one forced to realise the depth and strength of the national life of India. This was specially impressed upon us in the first place we visited ; the Golden Temple dedicated to Bisheshwar, or Shiva, as the Poison God, the spiritual ruler of Benares. In this form Shiva appears with a blue throat, the result of his having magnanimously swallowed the poison evolved in one of the processes of creation. But this deity is worshipped probably by more than half the Hindus as the reproductive power of nature, in the form of a symbol, the lingam. Is there, perhaps, some remote connection between this cult and the calf and pillar worship of the Israelites? Shiva's temple, this holiest of holy

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places in the sacred city, is in the heart of the town, surrounded by a network of narrow alleys thronged with people, and crowded between other buildings. The roofed quadrangle where it stands is itself crowded with worshippers, jostling one another, sprinkling holy water and carrying votive offerings of flowers to hang upon the upright black stone, tapering to a cone shape, the symbol of Shiva. Cows are admitted on equal terms, and roaming lazily along have to be passed and to pass; every now and then a palanquin comes along and one has to flatten oneself against the walls of the narrow passages to let it go by.

Shrines, figures of cows, shapeless masses—representing Ganesh, Shiva's son, the god of good luck, with elephant's trunk painted red (in one instance with three hideous silver eyes, and silver hands)—met our gaze on all sides, and at every turn in a bewildering confusion.

One very curious object of worship specially caught my eye. It was a silver disk with a red apron hanging below it, and represents the planet Saturn, an important object in this city of astrologers.

The gates or doors of the Golden Temple are of beautifully wrought brass, but it takes its name from the fact that one of its conical flame-like towers, and a dome, are covered with plates of gilded copper; we mounted a narrow stair in a side building, in which are kept the great tom-toms, and where temple flowers were being sold, and looked at these towers, and the red conical

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tower of Mahadeo's temple from the first floor. The so-called priest, with a view to backsheesh, told me he would pray the gods to give me a son. When I told him I had one already, he kindly offered to pray that I might have five.

Round the court of an adjoining temple are a number of sacred cows in close quarters; this they call the Cow Temple, and a little further on, round the corner of a narrow alley, is the Temple of Annapurna, goddess of daily bread. All along these lanes are small shops for the sale of images and rosaries, and of the celebrated brass-work of Benares, especially of "lotas," which are as essential to the existence of a Hindu as a cigarette is to a Spaniard. A "lota" is a spherical wide-mouthed vessel—of brass for a Hindu, of copper for a Mohammedan—from which the owner never seems to be separated, and to which he clings with tenacity when he has given up all other worldly possessions. Out of it he drinks; with the aid of it, and a bit of soft stick, and much ritual observance, he washes his teeth—a favourite occupation and pastime, especially out of the railway carriage window when travelling—and with the help of it he cooks.

The eager, excited crowds, which thronged and pressed us, were rather annoying, and as we got into the carriage we were beset by dancing girls. The beggars are most persistent, and have recourse to all kinds of expedients to excite sympathy and extract backsheesh. As we went along, a woman ran up to the carriage with something wrapped up

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in her hands, and disclosed just enough to show a newly born infant, which could not have been more than an hour or two old.

Before dusk we had time to explore some high, narrow streets in the thick of the town; they reminded me of Genoa, but are far more picturesque. The rich colouring (chiefly a deep red), the overhanging storeys, and an occasional bridge thrown over from one side of the street to the other, combine all the elements which an artist could desire. Every empty space on the brightly-painted façades is occupied by a fantastic representation of Hindu mythology, with all its many-handed, many-headed, many-weaponed gods and goddesses in endless variety; and, besides the regular temples and shrines with which the town bristles, an uncouth image, or a squarely-hewn sacred stone, is set up at every vacant corner.

Whilst we were driving near the cantonment, we encountered, issuing from a dark grove of trees—amongst which were scattered a few shrines and native dwellings—a most picturesque crowd singing and playing music, and in the centre a bamboo bier covered with red cloth and tinsel, and strewn with yellow flowers. It was a funeral procession, and the body was on its way to one of the Ghats to be cremated.

Early on the morning of February 6, we started to drive to the Temple of Durga, sometimes called the "Monkey Temple," at the far west extremity of the town. Durga, or Kali the Terrible, is one form

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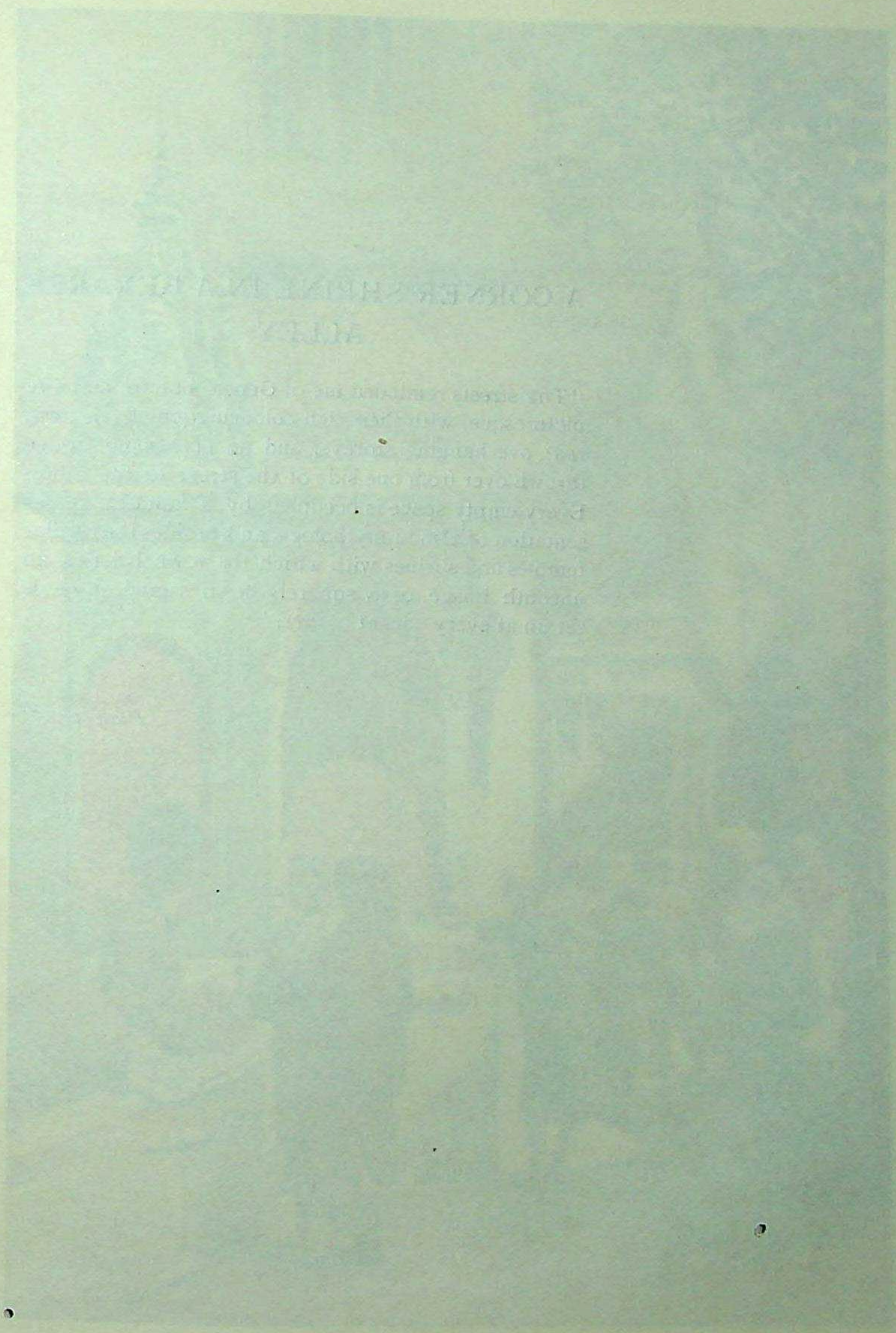

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A CORNER SHRINE IN A BENARES ALLEY

"THE streets reminded me of Genoa, but are far more picturesque, with their rich colouring (chiefly a deep red), overhanging storeys, and an occasional bridge thrown over from one side of the street to the other. Every empty space is occupied by a fantastic representation of Hindu mythology, and, besides the regular temples and shrines with which the town bristles, an uncouth image, or a squarely-hewn sacred stone, is set up at every vacant corner."

Plate 12

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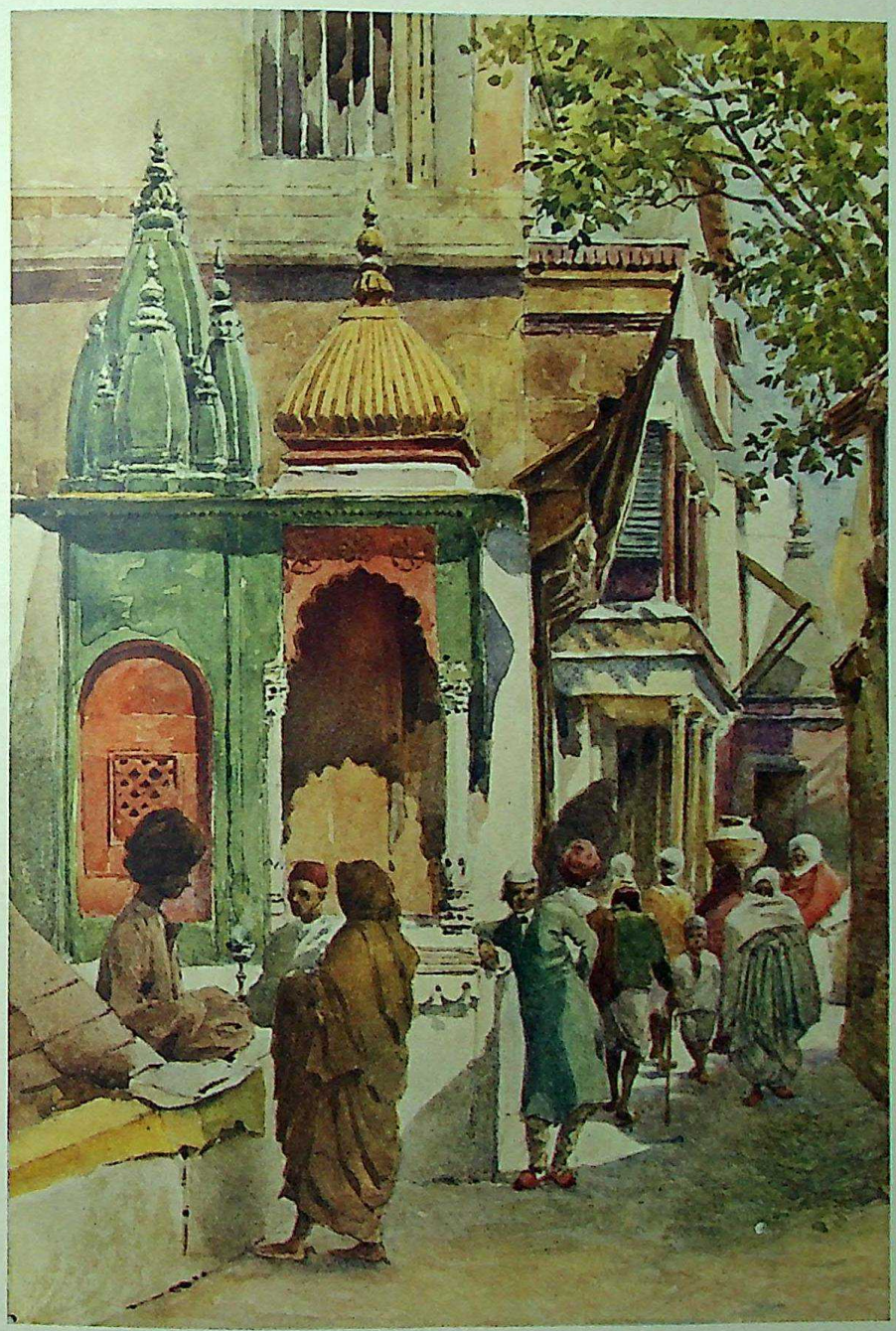

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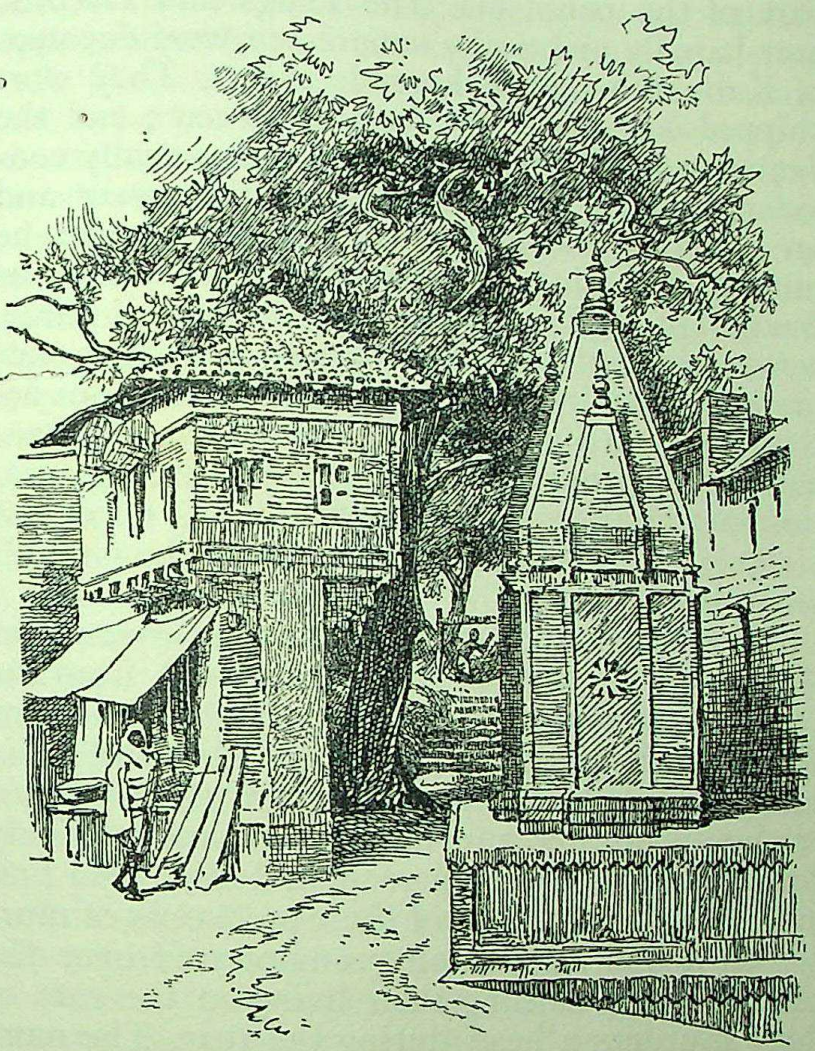

IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN

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of Shiva's wife, and worshipped over the greater part of the peninsula. The Thugs and Dacoits, now happily practically suppressed, were devotees of Kali, in her most horrible aspect. They worshipped her under the form of an axe; and the Jemadar, or leader of the band, was usually considered to be an incarnation of the power and an inspired instrument of Mai Kali, when he murdered the innocent victims, whom chance, or the design of the goddess, as he believed, threw across his path. An unfortunate traveller, once marked down by them, would be followed—or accompanied on his journey in the most friendly manner—for days or even weeks, before the fitting occasion for the climax offered; but the Thug never lost his quarry, and the fatal noose ended the victim's life at last.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that the Government of India still has to publish a report from the Thugee and Dacoity Department, when one considers that in 1830 there were few districts in India without a resident band of Thugs, with their *beyls*, or chosen murder and burying grounds, thickly dotted along every high road in India; and that there were in all 10,000 of these professors of murder as a fine art, roaming unmolested over the peninsula and earning their living at the rate of three murders a head during the year. The more successful leaders commanded well-disciplined and perfectly organised gangs of over a hundred followers, who were all trained men, specialists in some one branch of their profession, conversant with a

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secret language and an elaborate code of practical and shrewd rules, and thoroughly and genuinely impressed with the divine origin of their hereditary cult. Some of them were really good men, excellent fathers and husbands, men of position, merchants, tax-collectors, or officials, but the ancient hereditary faith exercised too strong a fascination over them. "The Thug was simply a practical, devout man; he would set out on his business with the quiet earnestness of one merely doing his duty, and bringing up his son to a good professional connection; he would brutally murder twenty or thirty victims, not only with an easy conscience, but with the calm self-approval of a successful practitioner; and, if he fell into the meddling grasp of the law, he would go to his death with the cheerful smile of a religious man who had lived well and entertained no doubts of being munificently rewarded hereafter. . . The innocent villagers submitted to death by strangling at the hands of the Thug then, as they now die of cholera or the plague, in a silent, hopeless belief that it is wrong to struggle against the visitation of the gods." Consequently the murders were never traced; and it required the splendid self-devotion of Sir William Sleeman—exposing himself voluntarily for many years to the hatred of thousands of secret murderers—to crush this ancient and powerful religion of crime. Kali still requires to be propitiated; human sacrifices are not now attainable—though instances have been discovered as recently as 1891 and 1892—and usually only goats, buffaloes, and sheep are slain before her.

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No religious festival is so popular in Hindu homes, especially in Bengal, as the milder Durga-puja in October. A small plantain tree covered with straw and clay is painted with vermilion, draped in a silk saree adorned with tinsel ornaments, and, being consecrated, is believed to be the habitation of the goddess. After a solemn procession to the river, it is brought to the house of the devotee who had it made, and is, for a month, venerated and worshipped, with fasts by day and feasting at night. Finally, Mai Durga is said to be "going to the house of her father-in-law"—like Persephone:—the image is again carried on a bamboo stage to the river side, and amidst shouts and dancing is thrown into the stream. The ceremonies usually terminate with drunken bacchanalia and disgraceful scenes.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about this temple of Durga, though its architecture is simple and graceful, and it has some fairly elaborate carving round the inner colonnade. It is painted red and stands beside a tank, overshadowed by some fine peepul trees, which, as usual in India, are held sacred. There are groves of trees in India held so sacred that, though timber and firewood are in great request, no stick is ever cut, nor is even the dead wood picked up. The sacred character of this site probably dates back to a dim period, when these trees, or their predecessors, were venerated, in connection with the tree worship of the aboriginal tribes, as sheltering the spirits whose good will had to be secured, by sacrifices and obla-

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tions, to ensure a good harvest. In these trees the tribe of sacred monkeys swarms and breeds, and chatters incessantly, descending at intervals to take their share of the offering.

In the temple also are numbers of monkeys, climbing and leaping about everywhere; and as many beggars and other creatures, worry you to look at this, or that, or press you to buy food to feed the monkeys. Though the monkeys are no respecters of persons—the boldest of them actually jumped upon us—yet I greatly preferred the monkeys to their masters.

After a sketch at the Golden Temple, we made our way to the Man Mandir Ghat, close by Raja JaiSingh's lofty seventeenth-century observatory.* Here we embarked in a barge with a house upon it, on the roof of which we sat, and were slowly rowed up the Ganges as far as the Ashi Ghat, and then down again to the Mosque.

The river bank is a marvellous sight. The Ghats, in flight after flight of irregular steps, descend the broken precipitous cliff a hundred feet to the water's edge, amongst temples and shrines of all sorts and sizes. Here and there the steps widen out into terraces, and on them, at irregular intervals, are shrines with the everlasting old cow or sacred bull looking in at the front door. The cliff is crowned by high houses and palaces, pierced with

* Old travellers tell us that the Brahmans whose business it was to calculate the eclipses of sun and moon (then as always the occasion for religious services and devotion) were trained in astronomy and astrology in Benares.

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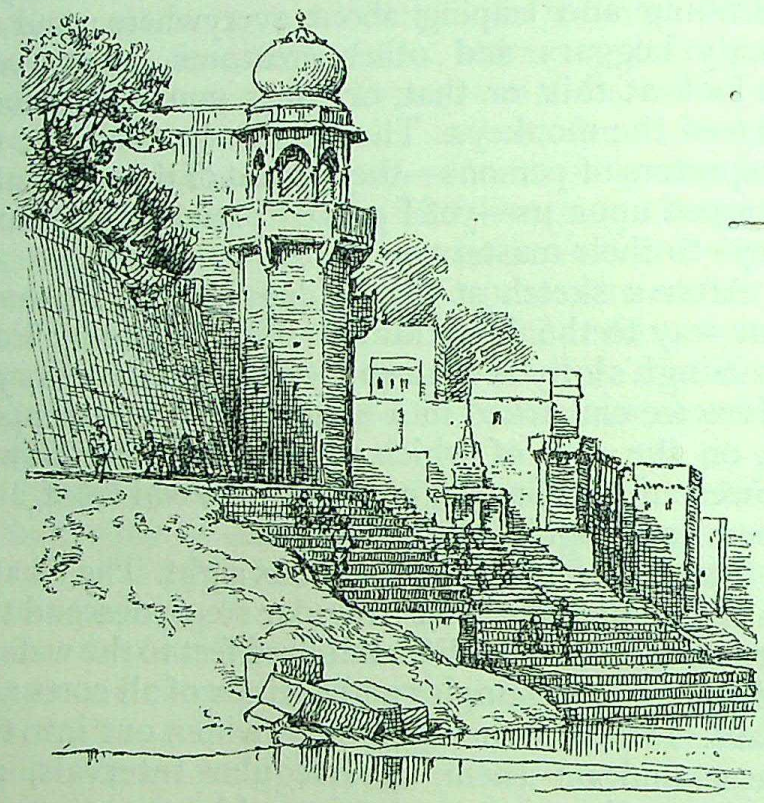
deep archways, which give access to the narrow streets of the town, and culminate in domes and slender minarets. The effect is enhanced by the sweep of the river, which bends in a crescent



THE GHATS

shape facing the rising sun. Here and there a palace or temple breaks away from the main line and, projecting forward, descends with solid breast-works of masonry to the water's edge, where every variety of native craft lies moored.

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THE GHATS BELOW AURANGZEB'S MOSQUE, BENARES

"BATHERS and devotees, in a continuous stream, ascend and descend these steps: issuing from the dark archways and lanes above, they collect below on the brink of the water, under huge straw umbrellas; and proceed by one operation to wash away their sins, to wash their bodies, and their simple and scanty clothing as well. They then gird themselves in clean attire; and afterwards return to one of the terraces to have their caste-marks replaced upon their foreheads by an official of the temple; he is provided with a number of little saucers filled with coloured powders for the purpose. This done, they sit on a plank over the water to meditate and bask in the sunshine."

Plate 13

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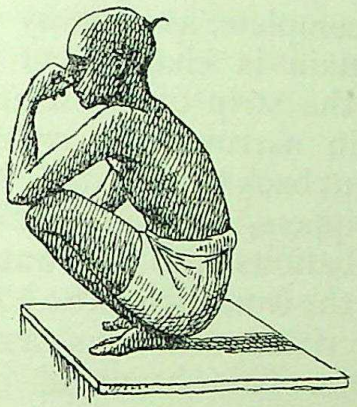
A stream of bathers and devotees, in the most brilliantly coloured garments, continually ascends and descends the steps: issuing from the dark archways and lanes above, they collect below on the brink of the water, under huge straw umbrellas; and behind tall screens, which protect them from the heat of the sun, they proceed by one operation to wash away their sins, to wash their bodies, and their simple and scanty clothing as well. They



COMME ÇA

then gird themselves in clean attire; and afterwards return to one of the terraces to have their caste-marks replaced upon their foreheads, by an official of the temple; he is provided with a number of little saucers filled with coloured powders for the purpose. This done, they sit on a plank over the water to meditate and bask in the sunshine. The pose is a squat, and the devout appear to hold their noses, *comme ça*.

I was charmed by one scene in particular which

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we watched. Two graceful women in bright-coloured silk saris came down the steps, each carrying on her arm a folded sari of a different hue. Leaving this on the brink, they stepped down as they were into the sacred water and drank and dipped. Coming back to the step in the wet garments, they wound them off, and simultaneously, by the same mysterious movement, clothed themselves in the fresh silk drapery with which they had come provided. The process of transformation was as elusive and complete, as that by which a snow-capped mountain is changed at the after-glow. Then taking the strip of wet drapery, and deftly gathering it in narrow folds crosswise in either hand, they went back to their daily occupations.

The worshippers, standing waist-deep in the river, pour libations into the water, murmuring as they do so the words from the Vedas prescribed by the sacred ritual, and also cast in wreaths of jasmine flowers. This beautiful scene, however, has another side to it, and it is a very disagreeable part of the business that they drink the water too. Dirty stuff it looks and must be, and, when one knows that dead bodies are constantly floating down stream, one wishes that the devotees might be absolved from drinking the water of the sacred river. The natives are not content with putting their fellow-creatures into the river. I came across a horse to-day, and have no doubt the sacred cows end their existence there too. Fortunately the Calcutta waterworks are provided with an excellent system of filtration.

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We spent some hours on the river sketching and reading, and brought our tiffin-basket with us. It was quite dark before we got back to the hotel.

A second day—arrayed in fur coats, for the mornings are bitterly cold—we embarked once more in our houseboat about 8.30 and rowed down to the end of the Ghats. There were thousands of bathers at that hour of the morning: dressed in every colour of the rainbow, they descended and ascended the footworn steps—a very gay sight. I spent the day sketching until 4.30, when we walked through some of the picturesque streets. Here and there, at some conspicuous corner, we came across a yogi, squatting or standing with arm upraised, appealing to high heaven in some strained attitude, and livid with the ashes smeared over his uncouth body: loathsome sight. Or we noticed a string of low-caste women, miserable oppressed hewers of wood and drawers of water, carrying prodigious loads upon their heads up the steep ascent to the town. Poor creatures, theirs indeed must be a hard lot.

From the beginning of life to its end, every detail of the existence of these 230 millions of Hindus is gripped by the dead hand of ceremonial ritual. A man may be an atheist or a murderer, his religious status is unimpaired; but let him unconsciously drink water touched by a man of lower caste and his doom is sealed. The conscience is perverted, and the true sense of distinction between right and wrong lost. A

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pious Hindu dying in his bed at home, would be considered as very slack in obeying the precepts of his religion; they decree that he shall breathe his last on the banks of the Ganges; or, if that is out of reach, on the brink of some neighbouring stream or tank. The dying man is carried on his string bed or charpoy, at a jog trot, for miles perhaps, to the sacred stream, by relays of friends grunting and shouting as they go "Hari, haribol;" and there he may linger for days, if he is sufficiently tenacious of life to survive the repeated immersions to which his attentive guardians subject him. Old people have sometimes returned home after nine or ten dippings, but more often means are taken to prevent this disgrace, and the patient expires correctly. The body, swathed in red or white, is then placed on a funeral pyre of faggots with sandal wood and ghee; the outcast Brahman, who alone has the monopoly of supplying the cremation fire, reads the prescribed formula, and the nearest relation sets the pile alight. All that is left unconsumed of the body is then cast into the river, in defiance of municipal regulations, and the fire extinguished with some jars of holy water.*

At the Burning Ghat beyond the Observatory, we passed several such funeral pyres, with bodies upon them more or less consumed by the fire. A man standing by with a long pole raked or poked

* Though the expenses of this ceremony are under strict police regulation, yet at times many lakhs of rupees are spent in the funeral feasts which take place a month later.

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together the unburned portions of the poor creatures' bodies,—a truly ghastly sight, but not so gruesome as another sight we saw a little later. When we first commenced our voyage on the river we were enchanted by this never-to-be-forgotten scene, and my companion suggested that we should stop a fortnight, and devote the time to sketching. Not long afterwards, sitting not far from the water's edge, a turn of the head revealed a floating corpse, which must have been some weeks in the water. The rower merely raised his oar to let the ghastly object pass; but my companion's enthusiastic plans were suddenly modified.

Next day, Sunday, after church and lunch, I made a sketch of a Benares ekka—a very picturesque conveyance with double shafts on either side, drawn together on the top of the pony's back and fastened to a saddle. The trappings of some of these ekkas are very bright and gay, and some have a canopy like a bird-cage on the top. This "machine" holds, besides the driver, two persons, who sit sideways, and hang their legs over the wheels. Alas! in spite of the endless subjects, I only managed to get time for three sketches in this fascinating place. That afternoon we left Benares for Lucknow and Cawnpore, where we were to realise what, in 1857, was the outcome of the Hindu fanaticism of which Benares is the centre.

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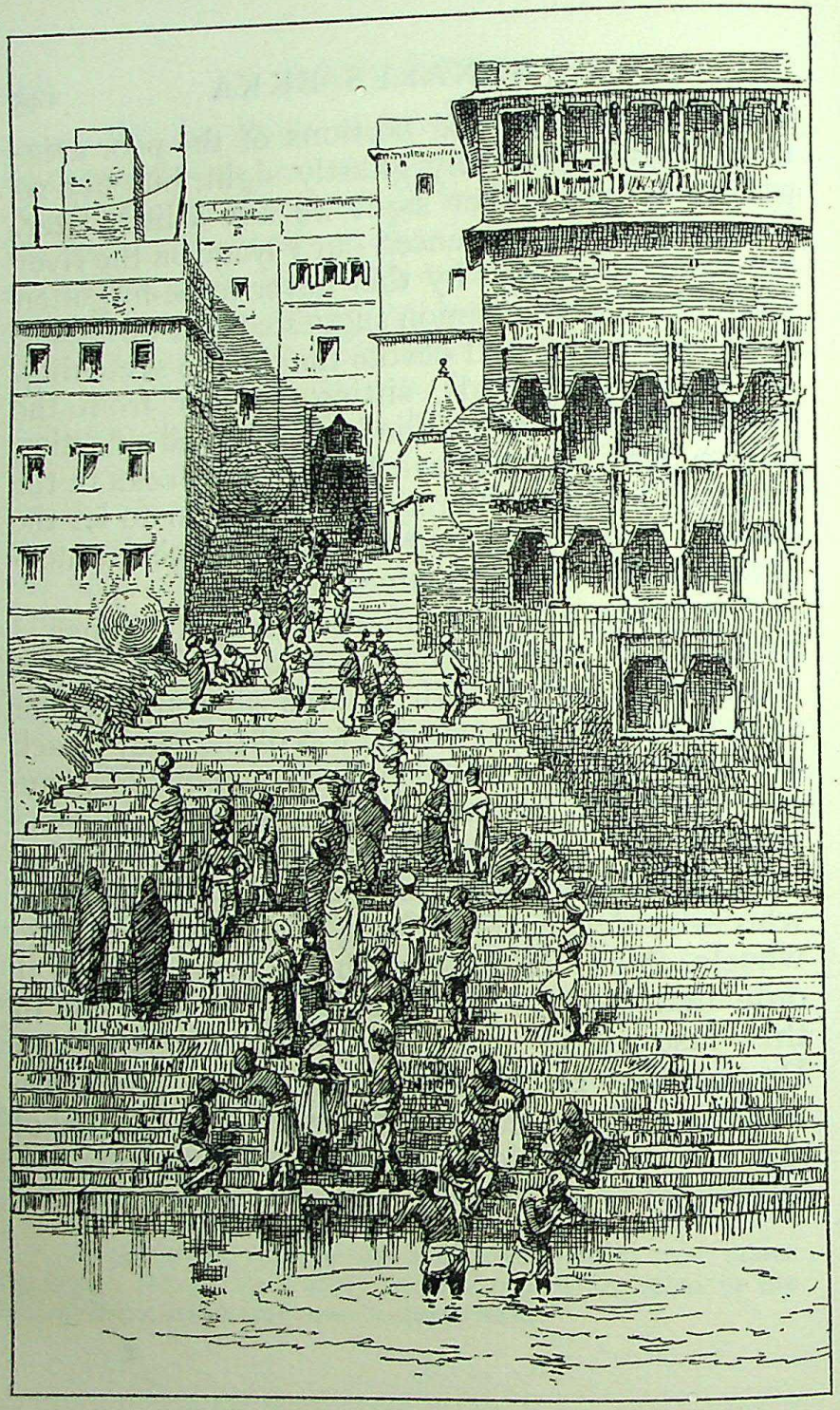

BATHING GHATS

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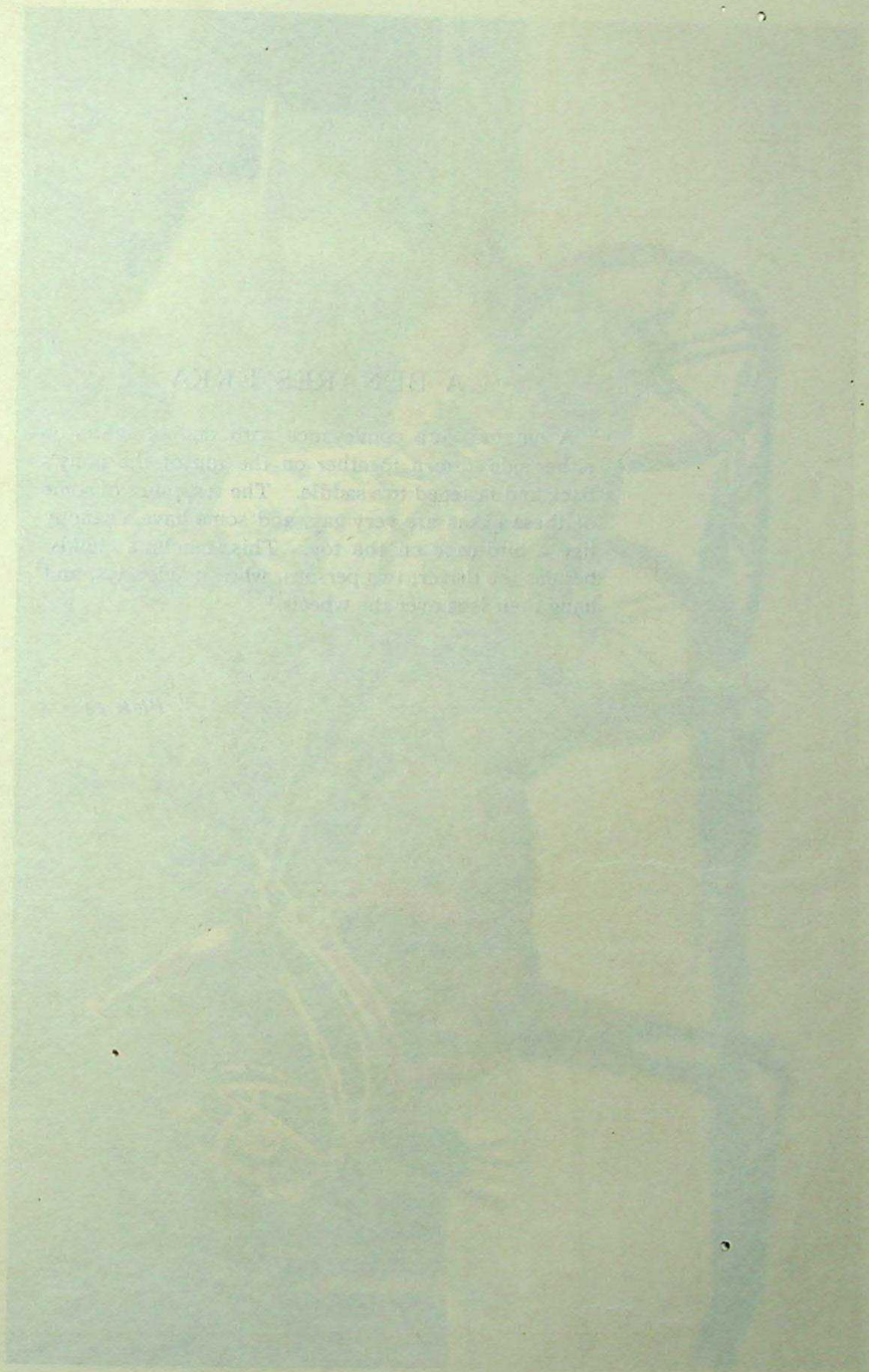

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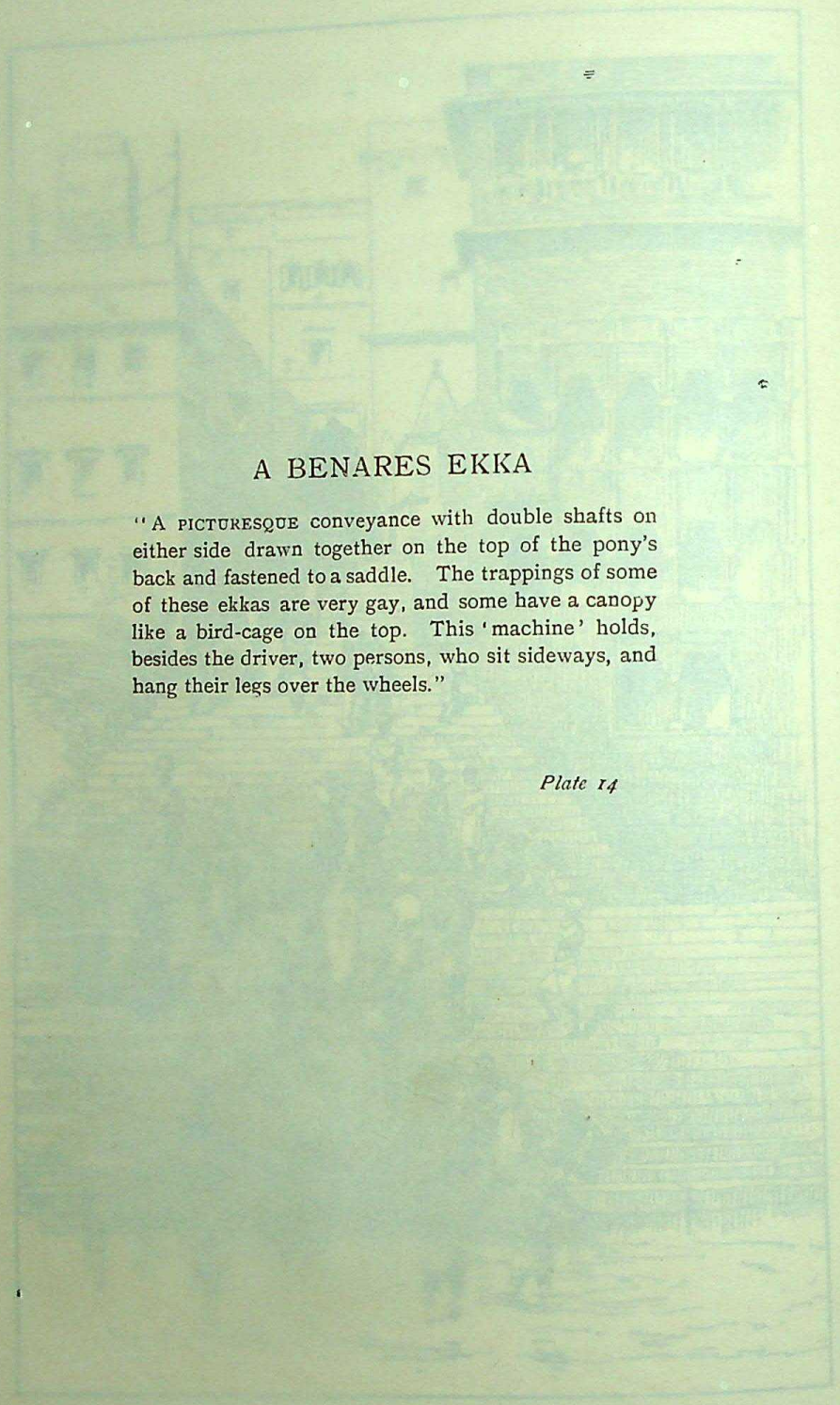

A BENARES EKKA

"A PICTURESQUE conveyance with double shafts on either side drawn together on the top of the pony's back and fastened to a saddle. The trappings of some of these ekkas are very gay, and some have a canopy like a bird-cage on the top. This 'machine' holds, besides the driver, two persons, who sit sideways, and hang their legs over the wheels."

Plate 14

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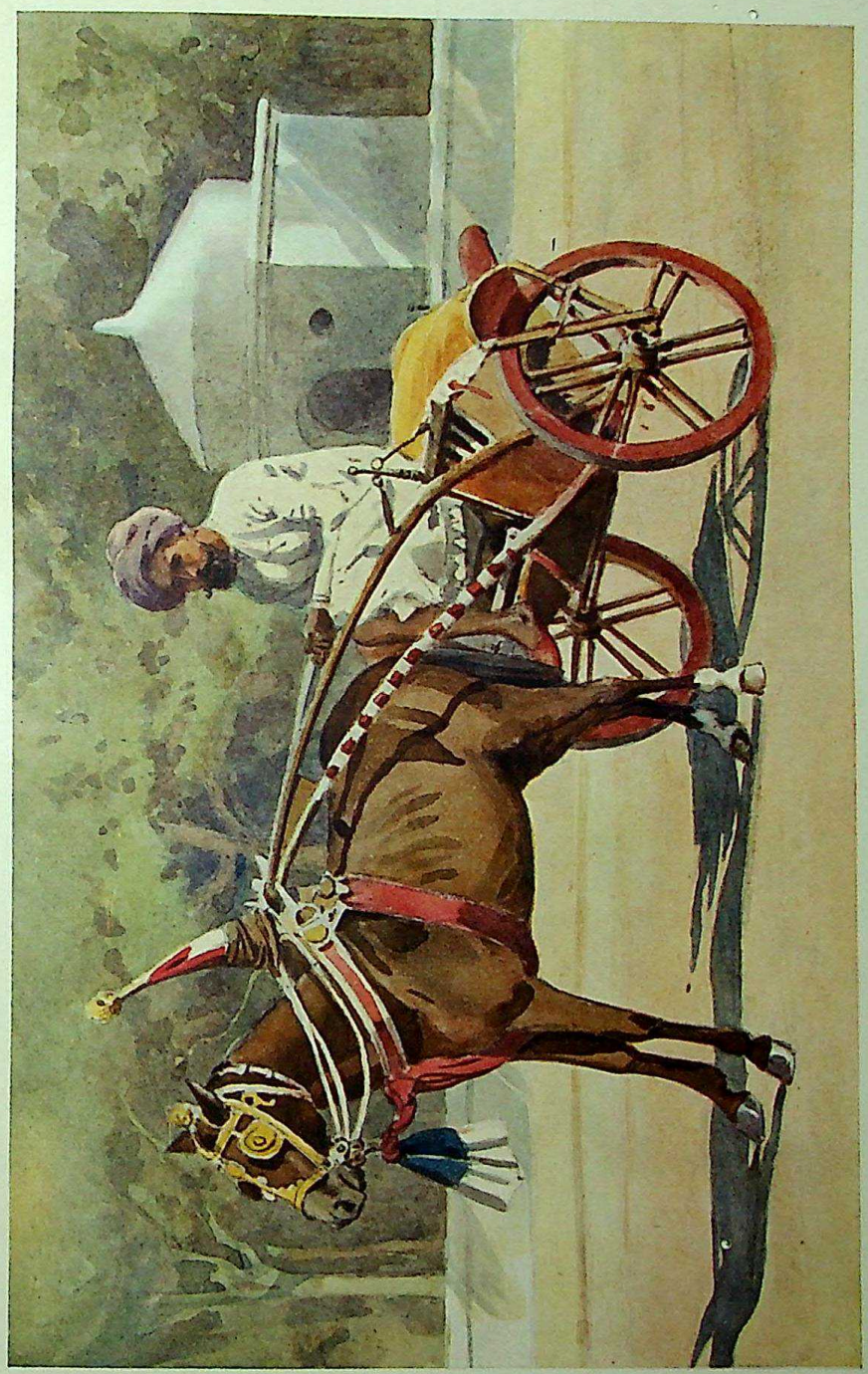

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CHAPTER VII

LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE: THE MUTINY

LUCKNOW, the largest town in India after the three capitals, has a comparatively modern aspect, and the fantastic buildings, erected during the last hundred and fifty years by the vicious and incompetent kings of Oude, are in keeping with their builders' character. The Nawabs and Kings of Oude ruined their people with a crushing taxation, and laid desolate a most fertile country, studded with villages and finely wooded, in order to spend many lakhs of rupees on works which ministered solely to the gratification of the King and his pleasure-seeking Court. These buildings consist, to a great extent, of tasteless palaces and tombs, in a most debased style of architecture, not seldom imitated from the worst European examples of the eighteenth century; and, being frequently of no more durable material than stucco, they are often in a condition of extreme dilapidation.

From a distance Lucknow presents a most deceptive appearance of splendour: domes, minarets and quaintly bizarre pinnacles lead one to expect a gorgeous city of more than ordinary oriental

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magnificence; but a nearer approach produces a disillusionment, and I felt no desire to sketch, or to stay here longer than was necessary to go over the places made memorable by the Mutiny. So, after breakfast at Hill's Hotel, we drove to the Cantonments, some one and a half miles off: we called first on Colonel May, who made an appointment for four o'clock to take us over the Residency, and then on the General in command of the District, General Sir Æneas Perkins, and his wife, who asked us to lunch. The General came in late, in the middle of a hard day's inspection. He is a great friend of Lord Roberts, and was with him, commanding the Engineers, on his memorable march in Afghanistan in 1878 and 1880.

From his house we drove in a body—all except Sir Æneas and his A.D.C.—to meet Colonel May.

Before the Mutiny, Colonel May was a civilian engaged in surveying the town; he went through the siege, and got his commission after it. He knows every inch of the ground, and is an excellent cicerone. He first of all showed us, on the cardboard and plaster model in the Museum, the relative positions of the Residency and surrounding buildings, explaining, and putting into a nutshell, as it were, a concise account of events and of their connection with the various buildings; and with that useful preface, we went on to the spot itself, and were much better able to understand it from our preliminary examination of the model.

Colonel May told us many thrilling incidents of the siege, which brought the scene more vividly

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before one, and helped to illustrate the excellent accounts given in Holmes' "History," which, on Furse's recommendation, we had just been reading. He pointed out a wall, against which, he told me, he was sitting one day, when suddenly a round shot struck the wall between his legs. This, however, is not to be compared with the escape of a trooper in the relief force, who had his saddle destroyed under him, by a blind shell which passed between his thigh and the horse's back, he himself, and his horse, remaining uninjured!

We were much impressed with the great disadvantages under which the mere handful of heroic defenders held the Residency, from May 7 to November 17, 1857, with the enemy close to them all round, and under cover, in houses commanding the position. One stretch of the road which led through the enclosure, was swept by the rifles which the mutineers had fixed in rests in a house opposite; and for any one to show himself in that road was certain death. Fortunately the city people, and the entire Hindu population, held aloof from the outbreak, owing to Sir Henry Lawrence's knowledge of the native character, and to his tact, firmness, and decision. It can never be too often repeated, that none of the heroism displayed during the siege would have availed aught, but for his foresight and ability, which made the defence possible. Very early in the day he—almost the only Englishman in India—foresaw that the outbreak was inevitable, and prepared for it. Whilst doing all that his experience and insight suggested to keep the natives

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loyal, he had no fear of showing a want of confidence in them. He fortified the Residency, provided an adequate water-supply, and stored ammunition and food, ample for the needs of the defenders (even when on September 25 their numbers were augmented by the 3000 men under General Havelock), thus enabling the garrison to hold out till November 17, when Sir Colin Campbell relieved Lucknow.

The buildings in which the enemy found shelter are now cleared away: the Residency itself is merely a beautiful ruin, and the whole place is very much overgrown with creepers—bougainvillea, bignonia, and others—against which Colonel May vowed vengeance. We thought that these, and the trees which have grown up very thickly on all sides since 1857, much enhanced the beauty of the spot. We made time next day, before leaving, to drive again to the Residency, to see Henry Lawrence's simple grave and moving epitaph. The gardens and cemetery are all beautifully kept, and one is grateful that this scene of peace and order should form a foreground for one's thoughts of the two thousand brave men and women (amongst whom the native troops were conspicuous for heroism and loyalty) who, led by Sir Henry Lawrence, the best of the brave, "tried to do their duty" and laid down their lives in defence of the Banner of England. In Henry Lawrence's words, "May the Lord have mercy on their souls."

We dined in the Cantonments, and spent a pleasant evening, but I never expected that at

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Lucknow we should be going out to dinner wrapped in fur coats and rugs—through a thick mist like a London fog.

Next day, Tuesday, I took a short walk about eight, and looked in at the Church, where I came in for the tail end of Matins. After breakfast we drove to the copper and brass bazaar, a very narrow street lined with small low shops, supported on most dainty wooden pillars, all decorated with refined carving.

Since the city has been under British rule, much has been done to widen the streets and bazaars, and to provide for the health and sanitation of what was one of the most wretched and dirty towns in the whole of India; but, although Lucknow ranks as the centre of the Hindu schools of music, of learning, theology, and literature, and though trade and manufacture have revived, and the native nobility of the province have established themselves in the city again, yet the population has apparently decreased. Famine and disease appear to have defeated all our well-intentioned efforts fort he restoration of prosperity to this sorely tried city.

We had to get to the station by 1.30 to catch our train for Cawnpore, which we reached about five, and leaving Lobo and the luggage at the station, we went straight to an hotel, had tea and got the proprietor to take us round and show us the scenes of the horrors of the massacre. He is an old soldier, and came to the relief of the place under Havelock (July 15, 1857), arriving just too late to save the poor women and children. He was an extremely voluble

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old fellow, and is now a monomaniac on the subject of the massacre and the part *he* took. He blew his own trumpet very loudly on the same note, and his way of expressing himself was much involved; the story was mixed and exaggerated, and the sprinkling of superlatives so thick that it was not easy to make head or tail of what he said. However, fortunately the invaluable Holmes was at our command, and supplied the facts for his topographical illustrations.

We saw the scene of the entrenchment, a miserably weak place with its well in a most exposed position; and we marvelled at the decision which led the veteran Sir Hugh Wheeler—in the face of Lawrence's advice,—to abandon the walled enclosure on the river, and—giving over the magazine and ammunition into the keeping of Nana Sahib and the native troops—to entrench himself, with only three hundred English soldiers and seven or eight hundred non-combatants, behind four-foot earthworks in the centre of an open plain. "Surely"—as Lord Roberts says of this incident—"Surely those whom God has a mind to destroy He first deprives of their senses."

For intensity of suffering during the Mutiny Cawnpore stands first, but there is nothing fine or striking to the imagination in the tale of misplaced trust, nervous fright and confusion, and bad management, which Cawnpore reveals. For twenty-one days, without proper supplies, and under the intense heat of the June sun, Sir H. Wheeler and his company were exposed to the fire

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of three thousand mutineers, whose guns were in incredibly close proximity; then, trusting still to Nana's loyalty, they surrendered on June 26, on the condition that they were given boats and supplies and allowed to retire with honour down the Ganges.

The many instances of heroic valour shown during this time are overshadowed, and seem merely pathetic beside the ghastly instances of misplaced confidence which led to the massacre at the Sati Chaura Ghat, and to the horrors of the Bibi Garh and Well, where "the dying and the dead," and even some unhurt children, were consigned indiscriminately on July 15, when Havelock's rescuing force was at the door. It was almost dark when we reached the fatal Well, with its memorial screen, and white Angel designed by Colonel Yule. They are far more beautiful in reality than in the photographs generally seen.

Fortunately, perhaps, the thought of the tragedy was relieved for us by interludes of comedy: the guide who drove us intermixed his Mutiny talk with conversation on his private affairs, and expressed the opinion that there are many scenes in family life more terrible than the battle-field. Pointing to the cemetery, he said, "I buried a wife and a babe in arms there; both died of cholera in one day. I have got another now, who plays six instruments and sings in the choir of the Memorial Church. I've had seven children and three wives, not to mention being wounded three times on the

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field of battle. But the field of battle ain't no wuss than scenes in the life of a private party. It's all down in that book of mine on Cawnpore. Why, it's the most interesting place in the world is Cawnpore, the most interesting place since God created this earth—talk about Delhi and Agra, why there's nothing but buildings there, whereas here was the massacre, saw it with my own eyes —man, woman and child at the breast slaughtered —the most interesting place in the world—you ought to stop a week here," &c.

A wild-looking fanatical Yogi was haranguing an attentive crowd of natives near the Temple of Shiva, on the bank of the river at the Massacre Ghat, and we were told that he was recounting the story of the wretched defenders, decoyed on that fatal June 27 into open boats, under a safe conduct, and then shot down defenceless from the banks. We could not feel then that Marochetti's beautiful angel over the Well represented the presiding genius of Cawnpore, but rather that the fiendish spirit which had animated Nana Sahib was only smouldering, and that fifty years of Western secular education, as assimilated by the Hindu, would not protect us from another outbreak of treacherous fanaticism.

The aspect of God and man, of life and its ideals, which we present to the Hindu, those, who have studied their character, tell us, does not impress them as it should, because it does not fit into their ways of thought. Part of this difference in our mental and spiritual furniture is the product of climate and national idiosyncrasy, and part arises

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from the contrasting character and practices of the Hindu and Christian religions. But, what a nation believes about fundamental things is indissolubly connected with the form of civilisation it exhibits. You cannot separate institutions from ideas. And—behind the idolatry, the slavery of the caste system, the immoral Hindu pantheon, and the dwarfing and degrading Hindu ceremonial—the Hindu has ideals, attracting him, and controlling his life, which are not ours; and no mere contact with European civilisation or liberating enlightenment will ever really remove him from their sway. Deep down in the heart of things, in the soul of India, in the region of first principles and foundations, there are differences and contrasts, which are absolute: and this difference prevents the native from appreciating the liberty accorded by our administration, the justice of our law courts, or the self-denying, single-minded devotion to duty and the common good, shown by our civil servants and statesmen. The Hindu must have brought home to him the supreme excellence of the fundamental ideas concerning God, man, and life, which Christianity embodies, before our efforts to benefit him and to raise his status can bear fruit.

In the Hindu's view of the Supreme God (Brahmā), the idea of absolute Intelligence and Wisdom is paramount; in that of the Christian, infinite Goodness and perfect Will are specially accentuated. The Hindu, therefore, in his aspirations towards likeness to his Divine Ideal, is constantly striving after perfect knowledge, but the

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Christian, though aspiring, as he does, to "know as he is known," and accepting with his Lord that "eternal life" which *is* "to know God," yet lays the emphasis, above all, on the attainment of the good life and on character. This is specially apparent in the aspects of Incarnation which are proper to the two religions. To the Christian the spotless character of the Incarnate Lord, and His cross, and death are essential; but Krishna the incarnation of Vishnu has no concern with ethics, and comes—not to suffer and give life but—to destroy. Again, self-renunciation and ascetic practices play a part in both the religions, but to the Hindu his austerities—when not intended to be a means of acquiring power over gods and men—are an end in themselves. He renounces equally the mean, vile things of earth and the noblest aspirations of his heart. Even a good deed is a fetter binding him to the "wheel of circumstance," and to this human existence, which he would be quit of as soon as possible. To the Christian, self-renunciation is a means to an end. The lower is forsaken that he may attain to a higher, and the "cross of self-effacement is the path of the crown of true self-realisation." Then, again, to the Christian, the ideal future means *life*, "the glory of going on, and still to be"; to the Hindu, it is a calm blank, with every emotion of joy and act of service swept away. This attitude of the Hindus has been explained by the fact that they have had a hard lot between a bad climate and a worse government; and—taking the future life to represent only another

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existence where they will "repeat in large what they practised in small"—they feel no desire to embark on it, and so crave absorption or extinction. Practically of course the average Englishman might often be taken for a materialist, and the Hindu shows far more insight than he does into spiritual things, and strenuousness in pursuit of them. Nevertheless there is clearly a gulf fixed between the kind of thought and civilisation and religion which affirms the value of individuality and effort—which affirms the personality of man and of God—and that civilisation and religion which regards the persistent striving of humanity to live and to realise itself as an illusion, a mistake, a source of evil. The two ideals clash in matters fundamental and crucial.

Happily the Indian Government now recognises that "education in the true sense means something higher than the mere passing of examinations, that it aims at the progressive and orderly development of all the faculties of the mind, that it should form character and teach right conduct, that it is, in fact, a preparation for the business of life." And much has been done in Cawnpore, to set forth the foundation truths at the root of our ideals, since the days when Harry Martyn first preached there a century ago, and since an S.P.G. missionary was amongst those murdered in the Bibi Garh. Two brothers, sons of Bishop Westcott, started, in 1889, the Brotherhood Mission, where now seven English and two native clergymen run industrial schools, boarding-houses, a college,

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and hostels for native and Christian students ; and besides this, there are an S.P.G. women's hospital, a dispensary, and orphanages. On the one hand, encouragement is to be found in Sir Alfred Lyall's assurance, that the Hindu, being profoundly spiritual, and feeling the burden of the mystery of life and death, needs in the object of his worship something akin to human sympathy, and in the fact that the story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth is beginning to form an ideal of life among some classes; but, on the other hand, we are assured that educated converts are now rare, for India now clings passionately to her old faiths with nervous apprehension, and never before have the educated men stood up with more determination for their old ideals. How far we Westerns, with our lack of sympathy, which perhaps originates in want of imagination, are responsible for this, it is hard to say; but the Western and the Eastern minds move on different planes still, and while this is so we shall continue to hold India by the sword.

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CHAPTER VIII

AGRA: THE CITY OF THE GREAT MOGUL

We rumbled over the iron bridge which spans the Jumna immediately north of the Fort, and entered Agra station at 4 o'clock in the morning; but it was not till six hours afterwards that we felt in a mood to be interested in our surroundings; then, as it was Ash Wednesday, we sallied out and made inquiries about church services. We found that they were already over, so went to leave our cards on General Pretyman, who had just taken over the command of the district, and proceeded to the Fort. The beauty of this place quite exceeded my expectation, and I wished we could have devoted more time to it than we had at our disposal. It is grand as a whole—a huge pile of red sandstone—and the details and designs of the palaces, mosques, and halls which it contains are exquisite to a degree, and wonderfully refined, with many traces of Italian workmanship.

Agra Fort, from about the time of our Henry VIII.'s accession till shortly after the date of Charles I.'s death, was the centre of the Mogul Empire; the buildings here are the glory of that period, when Mohammedan architecture in India

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reached its climax. The Emperor Akbar, perhaps one of the greatest and most liberal-minded rulers commemorated by history, lived here during the early years of his life. It is to him that we owe the double line of noble red sandstone walls, 70 feet high, with a circumference of over a mile; they enclose within their precincts a remarkable group of palaces, mosques, halls of state, baths, kiosques, balconies and terraces overhanging the river, all nobly designed and exquisitely decorated by Akbar and his successors, Jehangir and Shah Jehan. After a period of thirty years, passed either in war or at the Royal City of Fatehpur Sikri—the creation of his unique genius—Akbar eventually returned to die here in his red palace overlooking the river. His son Jehangir left few traces in Agra, except perhaps in the Jasmin Tower, for he travelled much and lived chiefly at Lahore, or Ajmere, where he received Sir Thomas Roe, James I.'s ambassador; but several European travellers have left glowing accounts of this capricious and peculiar sovereign's court at Agra, and of the beauty and influence of his Afghan wife, Noor Jehan.

To Shah Jehan is due all that is most refined and most delicately beautiful in the architecture of Agra. Fergusson draws attention to the immense contrast between the manly vigour and exuberant originality of the style of Akbar, with its rich sculpture and squarely Hindu construction, and the extreme but "almost effeminate elegance" of that of Shah Jehan, and condemns the latter as feebly pretty; his work, however, interested me personally

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AGRA FORT—OUTSIDE THE DELHI GATE

"The Emperor Akbar, perhaps one of the greatest and most liberal-minded rulers commemorated by history, lived here during the early years of his life. It is to him that we owe the double line of noble red sandstone walls, 70 feet high, with a circumference of over a mile; they enclose within their precincts a remarkable group of palaces, mosques, halls of state, baths, kiosques, balconies and terraces overhanging the river, all nobly designed and exquisitely decorated by Akbar and his successors, Jehangir and Shah Jehan."

Plate 15

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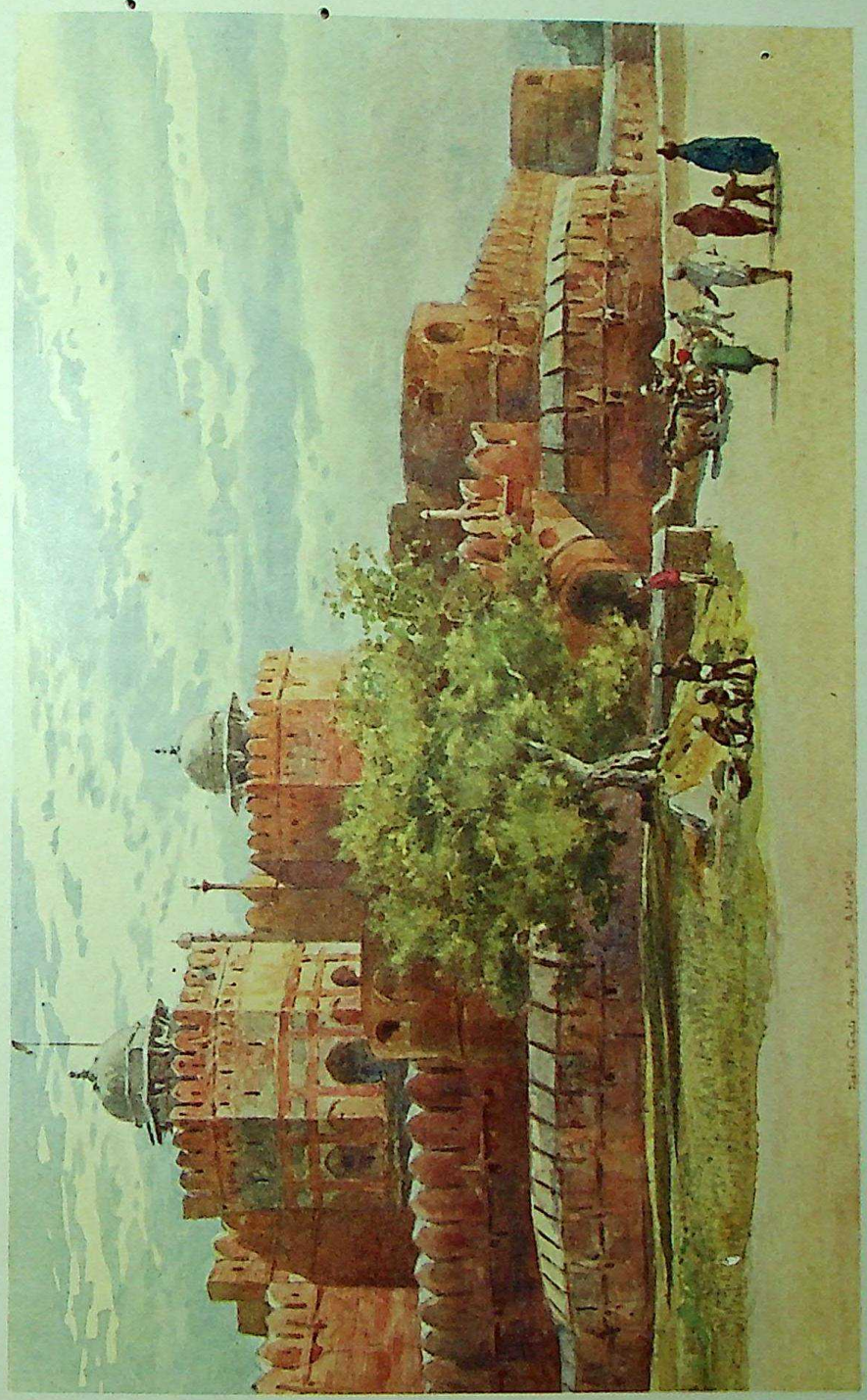

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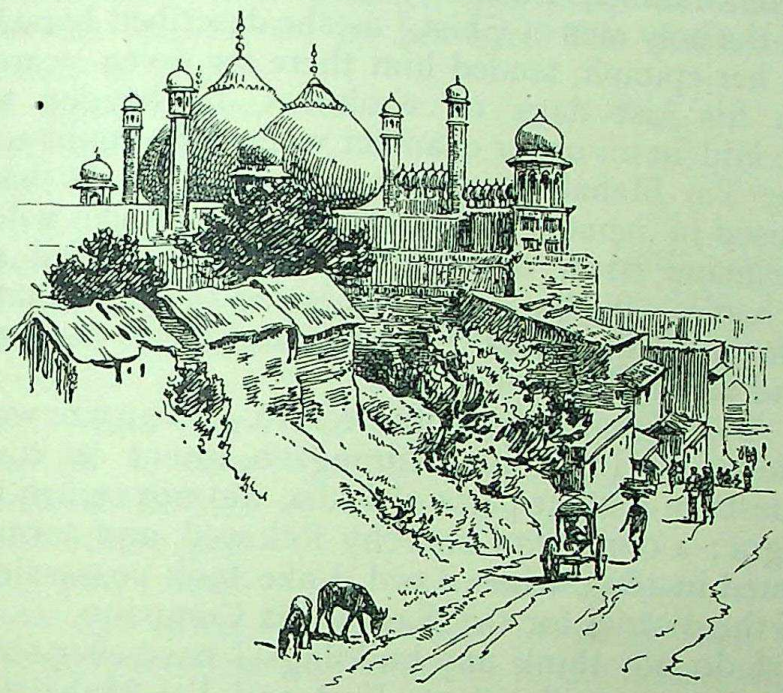
more than that of his predecessor, and seemed to me more picturesque. The transition, which certainly is great, may perhaps be traced to the influence of the Italian, French, and Portuguese



THE JUMMA MUSJID

artists who were employed by Jehangir and Shah Jehan ; they certainly introduced the system of inlaying coloured marbles and precious stones, which the Moguls made their own, with such high taste and skill during this period.* Like that other great

* Bernier, a French physician, in the service of the Court at Agra, in 1670, mentions the ability shown by the native craftsmen in the exercise of this and other European arts.

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patron of art, Ludovico il Moro, Shah Jehan, after a life of the greatest splendour, died a prisoner. Aurangzeb, his son, confined him, in Imperial state, in the Harem here; his devoted daughter, "the humble, transitory Jehanira, the servant of the holy men of Chist," as she described herself in her epitaph, tended him there for seven years. In his last days of weakness, he begged to be laid in an upper chamber whence he could see the Taj Mahal, the "dream in marble" he had raised in memory of his much loved Persian wife, Arjmand Banu, or Muntazi Mahal, who died at Jehanira's birth: so, in 1665, ended the passionate life of Shah Jehan, "emperor and lover, devotee and artist."

After Jehan's death the centre of Empire was moved to Delhi, and Aurangzeb, intent on conquests in distant parts of India, did not return to Agra; a century of anarchy followed, and terminated in 1803, when Lord Lake took possession of the district for the East India Company.

I do not think any buildings I have ever seen can approach the Agra Fort and Taj Mahal for beauty and dignity. The Fort extends about half a mile along the right bank of the Jumna, which, passing through a waste of land, flat but broken, here takes a sharp bend to the east: across its dark green waters and sandy bed, one gets a glorious view of the beautiful Taj Mahal, rising, in its garland of green garden, out of the colourless sand, like a fairy palace raised by some genii in an Arabian nights' tale.

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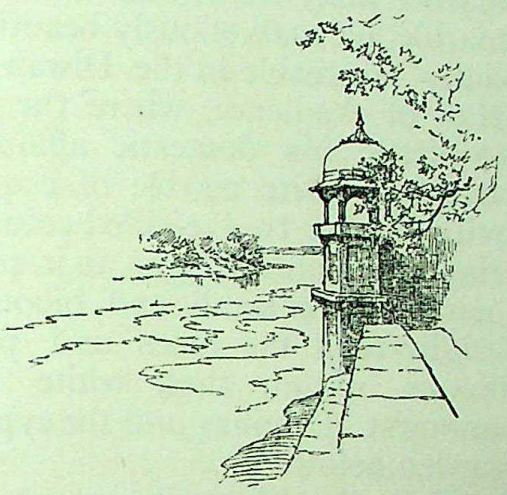
It is impossible to enter into details on so large a subject, but one of the places which interested me greatly in the Fort was the Nagina Musjid, or Toy Mosque, where the ladies of Shah Jehan's palace said their prayers, and close to which he was imprisoned by his son. The blackened ceiling of a part of the cloisters, said to have been used by him as baths, is still shown as a trace of his long captivity. The Mosque is of pure white marble, on a tiny scale, on the first floor of the palace, and overlooks the Mina Bazaar, where jewellers used to assemble to show their trinkets to the ladies, who looked down into the courtyard through a stone screen outside the mosque. Through the same screen the Imperial prisoner used to watch the wild beast fights held below.



ON THE WALL OF THE FORT

Then, on a great bastion, there is the Saman Burj, or Jasmin Tower, where the chief Sultana lived, an exquisite octagonal two-storeyed turret—an ethereal building of white marble with a cupola overlaid with gold—which commands a glorious view over the Jumna, or rather down it, to the Taj.

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The *Pietra Dura* work here is said to be the handiwork of Austin of Bordeaux, a French craftsman who found asylum with the Moguls from the hand of justice in his own land, and is reported to have been subsequently poisoned by some native professional rival. This delicate marble inlay work, and the low reliefs in white marble, are marvellously beautiful; they are especially noticeable in the Diwan-i-Khas, or Private Hall of Audience, where the Great Mogul used to settle his domestic affairs. He sat under arches of white marble of exquisite proportions, with slender twelve-sided columns all inlaid with elaborate floral designs, in jasper, agate, jade, cornelian, lapis lazuli and bloodstone, hardly less bright than the roses and pansies which still bloom, within their white marble bordering, amongst the vines and the cypresses in the palace garden below.

These marble galleries, pavilions and terraces, in bewildering complexity, crown the summit of the vast red wall overhanging the river, between the two great circular bastions; they are raised upon a vast series of subterranean galleries, stairs and passages, partly explored in the search for hidden treasure, and secret entrances, when the English population was concentrated here during the Mutiny. Some of these suites of rooms had been walled up since the days of Shah Jehan.

The gateways of this grand citadel, especially the Delhi Gate, are very imposing. Within the Delhi Gate is a second gate, flanked by two octagonal

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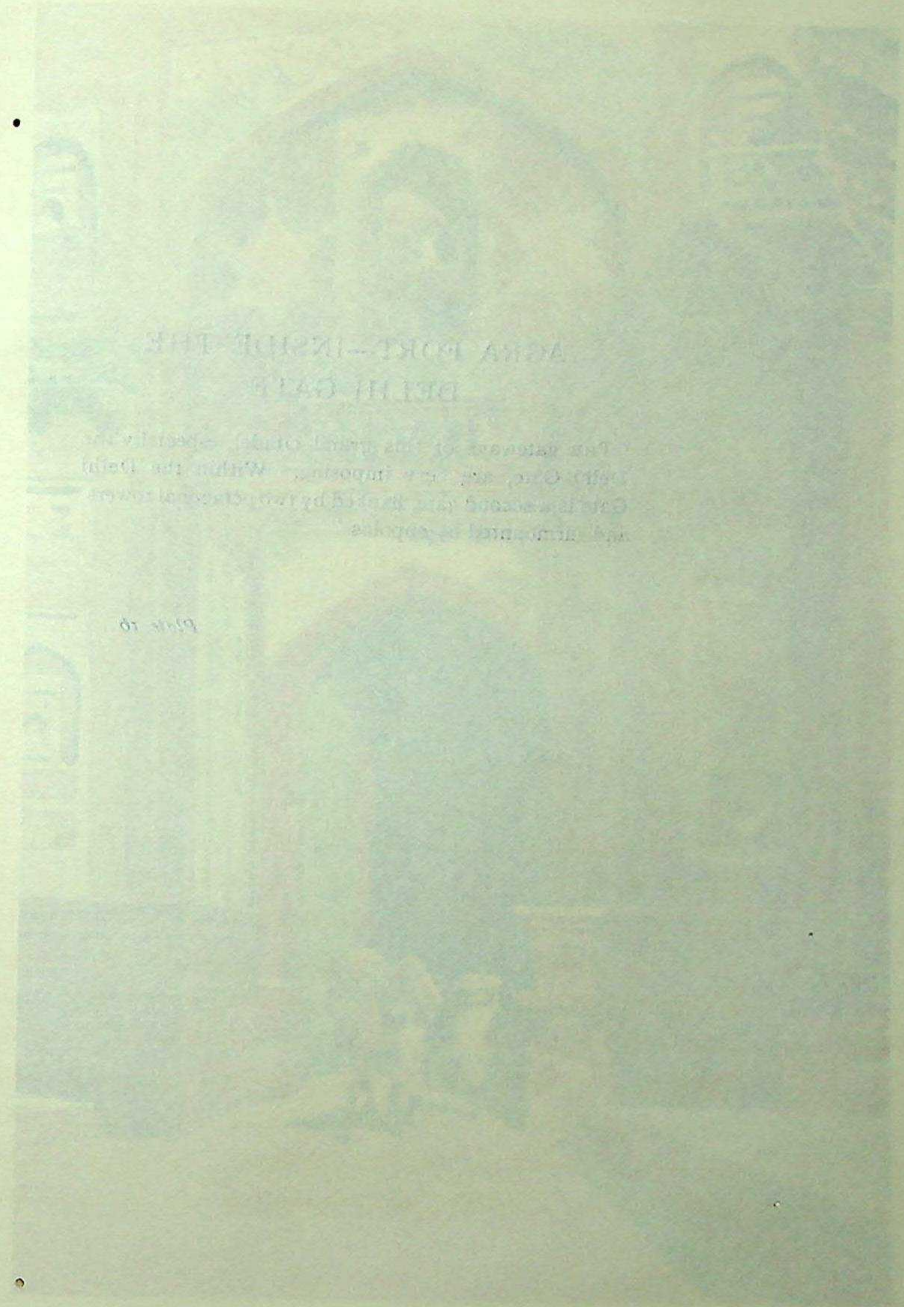

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AGRA FORT—INSIDE THE DELHI GATE

"The gateways of this grand citadel, especially the Delhi Gate, are very imposing. Within the Delhi Gate is a second gate, flanked by two octagonal towers, and surmounted by cupolas."

Plate 16

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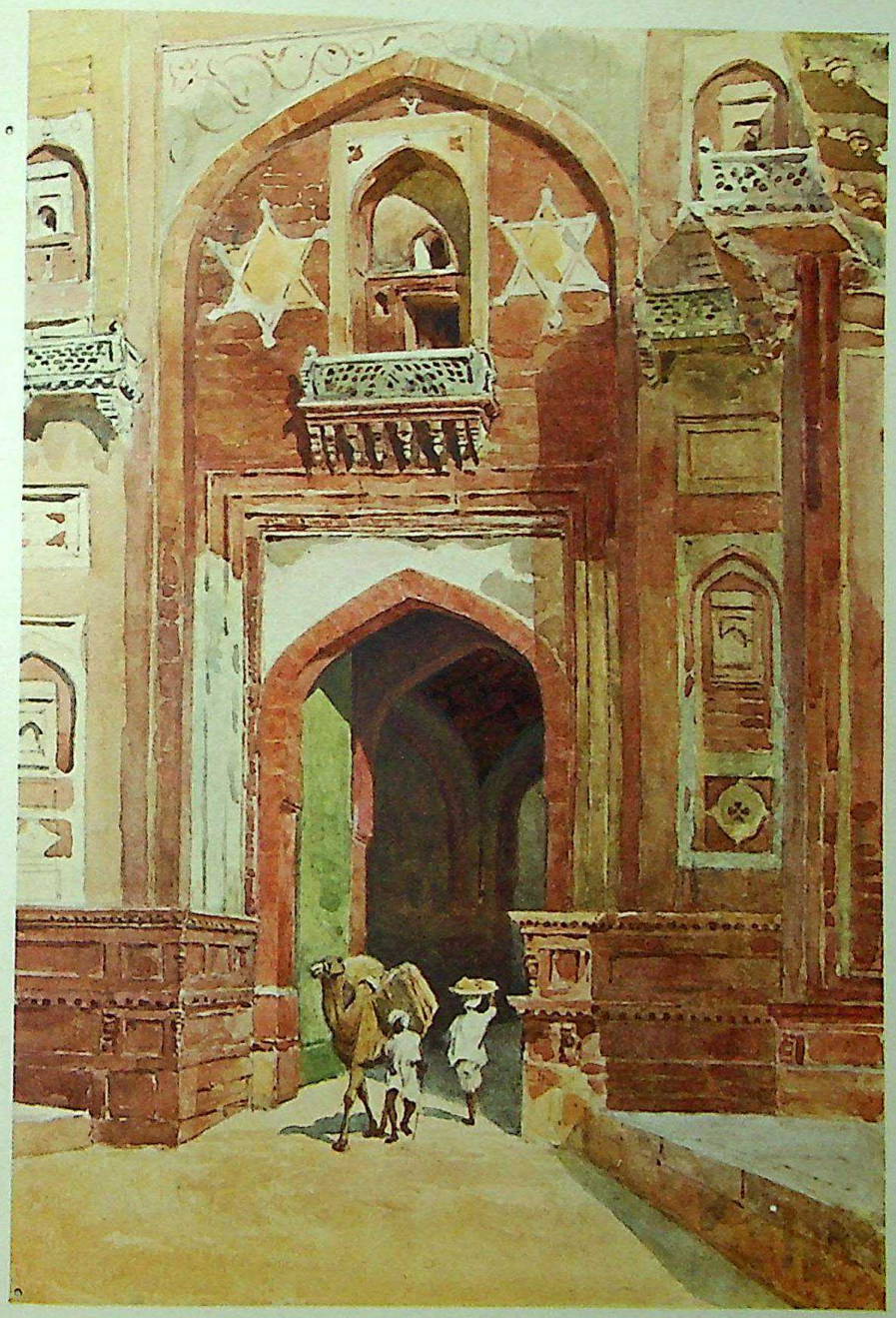

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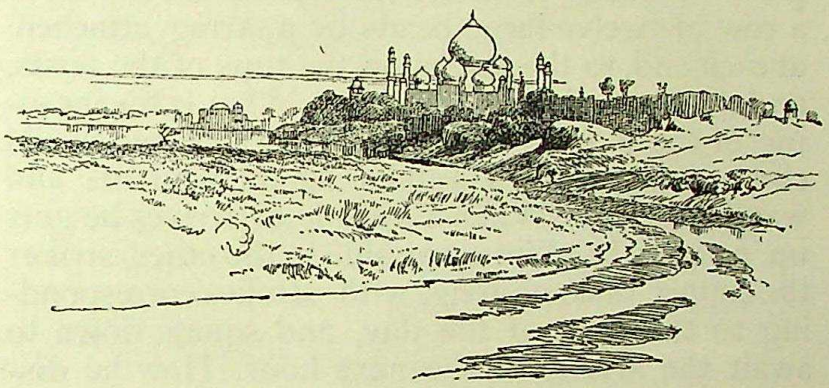
towers, and surmounted by cupolas. Here I was sketching in the afternoon, when who should appear driving past, but our kind host when in Adelaide, Chief Justice Way, and Dr. Pennefather. I halloed to them to stop, and we arranged to meet at the Taj, and accordingly drove there towards sundown.

The entrance gateway to the precincts of the Taj is in itself a splendid building of sandstone



THE TAJ FROM THE ROAD TO AGRA

from Fatehpur Sikri, and marble from Jeypur; anywhere else it would claim attention, but it is disregarded and forgotten after the first glimpse through the archway which frames in the object of our pilgrimage. Before us is a rectangular garden, flanked by massive red walls, which are overtopped by dark trees, festooned with bougainvillea; it is planted with cypresses and roses, between straight, marble-lined watercourses and crossing paths and is a very paradise of birds. There upon a raised marble platform, isolated from all its

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immediate surroundings, except the four sentinel minarets, and with no background but the sky, shines the glorious face of the Taj itself.

Before entering we must just glance at three small and insignificant objects, arranged upon a projecting ledge of the base of the gateway. A disk of battered copper hangs by a leather thong from a horizontal bar of wood fastened to two upright posts of stone: from the same posts is suspended a row of twelve large beads by a string, attached, at each end, to the knobs on the tops of the posts, and a rude mallet lies beneath. What is the meaning of these queer objects? This is an old-world clock, worked by a human agent, who sits and watches below. When a fresh hour arrives he gets up, passes a bead from one side to the other, strikes the copper disk, or gong, with strokes corresponding to the hour of the day, and squats down to await the arrival of the next hour. How he discovers what the time actually is, whether he guesses it, or whether he keeps a Waterbury in the folds of his loin-cloth, I did not ascertain.

The sun had set some minutes as we looked for the first time through the gateway to the great Mausoleum: the garden was all in shade, while a soft pearly light was hovering about the domes of the Taj—intensified by the warm colour of the sandstone arch through which we gazed. Its size, its completeness, its solemn and dignified surroundings, and its pearly, opalesque colour in the evening light, combined to give this most remarkable building so ethereal an aspect that we

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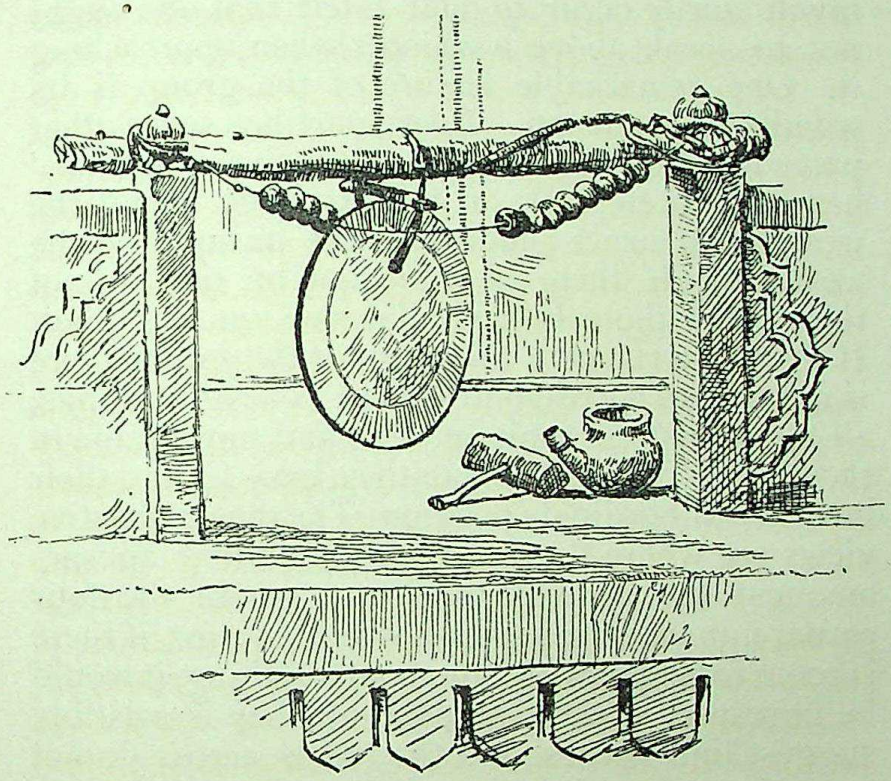
approached it almost with awe, which seemed to demand that here we should take the shoes from off our feet and uncover our heads.



A PRIMITIVE CLOCK

I know my experience is commonplace and my enthusiasm *vieux jeu;* it would be more up to date to take up a flippant attitude; but I have no patience with the people who criticise the architecture, proportions and designs of the Taj Mahal. No doubt the Taj stands at the high-

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water mark of Mogul art, and its immediate descendants totter on the verge of decadence; but it is certainly a wonderful creation, and as Mr. Way said, the words, "A house not made with hands," involuntarily occur to one: I felt that one ought not to speak above a whisper when approaching it. One remarkable feature of the group is its wonderful symmetry. Every part has some other part which exactly balances it; a jawab, or "answer," has even been built on the east side facing the west, as an exact pendant to the mosque on the west side. If there is a kiosque on one side of the garden there is a similar one on the other. If there is a turret at this angle of the garden there is another to correspond at that. These buildings, all red sandstone, white marble and mosaic, are in themselves grand, but here they have to find their level in a subordinate position. The most attractive views are where the great white building appears amongst the cypress trees, and where the four corner minarets are somewhat hidden; for, if there is room for hypercriticism about anything, it would be in respect to these minarets. They irresistibly suggest lighthouses, and the bands across do not tend to carry the eye upwards to the dome, as flutings—such as there are on the Delhi minarets—would do.

We visited the Taj several times, and saw the interior by the light of lamps, and by moonlight; but the subdued twilight, which is all that penetrates through the double set of marble lattice-screens in the daytime, is no doubt the best by

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which to appreciate its mysterious depths, and the jewelled sprays and garlands and touches of coloured marble, with which the unerring judgment of the artist has given value to the balance of the scheme. There is considerable pathos in the prayer on the tomb of Arjmand, to be "defended from unbelievers."

We took special notice of the delicate *Pietra Dura* work on the tomb of Shah Jehan. It seems more beautiful even than that upon the tomb of his wife beside it, and it is difficult to imagine how the fine stalks and veins of the flowers could have been cut out of marble and fitted into their places with such precision as is here displayed.* I wished I had time to copy some of the designs. But time was always *the* great difficulty : there were so many things that I felt I must do while I had the opportunity. First of all, I had to try and verify all the Handbook statements, and do what I could to put the descriptions straight. Then I had the things described to see ; though that perhaps should come first! Thirdly, I had my diary, which I did not like to give up, having gone so far with it, even though it is a very prosy chronicle of events. Then I wanted to sketch as much as my time would permit, for certainly such an opportunity will never recur. And finally, and in conclusion, I must get some exercise and eat and sleep, as I was still human, though I *had* seen the Taj.

* Tavernier, the French traveller and jeweller in Agra at the time, says that 20,000 men were employed on the Taj for 22 years.

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This evening we lingered for some time, and it was dark before we left the precincts of the Taj. I walked back a good part of the way with the Chief Justice Way; then we got into his carriage, which was slowly following, and drove back to the world of prose, and all dined together.

Next morning early, Mr. Way and his party started for Delhi. I went to the Fort and spent four hours hard at work, putting straight the account in the Handbook. I came across an intelligent private of the Leinster Regiment who has been three years in this Fort, and he gave me a good deal of help.

I was charmed with the Moti Musjid—the Pearl Mosque in the Fort;—it is quite perfect in its way. It stands on a raised platform, and is approached by a double flight of stairs. The exterior, of rough red sandstone, makes no pretensions to effect; within is a glorious vision of warm white marble, delightfully veined in different tones of white, grey, and pale azure, and with mellow touches of yellow. No colour invades the precinct with its central water basin, only, above the seven beautiful arches of the mosque proper—which faces one with its nine light cupolas and three domes—runs a broad Persian inscription in black marble. Even the critical Fergusson allows, that the moment the eastern gateway is entered the effect of its court-yard and graceful arches is surpassingly beautiful, and hardly approached anywhere for purity and simplicity: it is a superb house of God, calling all who enter it to prayer. From the terrace on the top

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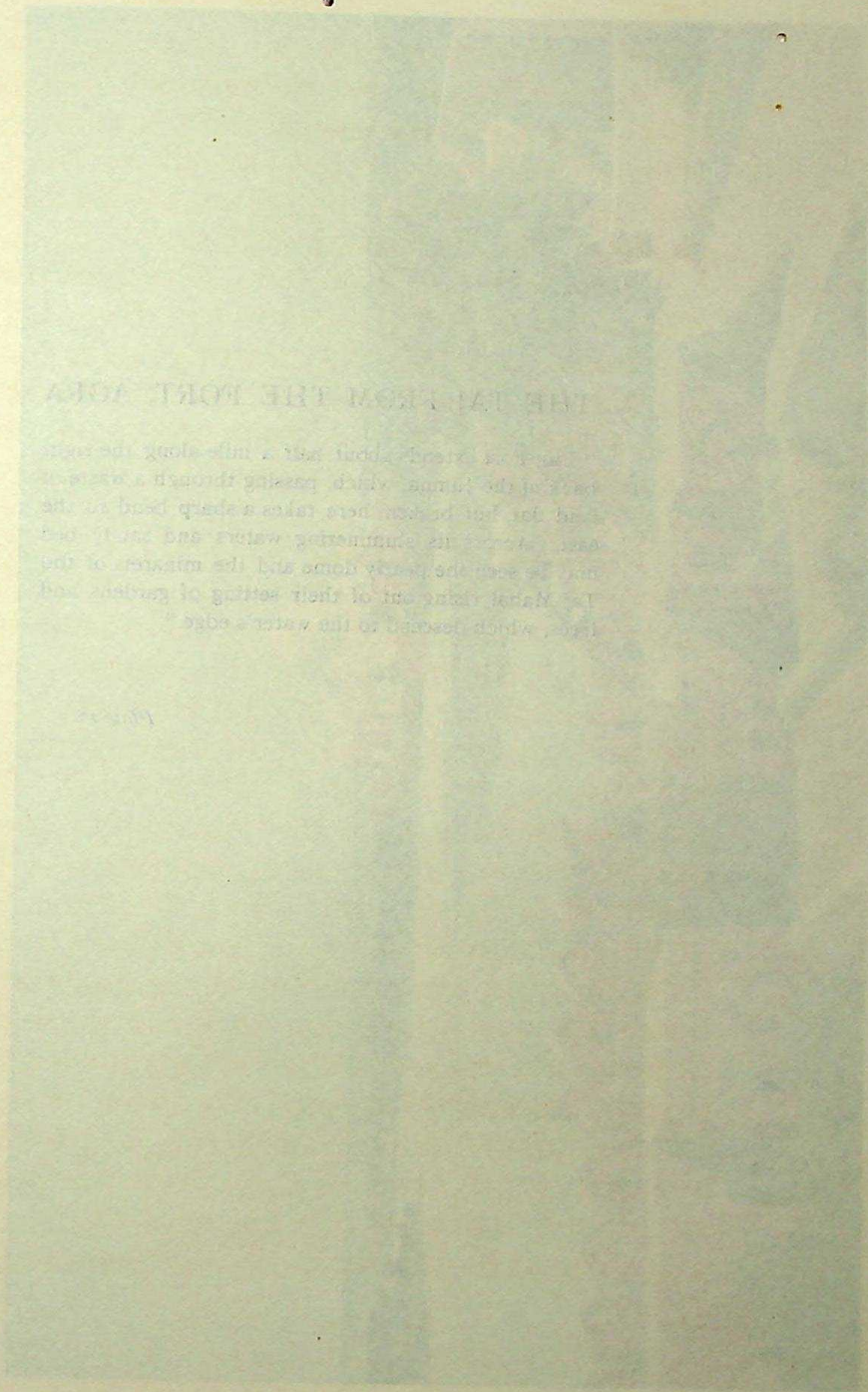

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THE TAJ FROM THE FORT, AGRA

"The Fort extends about half a mile along the right bank of the Jumna, which, passing through a waste of land flat, but broken, here takes a sharp bend to the east. Across its shimmering waters and sandy bed may be seen the pearly dome and the minarets of the Taj Mahal rising out of their setting of gardens and trees, which descend to the water's edge."

Plate 17

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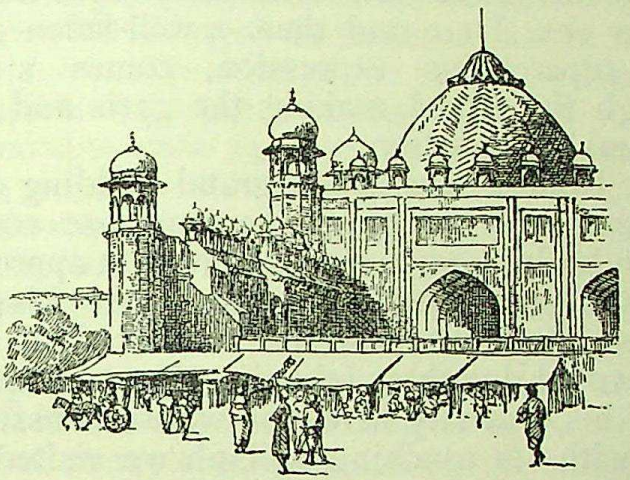
of the cloisters hard by—when my work was done—I got a sketch, across the Fort and down the river to the Taj with its fair white domes and minarets reflected in the water.

After breakfast on February 13, I walked to the Great Mosque, the Jumma Musjid, close to



THE JUMMA MUSJID

the Fort. The road there is rather a typical one. There is much dust—in fact, a general tone of dust pervades everything; the scanty grass by the roadside, which has not already been browsed down by half-starved donkeys and cattle, is brown and dead; but there is not much of it. The road is lined with low one-storeyed buildings—shops, for the most part, open to the street, supported by low carved pillars and sheltered by awnings of straw. Swarthy people squat among their wares, smoking their hookahs (often without mouthpieces), and

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drawing the smoke straight from the bowl. The roadway itself is thronged with people—many of the women, carrying brass pitchers and other heavy loads upon their heads, are clad in bright colours, with rows of bangles round their wrists and ankles; the men, in less brilliant but more motley clothes, trouble themselves less with heavy loads than the gentler sex. Here and there a well-laden camel, with supercilious expression, comes striding through the crowd, making the garis and ekkas look small beside him.

The Jumma Musjid is a grand building of red sandstone and marble in herring-bone courses; though built by Shah Jehan in 1644, it approaches more nearly to the earlier vigorous style of his predecessors. He built it in the name of his noble and devoted daughter Jehanira, who subsequently shared his captivity here, and whose unassuming tomb with its touching epitaph we visited near Delhi. This mosque has lost its great gateway, which was pulled down by the English, as they thought it threatened the Fort, and might be made use of to strengthen an enemy's position.

Whilst sitting in the hotel verandah, watching the constant stream of comers and goers, European and native, we recognised, in the depths of the bird-cage canopy of a native ekka, the well-known face of the venerable Father Benson of Cowley. I say we recognised his face, but his face was the last part of his person to meet our gaze; it was his *feet* that first caught our eye down the road, projecting beyond the side of the native conveyance. An ekka

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is a very inconvenient vehicle for Europeans, and one in which they are seldom seen. Its floor consists of a tightly stretched canvas, on a square frame—a most suitable resting-place for the flexible body of a squatting native—but to a European, who cannot double himself up like the Hindu, it presents this problem, difficult of solution—what is he to do with his legs? In front they are in the way of the driver; the build of the ekka often makes it impossible to project them behind; and so he is compelled to stick them out at the side, over the wheel, contact with which he has constantly to be careful to avoid. The good old gentleman's posture was distinctly quaint, and unlike that usually affected by people of his wise and reverend character; I could not resist making a sketch, of the manner of his appearance on the scene, which I slipped into a letter to a friend at home, and next heard of, to my consternation, on the walls of the common-room at Cowley! Father Benson was then making a visitation tour of the Mission-stations of his society in various parts of the world; and he left for Lucknow that afternoon.

We dined with the Pretymans and spent a very pleasant evening. The heat here seems to be extremely trying in the summer; the thermometer frequently stands as high as 115° all night, and this is one of the stations where to make sleep possible, the *bheestie* is sometimes requisitioned several times in the night to pour water over the beds, a most effective method of inducing rheumatism.

After church on Sunday morning at St. George's,

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where the General read the lessons, in uniform, we drove six miles to see Akbar's magnificent tomb at Sikandra. It stands in the centre of a large walled garden, with a gateway in the middle of each of the four walls. The one by which we entered is a splendid building of red sandstone, inlaid with marble, and surmounted by four white marble minarets, the tops of which have been destroyed.

The tomb is most original, and not like any other tomb in India. It is a four-storeyed pyramidal building of red sandstone, rising in a step fashion to the uppermost tier of white marble. This consists of a beautiful courtyard, surrounded by a cloister of nine bays on each side, and furnished with windows of open lattice-work of exquisite designs. In the centre, floating as it were between earth and sky, is the cenotaph, and close beside it a pedestal, which once held the Koh-i-nor. The dome, which a traveller of the sixteenth century tells us was designed to cover the central space, was never added. The building bristles with small kiosques and pavilions of white marble and red sandstone: and the vestibule of the tomb is richly decorated with frescoes.

Here we had our picnic lunch, and, whilst admiring the view from the top, we heard the sound of church bells, and turning saw buried amongst the trees the little church of the C.M.S. Orphanage. We descended and went to it. It contained a large congregation of natives, consisting chiefly of the orphans; boys in European dress on

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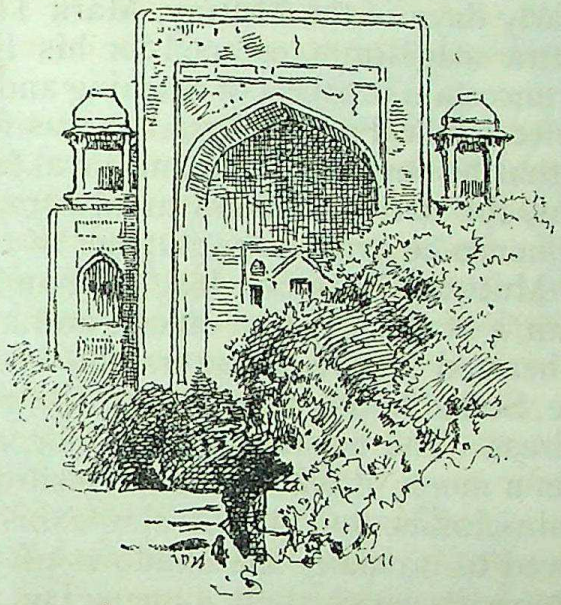
one side, and girls in a mongrel costume on the other. The service was of course in the vernacular; and as we entered we found them reading the evening Psalms. When the lessons were read



SIKANDRA

they squatted on mats on the floor. They were all attentive, but we were struck by a certain lack of reverence. No one seemed to kneel during prayers, but sat or squatted very much at their ease.

In 1660 there was a really large population of Christians at Delhi. Akbar protected the Jesuit Mission, and they built a church; but Shah Jehan

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pulled the spire down, because the continual ringing of bells annoyed him. Except in the cemetery this early community left no trace.

We drove back by the Muttra Road—the Appian Way of Agra—it is lined the whole way with tombs. Along this avenue, on a wet, dark night in the early days of the Mutiny, Mark Thornhill, the Muttra magistrate, escaped for his life, with the very uncertain prospect of reaching and gaining admittance to the Fort at Agra. It was fortunate for him that he possessed true and loyal friends in the Seths, the native bankers at Muttra, and by their influence he evaded the clutches of the mutineers at Muttra. With one Englishman and Dilwar Khan, a staunch native officer, and a handful of half-hearted native followers, he rode away from the Seths' house at nightfall, disguised in native dress. The night was dark, for, although there was a moon, it was constantly shrouded by heavy rain-clouds, and the fitful gleams of light only served to intensify the shadows of the dark avenue beneath which their journey lay.

After proceeding some distance they became conscious of a mysterious sound which seemed to proceed from the side avenue on their right, and which resembled the dull clanking of a chain. The darkness was so great they could distinguish nothing, not even the trees; the sound shortly ceased, and they proceeded with caution on their way. Soon afterwards they encountered two men, mounted on a camel, who turned out to be the Seths' messengers, returning to Muttra with the

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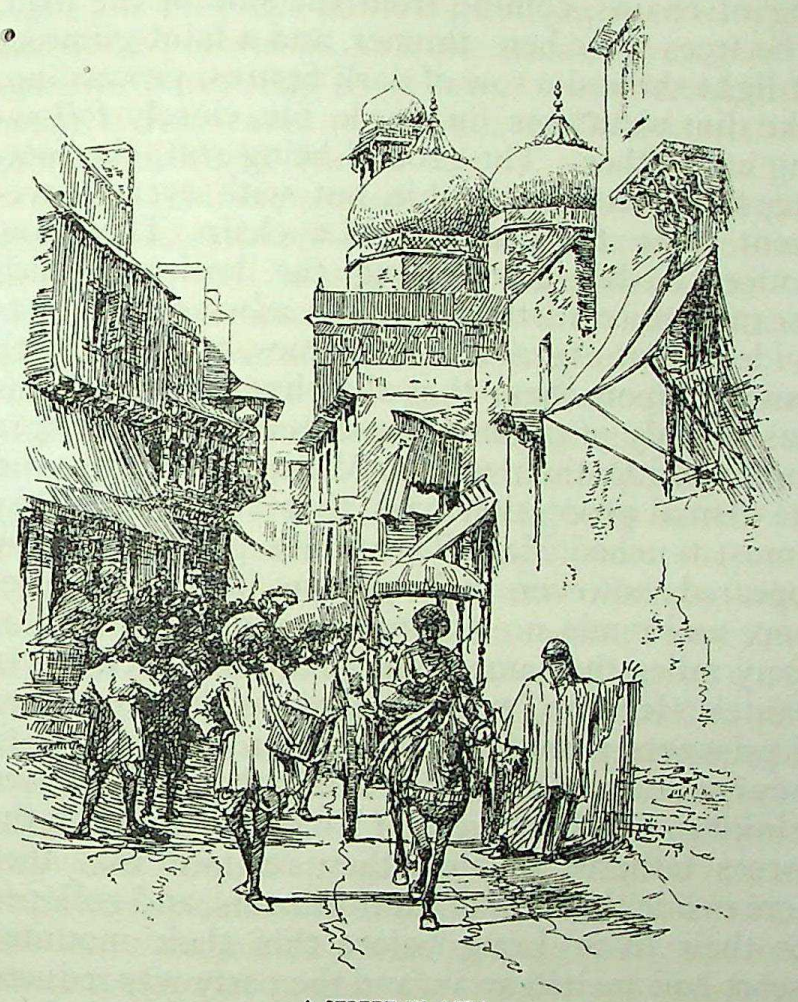
news of a battle outside Agra; they reported that afterwards the English had fallen back on Agra



A STREET IN AGRA

Fort before the mutineers, who had established themselves in the town and cantonments. A short interval passed, and the mysterious sound they

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had already heard caught their ear again; this time there was no mistaking a clear low clanking of chains, coming from the side of the road. The trees were here thinner, and a faint glimmer of light showed a row of dark figures, proceeding, like dim phantoms, in single file, closely following each other. The ground being soft, the footsteps were not discernible, but with every movement came the clanking of a chain. They now noticed a dull glare along the horizon, which became more distinct as they advanced. It was evident that Agra was in flames, and the truth dawned upon them that this line of dim forms was a body of prisoners, escaped from the Agra gaol, making their way to Muttra. So close did the dismal procession pass, that at one time they almost touched Mark Thornhill's party; but they appeared, however, to be unconscious of his presence and made no attempt to molest him. For many miles the same scene, like some incident in Dante's "Inferno," recurred continually; the groups of prisoners passed at ever closer intervals, until they came across a wayside hut with a body of men drinking. Catching sight of English saddles on the horses tethered outside, they realised that they were inside the lines of the mutineers, and galloped for their lives. Long before this their mounted escort had melted away, and the party was reduced to three men and a boy. As they rode along a side avenue, they passed a body of mounted troopers, one of whom confronted them and bade them halt: putting their jaded horses once more

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to a gallop, Dilwar Khan shouted that they were bearing despatches from the Emperor of Delhi to Agra, and they dashed forward. They were not pursued, but pressed on, past the smouldering framework of the burning bungalows. By daybreak their eventful ride came to an end, and they were received into Agra Fort.

Along this same road we made our way to the Jumna, and crossed by a bridge of boats to the tomb of Itmad ud Daulah—the Prime Minister of Jehangir, and father of his ambitious and masterful wife Noor Jehan, or Normall as Roe calls her.

It is a charming building—there is nothing grand about it—but it is in every part pretty; surrounded by a good garden, and built upon the banks of the river, it must always be a delightful spot. The tomb of a great Pathan or Mogul personage was usually erected during his own lifetime, on a square terrace in an enclosed garden; it was used as a place for feasting and recreation in the cool of the evening, by himself and his friends, until the day when his body was laid in the crypt below the central chamber under the dome. Then it was handed over to the care of priests, who made what they could out of the garden, and its produce, and the alms of those who visited the tomb. Often, in the more magnificent tombs, the family and relations are buried under the smaller rooms which cluster round the central domed space.

The tomb of this great man is of this kind, it is built of yellow marble, and stands in the centre of a small square building of white marble, one storey

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high, whilst smaller chambers, round the central one, contain minor tombs. At each of the four angles is a round tower, about twice the height of the building, surmounted by a cupola, and in the centre, forming a small second storey, is a pavilion containing the cenotaph.

The whole of the building outside is covered with elaborate *Pietra Dura* work, of which it is the earliest example in India, and a great part of the interior is similarly decorated. The remainder is adorned with frescoes of flowers trees, &c., the windows filled with marvellously delicate marble lattice-work, and in the return of the doorways overhead is some remarkably fine low-relief sculpture.

We drove back through the native town, which abounds in "subjects." On our way we passed a marriage procession, the betrothed bridegroom, poor little fellow—about four years of age—was fast asleep, being held on his saddle by a man who rode behind him on the same horse—fast asleep in spite of the deafening sound of tomtoms and pipes. The day's work had been too much of a good thing for him at any rate.

The old town is an amusing place. "Of course he has got into the old town," my friends will say; so I have, but these Eastern towns are out and out more interesting, and far less dirty than those of Europe. I think that even the most inartistic person would be fascinated by them. Imagine a tortuous street of irregular flat-topped houses, with the domes and minarets of a mosque towering above

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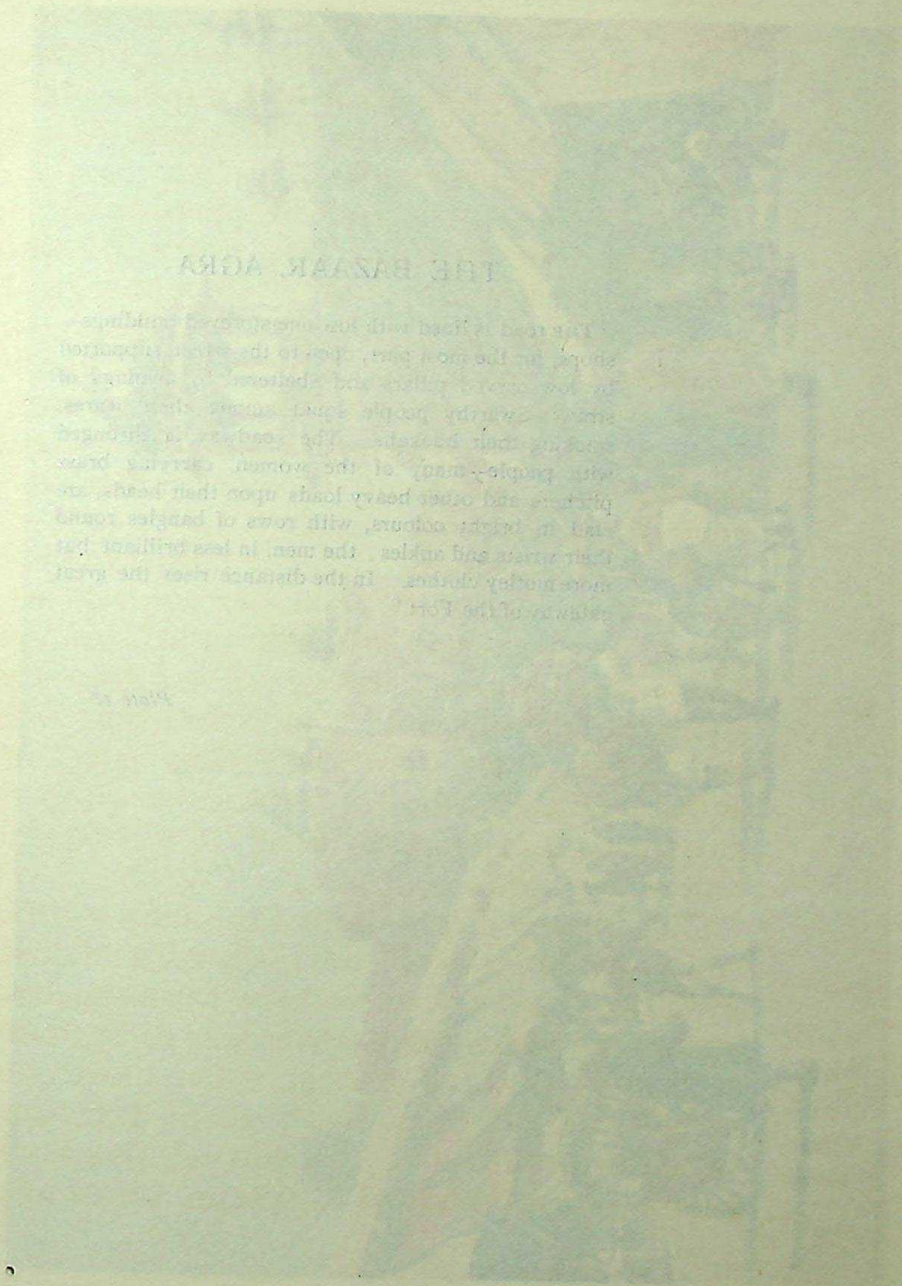

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THE BAZAAR, AGRA

"THE road is lined with low one-storeyed buildings—shops, for the most part, open to the street, supported by low carved pillars and sheltered by awnings of straw. Swarthy people squat among their wares, smoking their hookahs. The roadway is thronged with people—many of the women, carrying brass pitchers and other heavy loads upon their heads, are clad in bright colours, with rows of bangles round their wrists and ankles; the men, in less brilliant but more motley clothes. In the distance rises the great gateway of the Fort."

Plate 18

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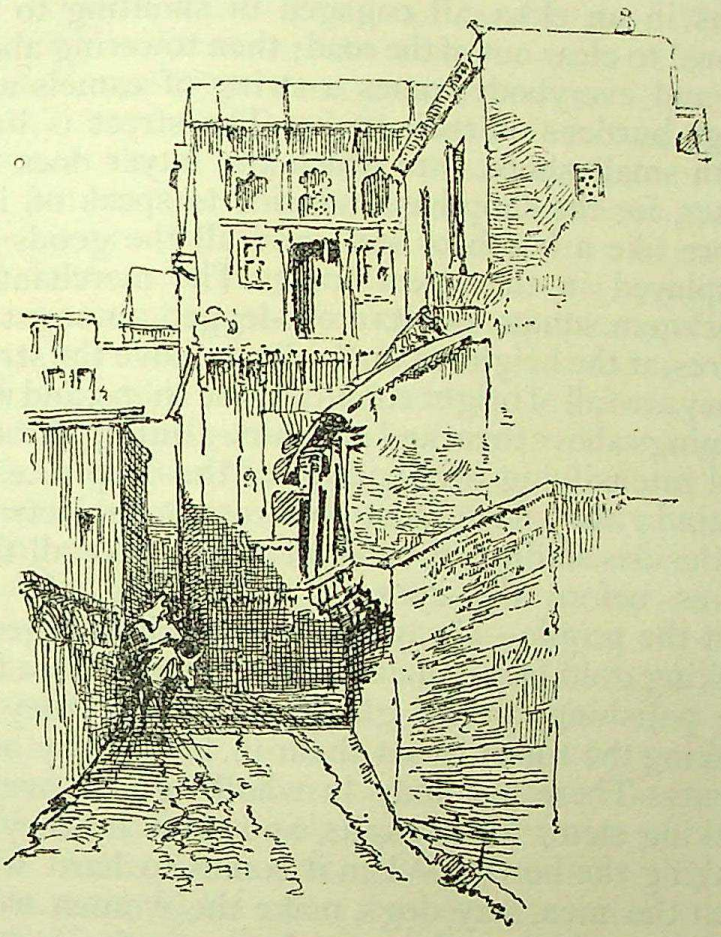
them. The street is thronged with people, all in the brightest coloured or white garments, and no two



A STREET IN AGRA

of them dressed alike. A large proportion of the women, and the white-clothed men, are carrying huge weights upon their heads, the biggest of which

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is a basket containing ten spherical earthenware pots, each one 18 in. in diameter. Amongst them come bustling along parties of three or four persons in an ekka, all engaged in shouting to the crowd to clear out of the road; then towering above all and everybody comes a string of camels with huge burdens on their backs. The street is lined with small shops, into which the buyer does not enter, for the shop has no inside to speak of, it is more like a booth or stall, and all the goods are displayed in the street front. The merchant or workman squats, or sits cross-legged amongst his wares, at the height of one's elbow above the street. They are full of bright colours, these shops, and with awnings above them and sunshine glinting through and intensifying the shadows of the deep recesses behind; they form most picturesque subjects.

Besides selling *en evidence*, they make all their wares before the eyes of the public. In one part the people—always men—are all engaged in making gold lace—in another, slippers. Here they are polishing bits of glass; next door they are making the tinsel to set them in, for tawdry ornaments. There a colony is wholly given over to making stems for hookahs, and close by they are making the bowls. When it comes to hard work, then the men, lazy dogs, make the women work; as I passed along I counted twenty-five women grinding corn in their hand-mills, all together in one place, whilst the easy work of winnowing, &c., was being done by the men. Poor women, they are terrible drudges in this country!

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I spent a good part of the next days sketching. After breakfast one day, with a boy to carry my sketching-bag, I sallied forth to explore a part of the old town which I had not seen before. There was little of interest—the houses mostly of mud, but here and there some good doorways. The boy wanted to prevent my going, and when I came to a stream about 10 ft. wide, I knew the reason why. The natives, like himself, having of course no shoes or stockings to think of, had no difficulty in crossing. It was different with me, and they were inclined to laugh; but I took off my hat and put down my umbrella, and having screwed up my stiff old limbs and set my teeth, I ran at it and cleared it, much more easily than I had expected, unused as I am to such gymnastics. I sketched a beautiful doorway with a father and two sons sitting in it. I had an intelligent audience, and amongst them a young man who told me he had left his Arabic lesson to watch me. He said the old man in the doorway had been the Kazi of Agra, that he had once been very rich, but now he was poor. I asked, "Why?" and was met with the comprehensive reply, "Because he drink rum." They were all Mohammedans, but apparently it was not only in the matter of rum the precepts of their religion sat on them lightly, for they did not mind being sketched as the Arabs do. I once tried to sketch some Arabs in Algiers: they constantly evaded me, and at last an old Moor—with whom we were on the friendly terms produced by constant bargaining for embroidered "rags"—spoke to me on the

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matter like a father, for my good. "It is not," he said, "that any harm will ensue to those whose picture you make; it is you yourself will suffer inconvenience in the next world. Allah will say to you: 'Following your own will and pleasure, you have made those figures. I now command you: give them souls.' And where, my friend, will you be then?"

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THE JUMMA MUSJID, AGRA

"A GRAND building of red sandstone and marble; though built by Shah Jehan in 1644, it approaches more nearly to the earlier vigorous style of his predecessors."

Plate 19

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CHAPTER IX

FATEHPUR SIKRI, THE WINDSOR OF THE GREAT MOGUL

THE name of Akbar's Royal city is not very familiar to English ears, although distinctly better known now than it was twenty or even ten years ago.

The history of Fatehpur Sikri is short, for the good reason that the great potentate and warrior had not long settled in the city, which his genius created, when the impure water and the unhealthiness of the neighbourhood compelled him to leave his palaces and to remove his Court.

But there, almost intact, it has remained for three centuries—a dead monumental city, no longer instinct with the life and splendour of an Emperor's Court, but given over to the bats and the wild beasts and to the tender mercies of a few poor country folk.

The climate of an Indian winter in the plains is delightful and exhilarating. Cool nights and cloudless days, with hot sun at noon, follow one another in regular succession, and it was in such weather as this that we found ourselves on our way from Agra to Fatehpur Sikri, twenty miles distant across the plain. The road by which we

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quitted Agra was thronged with a motley coloured crowd, which gradually grew thinner as we emerged from the town and entered a long straight avenue, which, passing between fairly green fields and through scattered mud villages, extends all the way to Fatehpur Sikri. The drive is a pleasant one, with plenty of life, human and otherwise, along a road, the distances on which are marked by milestones fifteen feet in height, erected by the Great Mogul.

We pass here and there a camel-caravan resting by the roadside, with huge packs of cotton waiting to be loaded up, bright-painted *ekkas* crowded with country folk, bullock-waggons with picturesque parties of women and children chanting strange wild songs, and oxen in pairs drawing water from many wells to irrigate the neighbouring fields.

In the less populous parts of our route we become quite intimate with the many kinds of birds which abound in this country, from the kite and the white vulture to the wagtail. Doves fly about us or run across the road before the horses' feet like ducks in a country lane. Countless green parrots, with bright red beaks—always in a hurry—fly swiftly past us, or chase one another screaming among the branches of the tamarind trees, which form a leafy arch above our heads. Here we put up a partridge and there a jungle crow, or start a blue jay, whose wings glisten in the sunlight as he flies away to a little distance and perches on a Persian wheel to see us pass. Then there are hoopoes and hooded crows, minah

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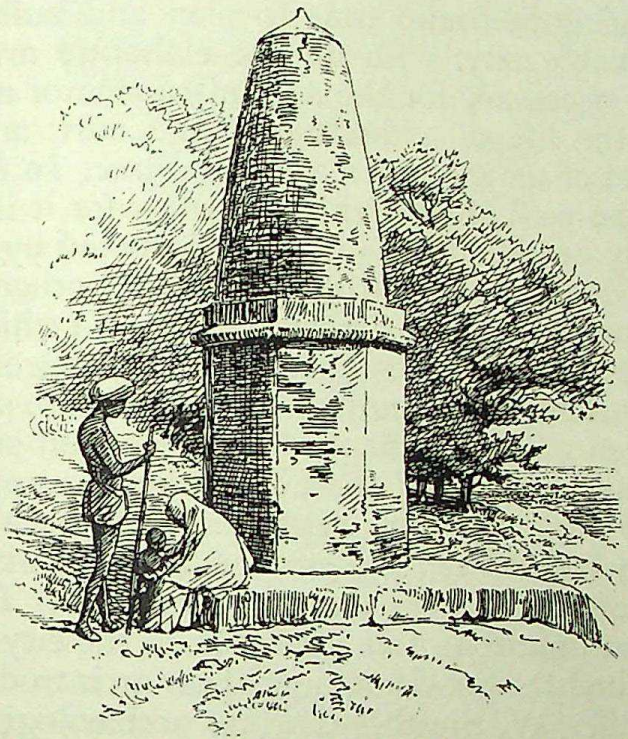
birds, and others too numerous to name. As for the tiny palm squirrels, they are as plentiful as flies, and so tame that they seem to think it hardly necessary to get out of our way.



ONE OF AKBAR'S MILESTONES

Fatehpur Sikri is built on a low ridge commanding extensive views over the surrounding plain. We climb the jungle-covered ascent, drive past tenantless palaces and through empty squares, and draw up before the Record Office, now converted into the dak bungalow, or rest-house, for travellers. Here we are received by the salaaming attendant

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in charge of the house, and enter to take up our quarters.

During the greater part of the time between the year 1569 and 1605 the Emperor Akbar was making conquests in India far and wide, but in the intervals of fighting he found time to plan and build this remarkable city, with all the elaborate arrangements necessary for the administration of a great state, the life of a distinguished Court, and the support of an extensive armed retinue. In former days the west side of this red city—for it is built entirely of red sandstone—was bounded by a vast lake, which has now disappeared. Its other sides were surrounded by embattled walls, of which the greater part still remains, enclosing an area of some two or three square miles. These walls are pierced by seven gateways, flanked by grim semi-circular bastions, and one of these gateways is supported by two gigantic stone elephants, now much mutilated, which raised and united their trunks over the archway, giving the name of Hathi Pol, or Elephant Gate, to this approach to the city.

We had the good fortune to bear an introduction to Mr. E. W. Smith,* who, as archæologist and architect, was then at work for the Government, measuring, mapping, and drawing the city and its palaces. He has since, under the auspices of the India Office, brought out a most important book on the subject in four volumes. I cannot do better than quote some of his introductory words about the chief buildings:

* Mr. Smith, I regret to learn, has since died.

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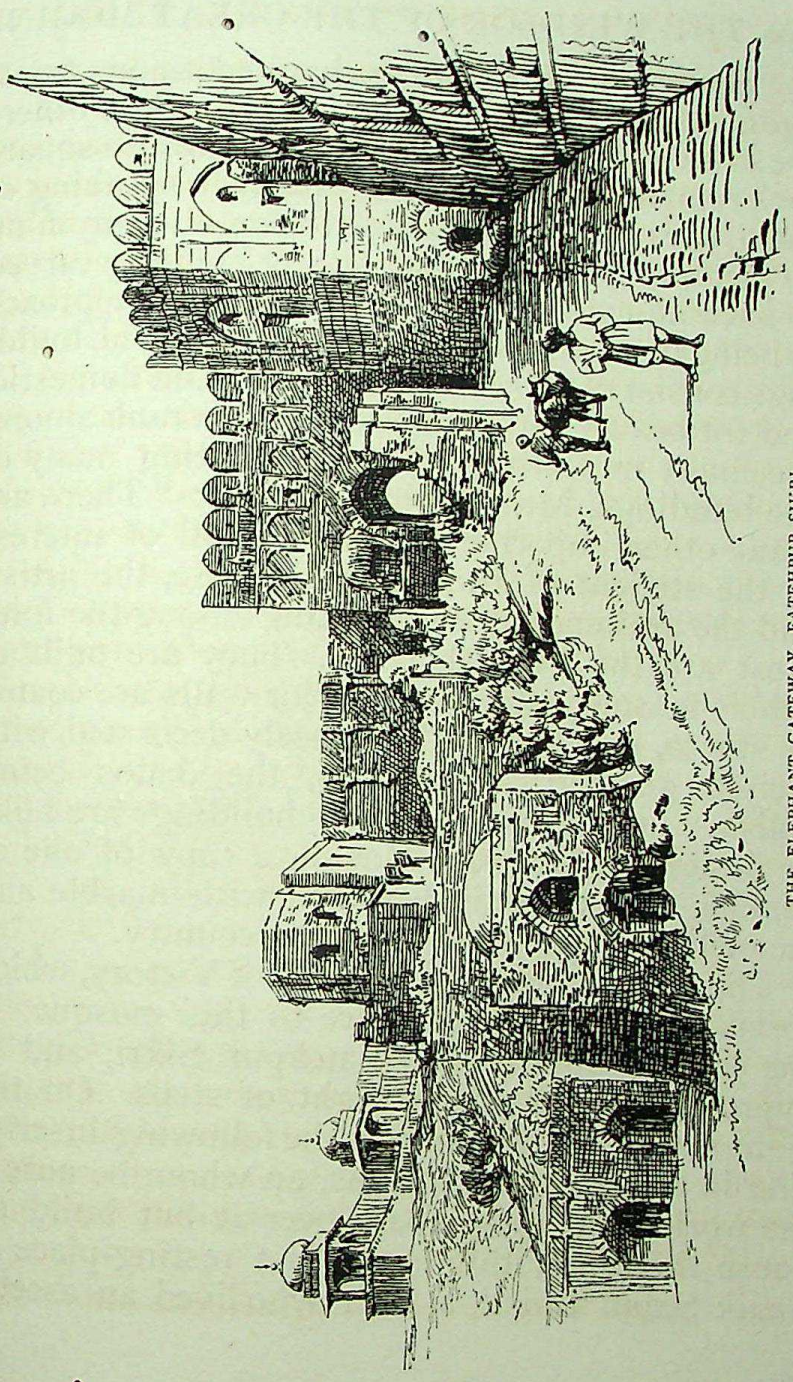

THE ELEPHANT GATEWAY, FATEHPUR SIKRI

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"Several of the buildings have enormous frontages, extending to 350ft. and 400ft., while others are so heavily laden with detail that hardly a square inch remains uncarved. Fergusson, in speaking of them, says: 'It is impossible to conceive anything so picturesque in outline, or any building carved to such an extent, without the smallest approach to being overdone or in bad taste.' . . . The buildings consist of two classes, religious and domestic, and for beauty and richness of design rank among the finest in India." After enumerating many of the buildings, Mr. Smith continues: "There are many other important structures full of interest to the student of Indian architecture, the artist, and the antiquarian, and ranking among the foremost are the Turkish baths. They are built of rubble masonry, and the interior walls are coated in stucco, panelled, and profusely decorated with incised geometrical patterns, the dados being polished and painted. No two buildings are alike in design. The great Masjid, a copy of one at Makhâ, and extensively inlaid with marble and enamel, is second to none in the country."

The Buland Darwaza, or Gate of Victory, which forms the southern entrance to this mosque, is the loftiest building in Fatehpur Sikri, and is approached by a stately flight of steps. On the right side of the entrance is the following inscription in Arabic, "Said Jesus, on whom be peace! the world is a bridge, pass over it but build no house there." Within is the last resting-place of Shaik Salim Chisti, a fakir who lived an ascetic

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THE MOSQUE AND GATE OF VICTORY, FATEHPUR SIKRI

"The Buland Darwaza, or Gate of Victory, which forms the southern entrance to Akbar's mosque, is the loftiest building in Fatehpur Sikri, and is approached by a stately flight of steps, At the entrance is the following inscription in Arabic, 'Said Jesus, on whom be peace! the world is a bridge, pass over it but build no house there.'"

Plate 20

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life in a cave hard by and exercised an extraordinary influence over Akbar. This little tomb, beautifully designed and intricately sculptured, is one of the most perfect specimens of Mogul architecture, and lies like a jewel of white marble in its red sandstone surroundings—it is, indeed, the only building in the whole city which is not of the coarser material. There are several other noteworthy tombs in the courtyard of the mosque, and just inside is that of Salim Chisti's infant son, a diminutive but nevertheless much-venerated shrine, where a light is always kept burning.

As we left the sacred spot the sun was on the horizon, and from a high minaret we heard the summons of the faithful to prayer, a call to which there were but few to respond. One of the most remarkable buildings in the city is the Diwan-i-Khas, or private hall of audience; it consists of a single square chamber with an entrance in the middle of each of its four sides. From the centre of the floor a large octagonal pillar rises to the height of the sills of the upper windows, where it is surmounted by a huge circular capital. This capital carries no weight, but is connected with the four corners of the building by four stone causeways, or galleries, radiating from it, and approached from the ground on the north-west and south-east corners by narrow staircases in the thickness of the wall. The definite purpose of this arrangement is not absolutely known, but tradition asserts that Akbar's throne occupied the centre of the platform upon the capital of the pillar, and that a corner

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of the building was assigned to each of his four Ministers, who approached him along these causeways.

Another very striking building is the Panch Mahal, which rises in an irregular pyramidal form to a very considerable height, in five tiers, each storey being smaller than the one below it. The lower tier supports the one above with eighty-four columns, while the uppermost consists merely of a kiosque supported on four slender shafts. The purpose of this building is also somewhat obscure, but it is supposed to have been a pleasure resort for the ladies of the palace, where they could enjoy the air without being seen, for the building, though open to the winds on all sides, has carved stone screens on each storey; these are sufficient to protect the inmates from the rude gaze of passers-by, while at the same time allowing them to watch what was going forward in the world around. One of the peculiarities of this Panch Mahal is that hardly any two of the many pillars in its construction are of the same design or ornamented alike. Close by is Akbar's own private sleeping apartment, called the Kwabgah, or "House of Dreams," a small, but elaborately frescoed building, with convenient access to all other parts of the palace.

To describe the other important buildings in the city would be wearisome, even if space permitted it. I can merely attempt to refer to a few of them.

One of Akbar's most trusted dependents was

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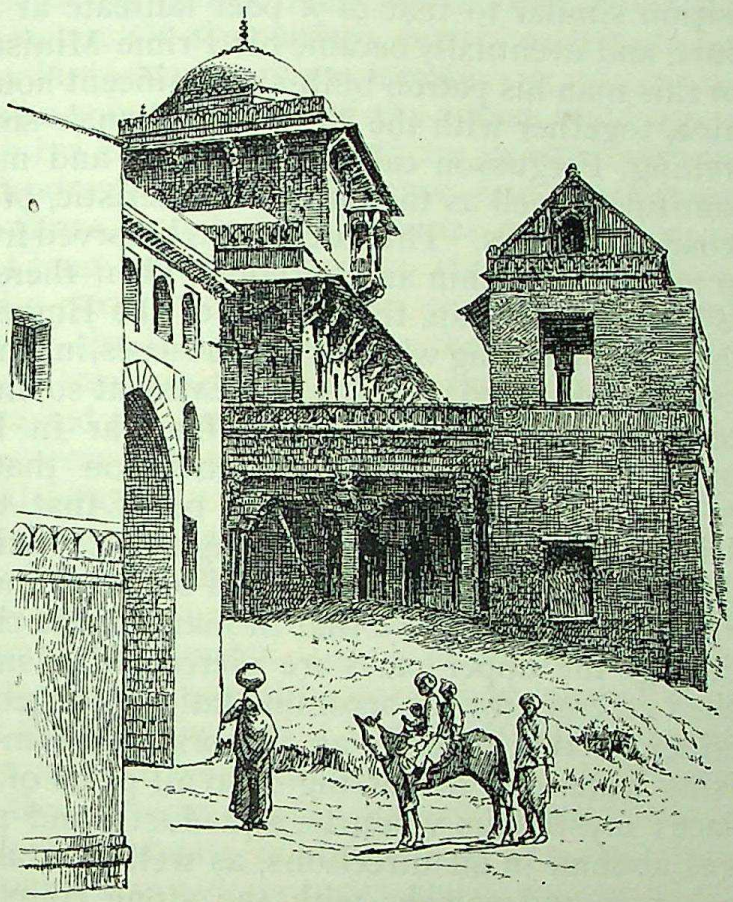

THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE

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Bir Bal, originally a Hindu minstrel, who ingratiated himself with the great Mogul, occupied a position similar to that of a poet laureate at his Court, and eventually became his Prime Minister. For this man his patron built a magnificent house, which, together with the Turkish Sultana's small dwelling, Fergusson calls "the richest and most beautiful, as well as the most characteristic, of all Akbar's buildings." They are minutely carved from top to bottom within and without. Then there is the house of Miriam, the mother of the Emperor Jehangir, a building with curious frescoes, in which an angel is depicted in style and treatment so much like those with which we are familiar in Fra Angelico's pictures of the Annunciation that it has given rise to the erroneous belief that this Miriam, wife of Akbar, was a Portuguese Christian.

Mohammedans are usually fond of birds, and it is interesting to observe that in many of the chief buildings the upper parts are pierced with small arched recesses for the accommodation of pigeons. Besides all this there is an elaborate system for raising water and dispersing it to all parts of the palace; mysterious viaducts, aqueducts, and passages abound in all directions, as well as stables for horses and camels, with the stone rings by which the animals were fastened still attached to their mangers.

In one of the stately courts of the palace the pavement is marked out somewhat in the fashion of a gigantic chess-board; this is the Pachisi Court, where the Emperor used to play the game which

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gives the court its name. The game presents much resemblance to chess, and, in this case, was played with living pieces, men and women dressed in character. Of the gardens, which must have been very large, scanty traces remain.

The sub-structures of the palace buildings are massive and extensive, and are infested with bats and porcupines, while panthers find covert among the dense, scrubby jungle which surrounds the city. Not long before our arrival Mr. Smith's children had a narrow escape from a panther which sprang out of the bushes close to them. Fortunately it was a stray goat, and not the children, which had attracted the brute, and with the aid of the dogs they were able to make good their escape.

Although to the ordinary observer Fatehpur Sikri appears fairly intact, a close inspection will show that much of the fabric is tottering to a fall, and, indeed, some of the buildings have actually crumbled into ruins. This is unfortunately the case with many of the architectural monuments throughout the Empire, and it is distressing to see buildings notable for their historic interest, as well as for their artistic beauty, vanishing before our eyes. The monuments of India have, in fact, passed through many vicissitudes, and have suffered much from diverse causes, from the fanatical religionist, the ruthless conqueror, from the well-intentioned but ignorant restorer, and from the less ignorant but too practical engineer; from the natives, who use them as quarries for their own mean buildings; from the jungle growth, which in the

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course of a few years may, by insinuating roots and tendrils, upheave massive masonry and tear down well-built walls; from the monsoon rains; and last, but not least, from the archæological thief, who has been permitted to carry off with impunity countless treasures to enrich his own or his nation's collection.

Buddhist temples were destroyed by Hindus, and Hindu buildings received the roughest handling at the hand of the Mohammedan. In our own time, treasures of art have disappeared on the excuse of modern improvement, or, perhaps, to make room for a railway station; temples and palaces have been converted to utilitarian purposes, and amongst other acts of widespread vandalism was the smashing up of numberless Pathan tombs, including the priceless encaustic tiles with which they were adorned, to form ballast for 200 miles of railway line.

Collectors have been permitted to pilfer and carry away sculpture and other works of art. Notorious instances in point are the abduction of Shah Jehan's bath at Agra, and of the celebrated Orpheus panel from the Delhi Palace, and within recent years there have appeared in celebrated European museums a series of Indian frescoes and a most valuable frieze of encaustic tiles stolen from buildings in the peninsula. For these dishonourable but enterprising acts the perpetrators have been decorated by their sovereign. In the meanwhile, many praiseworthy attempts have been made by individual Englishmen to arouse public feeling and to stimu-

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late an interest in the historical monuments of India. Few have done more to this end than James Fergusson, whose history of Indian architecture—the chief authority on the subject—has earned for him the gratitude of all lovers of history and art. To General Cunningham is due the preservation and protection of many buildings of interest, and by him, under Lord Canning, was inaugurated the first archæological survey of Northern India. Dr. James Burgess, his able successor, has spent a long and useful life in prosecuting the study of architecture in India as an art or record of history, and his monumental works on the Buddhist period have done much to stimulate interest in and encourage the study of the subject.

In 1891 a memorial was addressed to the Secretary of State for India, signed by representatives of all the leading artistic and antiquarian societies in England, and by a large number of influential and artistic persons, praying him to take steps for the systematic record and preservation of all buildings of interest in the country—for up till that time the measures taken were at the best intermittent and partial—and in 1898 Lord Elgin once more took up the reorganisation of the Department of Archæology. Thanks to Lord Curzon, this department has now been set upon a sound basis; a trained archæologist has been appointed to supervise the operations, to initiate plans of repair or restoration, and to prepare a record of existing monuments; and it is to be hoped that these relics of a bygone civilisation—forming as they do one of the chief

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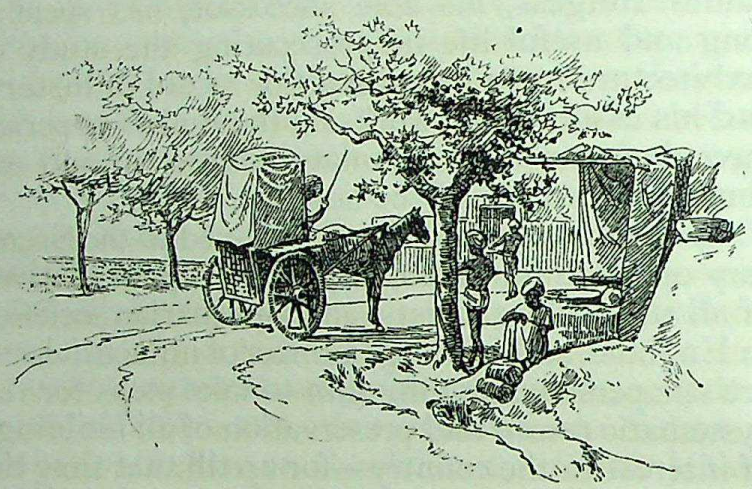
glories of the land—will be preserved for the joy of many generations to come.

This being the case, the country is to be congratulated; it was high time that England should awake to the responsibilities of her trust in respect to the monuments of which the nation should be proud, and which as yet it has taken no adequate steps to preserve.



ON THE ROAD TO FATEHPUR

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CHAPTER X

GWALIOR: SINDHIA'S CAPITAL

We had heard so much about Gwalior Fort, the centre of a rich native State, that we determined to make a *détour* from Agra to see it for ourselves; and when one day, early in February, we arrived in the moonlight, we found it was indeed a wonderful place.

A huge rock of sandstone, capped with basalt, one-and-a-half miles long, rises sternly and majestically, like a wall, out of the plain, and is crowned with a fantastic line of palaces and temples.

The authentic history of the Fort goes back to the second century A.D., when it was in the possession of Toramana, who ruled over the country between the Jumna and the Nerbudda; but tradition places the founding of the city many centuries before Christ. No doubt, the rock-dwelling anchorites and yogis who have always abounded in Hindu lands as they do in Tibet now, had their dwellings in the caves here from the very earliest days, before Elijah fled to the wilderness to serve God in solitude or Jacob reared his *lath* at Bethel.

The Kachawa dynasty of eighty-four Rajput princes held the fortress till 967, and a second

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line of nine Hindu princes then reigned here for 200 years, until Kutub-ud-din, of Delhi fame, wrested it from them for his Mohammedan masters, and for another 200 years the Kings of Delhi used Gwalior as a state prison. So also did the Mogul Emperors, confining here possible aspirants to the throne, whom they compelled to drink an infusion of opium, which acted as a slow poison. In the early middle ages, another Hindu dynasty, the Touar Rajputs, were again in possession of Gwalior, and they are the princes who have left the deepest mark on the rock-fortress in the beautiful palaces of Man Sing, and the very remarkable series of Jain rock-carvings, on the west and south-east faces of the cliffs. At the time of Henry the Eighth the Moguls came back, and, on the dismemberment of their empire, Gwalior was seized first by the Jat Rana of Gohad and then by the great Mahratta chiefs of the house of Sindhia, who are descended from an official of the Peshwa's court at Poona. With the exception of several intervals during which it was in our hands, they have been in possession of it ever since.

During the Mutiny, although Sindhia and his minister, Sir Dinkar Rao, remained loyal with 10,000 men, a contingent mutinied, and defeated Sindhia's troops near Morar. He took refuge in Agra, and it was left to Sir Hugh Rose and Lord Napier of Magdala to regain the fortress. This they did after five days' desperate fighting against that interesting Amazon, the Rani of Jhansi, who, in counsel and on the field was

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the soul of the mutineers, and perished in action, fighting gallantly in male attire at the head of her troops. The Maharaja Sindhia was then re-established in his fortress-palace, and granted an increase of territory and permission to enlarge his army.

A friend told me a curious story about this Sindhia, illustrating the peculiar love of the Hindu for hoarding money. When he regained his possessions there was a vast population in a half starving condition, in the State of Gwalior; and the British Government gave the Maharaja to understand that he must institute public works to give them employment. This he readily consented to do if the British Government advanced the funds with which to pay them. Accordingly £500,000 was sent him for the purpose. The public works were begun and carried through, the Maharaja meanwhile punctually paying interest on the loan. When he died, and the pits in the Fort where he kept his treasure were examined, there was the £500,000 still in the same original bags in which it had been sent up to him—never touched. He had incurred the cost of the works, with the interest, for the pleasure of knowing that he had half a million of English gold in his cellars.

The modern town or Lashkar,* where the Court lives, stands on the site of the Mahratta camp; but the railway station and the old city of Gwalior are on the north-east, between the foot of the rock and the river. Near this quarter, the present Maharaja, Sir Madho Rao Sindhia, has a rest house, or Musafir

* See note p. 215.

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Khana, in which the Resident at Gwalior kindly arranged that we should put up.

It was an interesting experience to find, on arriving, a huge elephant waiting in the moonlight outside the Station, amongst the ekkas and ticca gharries. He was kindly placed at our disposal by the Maharaja, and was a splendid fellow, about ten to twelve feet high in his stockings, and wearing silver bangles round his tusks. Ten minutes took us to the Musafir Khana, a large and new stone building; it was very comfortable, with good furniture and a cook of varied accomplishments, who played to us, after dinner, on a sitar, resembling a very large mandoline. He played with a piece of wire bent into a triangular shape, an endless, featureless tune, called The Snakecharmer's Song; after enduring it for nearly half an hour we fled to bed. It might have sounded well out of doors in the moonlight at a little distance, but at such close quarters it nearly drove us wild.

When I looked out of my window, a quarter of an hour before sunrise next morning, the great rock of Gwalior, rising from the plain like the hulk of a gigantic battle-ship, looked very fine, as it was just being touched by the rosy finger of dawn, its crowning walls, palaces, and the irregularities of its precipitous sides articulated by the rays of the rising sun. It was overspread with a deep red flush from the glowing Eastern sky, and though the base beneath was still in a gloomy obscurity of shadow, the broad features of the landscape, the bare ground, the trees, and the partly ruined tombs were distinctly

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GWALIOR FORT BEFORE SUNRISE

"THE great rock of Gwalior, rising from the plain like the hulk of a gigantic battle-ship, looked very fine when I saw it from my window, a quarter of an hour before sunrise; its crowning walls, palaces, and the irregularities of its precipitous sides were just being touched by the dawn. It was overspread with a deep red flush from the glowing Eastern sky, and though the base beneath was still in shadow, the broad features of the landscape, the bare ground, the trees and the partly ruined tombs were distinctly visible in the clear still air. In the foreground a square tomb with a Pathan dome gave distance to the background, and between me and it, occasional figures noiselessly passed."

Plate 21

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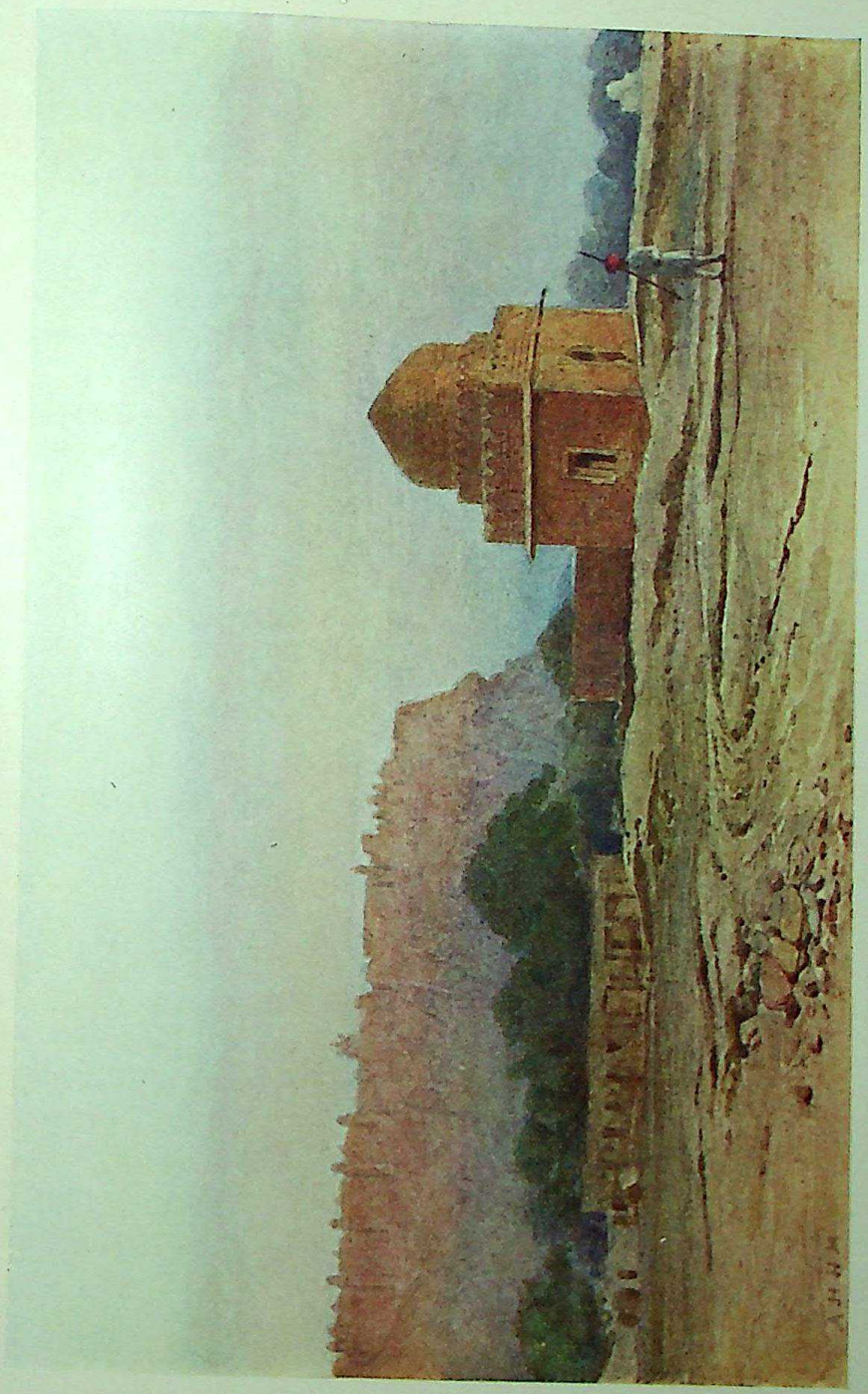

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visible in the clear still air. In the foreground was a square tomb with a Pathan dome, which gave distance to the background, and between me and it occasional figures noiselessly passed. I lost no time in getting out my sketch-book and attempting to make a record of the scene, which to me possessed an unusual charm, and filled me with an impatient desire to see more of this historic place, and to become more closely acquainted with the glittering and fantastic buildings which marked the sky-line.

At a quarter to nine we set off to explore the Fort and its palaces and temples, stopping on our way to see the splendid tomb of Muhamad Ghaus, a holy man, but wily, "saint and poisoner fed with bribes, deep versed in every trait'rous plan," who was the author of the stratagem by which Akbar got possession of Gwalior. This is one of the best specimens of early Mohammedan architecture of the time, and consists of a square building with a large Pathan dome and angle towers, standing on a square platform with a pavilion in the centre of each side. The centre of the building is occupied by the cenotaph: it is surrounded by a lofty verandah, enclosed with screens of the most delicate tracery, very much like those at Fatehpur Sikri, but, like the rest of the neglected building, terribly choked with white-wash.

The main road, which ascends from the old town at the north-east of the rock to the top of the Fort 300 feet above, is very steep. Arrangements had

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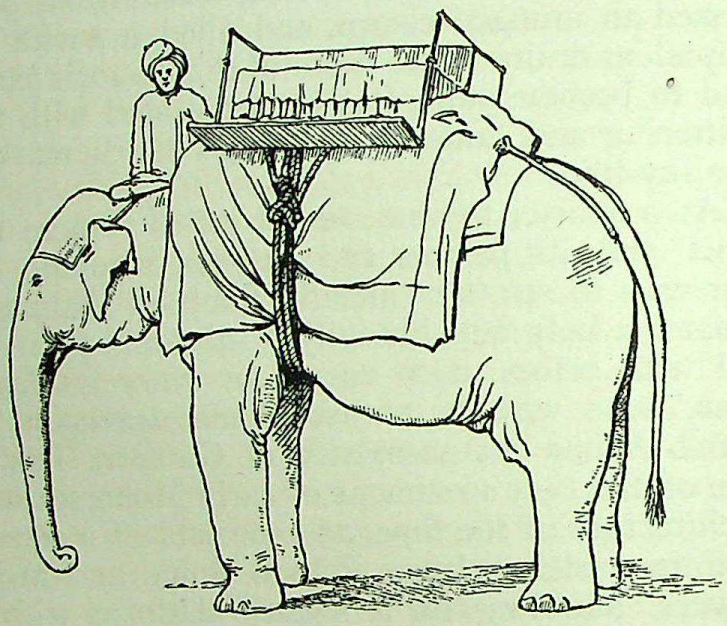
been made beforehand, and we found the Maharaja's elephant, brightly arrayed in a red and yellow howdah cloth, waiting outside the lowest gate, ready to take us up and convey us about the Fort. On our arrival the great beast knelt down, and up



ONE OF THE MAHARAJA'S ELEPHANTS

we got; then, after passing through the decaying old town with its crowded mass of small flat-roofed stone houses, he proceeded to shuffle up the hill with a kind of two forward and one back motion. Among trees on our right gleamed the blue tiles of the stately Gujari Palace which Man Sing built for his queen close under the rock. It is an immensely steep, hot climb up to the top of the

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rock on which stands the Fort and palaces ; but the elephant took us up leisurely, under the guidance of a good-looking Sikh of the Maharaja's troops, and a policeman and two mahouts ; and we had time to admire the little Jain and Buddhist carvings on the rock, and the view, constantly widening out across the plain, as we went along, under six grand gateways and past many small temples. There was one temple, about fourteen feet high, pinnacles and all, carved out of one stone most elaborately, about the year 800, in the days when our forefathers were more concerned with feeding their pigs on acorns than architecture. Further on, near the third or fourth gate, was a large tank with a Hindu temple.

Little paths led off up the face of the rock perpetually to groups of Jain statues, carvings of Mahadeo and Parbati, or Vishnu in the Boar incarnation ; but we could not, of course, do more than give them a glance, as our elephant carried us up the narrow road, and then under the walls of the five great palaces, of which the two lower storeys are carved in the rock that overhangs the road.

We were nearly at the top when we came under the splendid Man Sing Palace, which, like the others, faces outwards towards the plain (E.). On this side it is buttressed by six round towers, with many balconies and pilasters. They are crowned with copper-gilt domes and ornamented in bands—as is the whole building—with sculpture, and blue and yellow glazed tiles in bold

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conventional patterns, which have a very peculiar and original effect. It is palace and rampart in one, and as it overhangs the side of the cliff is certainly the most originally decorated house I ever saw. There is a broad ribbon of blue along the façade with a bright yellow row of Brahmā's geese upon it, and below is another dado of blue, about five or six feet high, with conventional vivid green mango trees growing in panels. Quite above, against the sky, the walls are pierced by latticed screens with great elephants set into them, picked out with blue. It was almost impossible to distinguish between the sky, showing through the pierced work, and the bits of blue pottery set into the stone elephant. Some of the other tiles represent candelabras, elephants, or peacocks in blue, rose colour, green and gold; and when the corner under the elephant gate is turned, the great windowless wall overhanging the narrow street is found to be almost completely hidden under this blaze of brilliant but delicate colour. Even the columns encircling the lower storeys had a blue ribbon of tile work twined round them.

This last gateway, the Hathiya Paur, had brought us to the summit of the cliff and the entrance to the Fort, where a soldier of the Maharaja's army in the old red tunic of a cast-off British uniform, a red turban and slippers, was on sentry duty. The elephant here went down on his knees, and we got off to see the interior of the palace and make a sketch.

It was usually the Mohammedan buildings in

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India which took my fancy for sketching purposes. The buildings of an earlier period, and the Hindu architecture especially, seemed too grotesque and clumsy, and in many cases too profuse in ornament, for the purpose; but the Rajput Man Sing Palace is an exceptional building, and, partly from its position growing out of the top of the rock and dominating the approach to the Fort, struck me as being well suited to artistic treatment. I made a sketch, not of the main façade looking down upon the plain, but of this shorter face which turns inwards at the angle where one of the many gateways spans the ascending road. Semi-circular bastions, crowned by cupolas, flank, at intervals, the palace walls, and along them run the horizontal bands of blue and yellow, and the sculptured arches. Through the gateway came a stately elephant, and beyond I could just get a glimpse of the plain far below.

Gwalior Palace is connected with many tragic stories. When the Moslems first stormed Gwalior the Rajputs, besieged without hope of relief, in the last effort of despair put all their womenkind to death, rather than allow them to fall into the enemy's hands, and then, drunk with blood and opium, the warriors, clad in saffron robes, rushed forth to inevitable destruction in a last desperate encounter. This wholesale annihilation was known as the solemn sacrifice, "Johar."

The palace of the Kings of Gwalior covers a great part of the east side of the plateau, and was the work of more than one of the different

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dynasties which ruled here. Each dynasty added to it, and the Moguls enlarged it considerably. The different storeys, with their rows of square pillars, overlook large paved courtyards of the eleventh century. The carving looks better in this nice yellow sandstone than in Akbar's red, and I fancy too this is rather higher taste, not so finicking, and with a better sense of proportion.

The first of these halls, we were told by our guide, had been a temple. Its walls are covered with a diaper pattern in low relief, and here and there small square holes open from it into a narrow passage which surrounds it on three sides. The side facing the court is open, broken by sculptured pillars, above which are elaborate corbels supporting stone eaves. The corbels over the second hall represent peacocks with their tails twisted upwards. Most of the rooms were low and with slabbed ceilings. Fergusson says of this palace that it is the most remarkable and interesting example of an early Hindu palace in India. We went into two other palaces—the Vikram Palace, where little remains besides a square hall massively built, with flat-groined roof, and the Karam Palace, which does not contain much of interest. The small rooms are lined with stucco, with vestiges of fresco decoration, as is also the Hammam beneath, where in the domes remain some delicate designs in plaster work.

Then we mounted our elephant again, and the big beast flopped leisurely along the ridge to the south. Unfortunately, when the British occupied

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THE MAN SING PALACE, GWALIOR

"An exceptional building, growing out of the top of the rock and dominating the approach to the Fort. Semicircular bastions crowned by cupolas flank, at intervals, the palace walls, and along them run horizontal bands of blue and yellow faience, and sculptured arches. It is palace and rampart in one, and is certainly the most originally decorated house I ever saw. There is a broad ribbon of blue along the façade, with a bright yellow row of Brahma's geese upon it, and below is another band of blue, about five or six feet high, with conventional vivid green mango trees, growing in panels. Through the gateway came a stately elephant, and beyond I could just get a glimpse of the plain far below."

Plate 22

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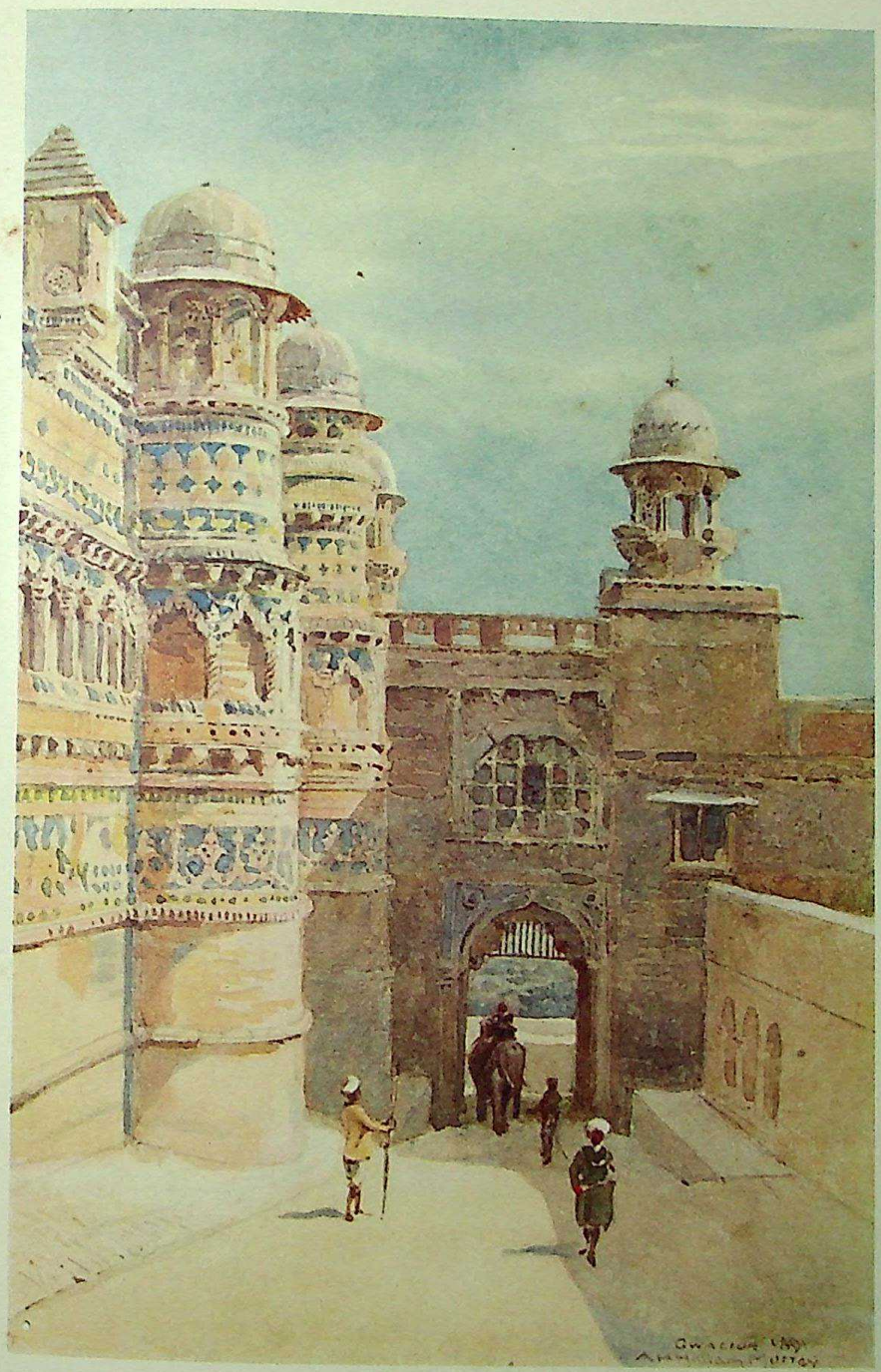

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the Fort after the Mutiny, we built a great block of barracks and "cleared away a lot of antiquarian rubbish to make a parade ground." M. Rousselet, the French traveller, who was here in 1864 and 1867, mentions temples and palaces which were being pulled down and blown up by us at his first visit, and had completely disappeared when he came again. Babar and the Mohammedans mutilated the sculptures from religious motives, but it was left to us to sweep completely away buildings of unique interest. Parts of the great and small Sas Bahu temples, however, remain; they are massive square buildings, of about 1090 A.D., with an entrance on each side, and are raised on platforms and profusely covered with ornament. They formed probably the porches to temple enclosures. Round the base of many of the pillars there are sculptured groups of elephants and other animals and dancing figures. It does not seem easy to determine whether these temples, probably of Jain origin, were originally dedicated to one of the Jain Tirthankers or to some Hindu god. Some of the bas-reliefs have subjects clearly connected with Vishnu or Shiva worship.

But one of the oldest and the strangest buildings is the Teli Ka Mandir, or Oilman's Temple; it is more massive than either of the others and very much more lofty, rising to a height of about eighty feet, where it culminates in a solid waggon roof. The doorway, which projects on the east side, was probably crowned at a slightly lower level by a similar roof. The whole building is covered with

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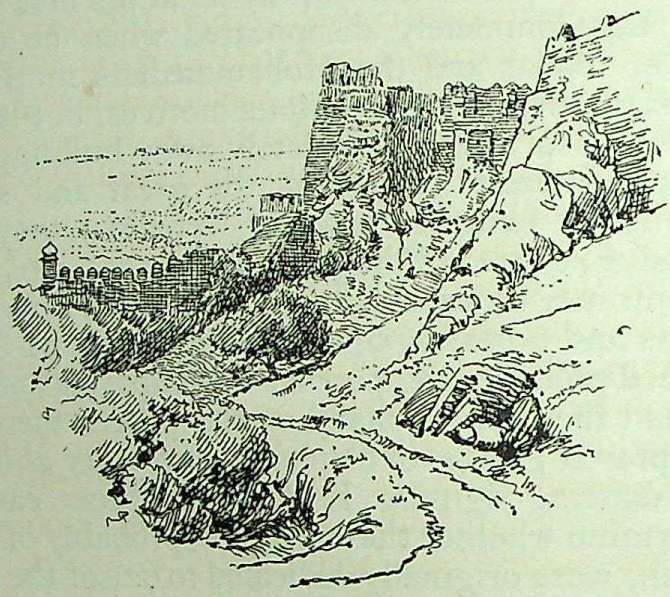
sculpture in deep relief. The interior consists of one comparatively small chamber, out of all proportion to the building. It dates from the tenth century, and is supposed to have been dedicated originally to Vishnu, but afterwards adapted to



THE URWAHI VALLEY

Shiva worship. There is a collection of fragments, made by Major Keith, set up round the base.

From the Teli Ka Mandir we made our way, by a road on the west side of the ridge, down into the rocky Urwahi valley, to see a marvellous series of Jain sculptures; gigantic figures cut out of the side of the rock, which is almost perpendicular. We felt as though suddenly transported to Egypt and amongst the Sphinxes. A deep and narrow gorge

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here splits the steep rock in two for some distance. When M. Rousselet first visited Gwalior in 1864, he approached them from below, and was much impressed by the grand mysterious aspect of the dark ravine, where these colossal figures, ranged the whole length of the chasm, were dimly discernible amongst the tangled creepers. But in 1867 he found the British blasting a new road from the fortress, down the ravine. This road, down which we came, has considerably lessened the impressiveness of the scene, and has also destroyed and hidden some of the sculptures.

For a distance of eight or ten miles, the whole face of the precipitous rock of the Fort is honeycombed with caves, temples, cells and niches, containing figures of the twenty-four Tirthankers, the Jain holy men, pontiffs or deified saints: the group in this ravine—known as the Urwahi group—appears to be the most remarkable. The caves were, no doubt, the abode of anchorites, and the figures have been carved by the devout of probably many generations; for though the greater number appear to have been carved during a period in the latter middle ages, when the Rajpoot chiefs had again for a time possession of Gwalior (1225-54), yet some have been found with dates of the second century.

The Jain religion flourished in India before Buddhism; and Mahavira, the last of the line of Tirthankers, is believed to have been Sakya Muni's guru or teacher. Early Buddhist art contains many of the same symbols and emblems that are met

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with in Jain art—the serpent, the sacred tree, the svastika—and the familiar cross-legged representation of Buddha is almost indistinguishable from that of some of the Tirthankers.

After Buddhism in India perished in the face of the Brahmanic revival in the seventh and eighth centuries A.D., the Jains recovered their ancient position to a great extent and became the great temple builders of India. They seem, more than any other sect, to have been imbued with the idea that to build a temple, or carve a sacred figure, was an act of religious value in itself, quite irrespective of any idea of worship being offered in the temple. To build or restore the temple was to them an act of prayer, which would enable the builder to acquire merit and would bring down on him present and future rewards. They seem often to have aimed at simply repeating the figures of their twenty-four Tirthankers, usually within a cell or temple, but here there is more variety in the size and attitude than in some of their sacred places. These statues are of all sizes, from minute foot-high cross-legged figures to colossal upright monoliths of nearly sixty feet. They represent most of the line of pontiffs from Adinath, the legendary founder of their faith, to the twenty-fourth and last Mahavira, and also scenes representing his birth and parents. Each Tirthanker has a distinguishing emblem near the foot of the statue. The statue of Parasnath is the largest. The figures either stand stiffly, with their arms hanging by their side or are seated in the familiar Buddha attitude. They are totally

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wanting in movement and rather out of proportion, with naked bodies, and have enormous ears of which the lobes rest on their shoulders. The Emperor Babar thought them the only blot on Gwalior, that "extremely pleasant place," and he records in his diary that he ordered them to be destroyed. They were, however, merely mutilated, and have to some extent been restored by later Jain devotees. Most of them have mitres, surmounted with serpents or a threefold branch of the sacred tree, but others have merely the tightly curling hair so often seen on figures of Buddha. I believe they are unique in Northern India, and much regretted that we had not more time to spend on examining them.

We went down later, into the Lashkar, where as usual there was constant pleasure to be got out of watching the people, and their ways, in the bazaars; we spent some time, in the afternoon, bargaining for bits of old brass work in the copper bazaar of the new town which has sprung up round the Maharaja Sindhia's Palace. But we regretted we could not speak the language a little; for though the Portuguese "boy" was very good at interpreting, he always seemed to rub the people up the wrong way, and that put an end to the smiling protestations and amusing humbug that forms more than half the pleasure of such transactions, and, though I daresay we got the things cheaper, we did not get to know the people so well.

The Maharaja was quite young, but he managed to keep a good deal of stir alive in the town round his palace. He had been married the month

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before, and all the officials of the North-West were invited to the festas given to celebrate the event. His wife, I am told, was very fair and pretty and very bright, in spite of her secluded harem life : she is however allowed more liberty than many purdah ladies. She is said to wear her sari in a peculiar way, tight round the legs with a long tail hanging out at the back. Parts of the town were still gay with wedding decorations — gaudy triumphal arches of looking-glass and coloured paper. There were elephants and palanquins about everywhere, and I met a cavalcade of Sindhia's guests dashing down to catch the train. First, a litter covered with bright stuffs containing, I imagine, the ladies of the party, then a barouche with fine horses, and, stolidly sitting in the middle, one stout gentleman in violet, gold-embroidered satin, wearing the red turban of the peculiar three-cornered Mahratta shape ; an escort of horsemen armed with swords, and a train of syces followed, running after the carriage. I met several gorgeously attired gentlemen driving themselves, or being carried in palanquins, with running footmen armed with coloured staves or spears, clearing the way before them.

The native court appears to bring prosperity, for there seemed to be a great many more well-to-do, well-dressed people here than in the British towns, and we were continually seeing ekkas, with long red or yellow curtains, bearing veiled women in really beautiful silk saris : and the people seemed to be covered with more than the usual amount of silver and gold ornaments. But the police arrange-

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ments appear to leave something to be desired, for the authorities thought it necessary to provide me with an armed escort when I went out to sketch; and the night of our arrival a wealthy Hindu, with an escort of two sepoys, coming from the train, was set upon by eight men armed with sticks, just outside our rest-house. The sepoys at last beat them off, whilst the Hindu hid his head in the ditch.

I went out for a short walk about dusk, and encountered a giant elephant, bowling along from the station with two very smart Hindus on his back; attached to either side of his bright howdah-cloth were bells of considerable size. They swing sideways as the beast walks, and ringing in succession sound rather well.

Just then a flight of some hundreds of great bats or flying foxes—four feet across the wing at least—like a flight of rooks, came flying heavily over my head; they were coming from the neighbouring trees, where they hang during the day, on the way to their hunting-ground in the fruit gardens. It was a curious sight. Next morning we got up by candlelight and left for the station at five o'clock. Luckily it had grown much warmer the last three or four days, so it was not as trying as it might have been.

NOTE.—See p. 201. Lashkar is the term originally applied to an army, and then, in abbreviation of Lashkar-gah, to a camp or place occupied by an army. It then came to be applied to towns, such as Agra and especially Delhi, which in Mogul times were to a great extent mere camps occupied by the followers of the Sultan. In the case of Gwalior the term has been retained, although the camp has become stereotyped into a permanent city.

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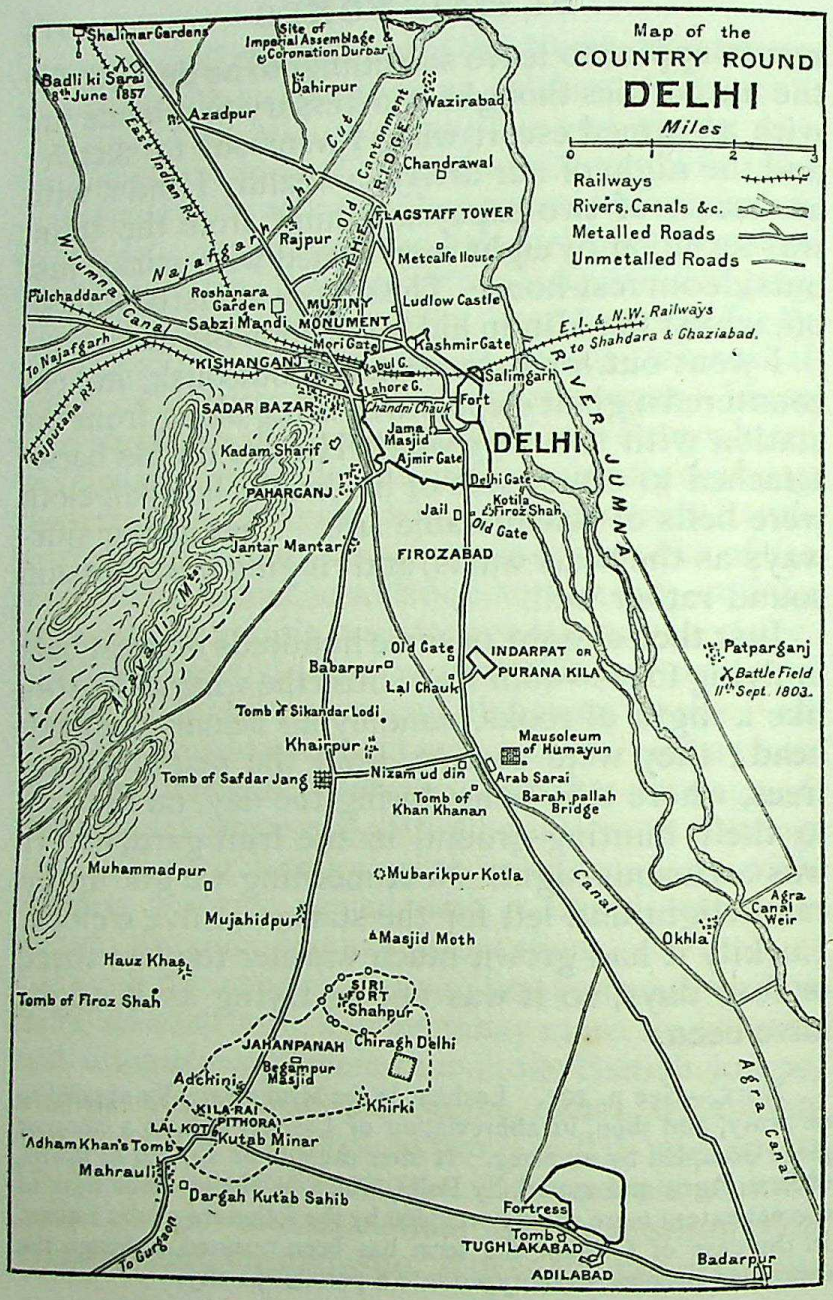

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CHAPTER XI

DELHI, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL

My first impressions of Delhi did not come up to the picture I had formed in my mind of the great capital of ancient India. I was certainly disappointed. I suppose this may—to a great extent—be accounted for by our having seen Agra beforehand, as Agra is on short acquaintance decidedly the more interesting of the two, although small in comparison with the invertebrate Delhi.

Delhi lies on the direct road, from the passes of the Hindu Kush, to the very heart of India, and there is hardly a conqueror or a great man in Indian history who has not had some connection with it; consequently, as Indian rulers have an inveterate habit of building to themselves fresh abodes, city after city has arisen, flourished and been swept away on this plain. There are here the remains of nine successive cities, and the Delhi of the ancients spread away eleven miles to the southward, and covered about forty-five square miles. It is not possible, therefore, to focus the whole in one general survey. Every one is, moreover, unconsciously much influenced by the conditions under which he first comes into contact

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with a new place or idea; and certainly the circumstances in which we found ourselves on arriving at Delhi were not conducive to the most favourable impressions. The day we arrived (February 20) was cloudy;—the first dull day we had had since arriving in India—a high wind was blowing, and the dust, which Bernier found intolerable in 1670, was whirling about in all directions, transforming everything to its own colour, and making everything abominably gritty. The bheestie or water-carrier sluicing the dry streets, with water from his goatskin bag, made no impression on the dust: it entered our windows and covered the tables and chairs, even in the unusually high first storey over the station where we had taken up our quarters. These rooms, furnished by Kellner (the Spiers and Pond of India) for travellers, were very fairly comfortable, though we had to dine below in the station restaurant, and I believe that with all drawbacks and shortcomings it was a much better place than any Delhi hotel. Certainly, we were better off than Baron Hubner, who stayed in Delhi in 1884 and was obliged to put up with a dungeon-like room in a native hotel, ill lighted, damp, and feverish. We were perhaps also fortunate, had we realised it, in being bothered by wind and dust rather than by flies: at times I believe they are a perfect pest in Delhi, and go far to make life a burden.

The modern city—more correctly called Shah Jehanabad—was founded by that notable and magnificent builder, Shah Jehan, in 1638, when he

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left Agra, it was said, in search of a more temperate climate. He built this new capital with materials taken, to a great extent, from the partly deserted cities of Feroz Shah Tuglak and Sher Shah. It stands on a low rocky sandstone range, by the right bank of the Jumna, and is surrounded by a solid stone wall of considerable height, on all sides except that abutting on the river. From the time the snow begins to melt on the higher hills till after the rainy season is at an end, the Jumna washes the walls and its stream is unfordable. This wall, after Lord Lake took possession of the town in 1803, was modernised and considerably strengthened by the English more than once,* to their own hurt, as was proved by the siege of 1857. The native troops here, mutinied May 11, immediately after the outbreak at Meerut. The English authority collapsed with amazing rapidity, and though troops were sent from Amballa to restore order, the mutineers held the town against Sir Harry Barnard and General Archdale Wilson from June 8 till September 21, in spite of a perseverance, splendid stolid endurance, pluck and high courage on the part of our troops, which Lord Roberts says were quite beyond praise. We lost more men before Delhi than in all the rest of the Mutiny combined.

On the evening of our arrival we tried to get some general idea of the lie of the country, near at hand,

* In 1805 after the attack by Holkar, again in 1823, and finally (by the future Lord Napier of Magdala), a few years before the Mutiny.

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by a drive: we went first to the house of the Deputy-Commissioner, Mr. R. Clarke, who lived close to the historic "Ridge"—the lines which we held at the time of the siege—about a mile and a half north of Delhi. Here are the cantonments where the English live, but there are not many residents in Delhi—far fewer than I had expected—and the garrison is extremely small, as the fort is not considered healthy. Mr. Clarke showed us a good map of our position on the red rocks of the Ridge, of which General Barnard was able to take possession after his victory at Badli-ki-sarai on June 8; it rises sixty feet above the city, at a distance increasing from a thousand yards to two and a half miles, and, with the city wall and the river, encloses a triangle of low-lying woodland.

We drove past the Memorial Monument—a Gothic spire—to Hindu Rao's house, on the highest point of the Ridge, to the Mosque, the Flagstaff, and the old Observatory; these were the four points where General Barnard established pickets supported by guns. But little of the city is to be seen from here now, as trees intervene. It was a wonderful ready-made position both for attack and defence. On the left it was defended by the river, and though on the right there was cover for the enemy on the broken ground—covered with brushwood—and in the deep sunk roads and ditches, clumps of trees and low rocks, yet the enclosed nature of the ground prevented any attack in force on our flank or rear, and it covered the line of communication to Amballa and the Punjab, which

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it was vital to our existence to keep open. From Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab came the means of retaking Delhi and so saving India. Taking advantage of their hereditary hatred of Delhi and of the Mohammedans, he separated the Sikhs from the other Sepoys in the Oude and Bengal regiments, and, with the addition of fresh levies from the north, sent large reinforcements to the relief of Delhi; finally he parted even with his last reserve under Nicholson.

Returning from the Ridge we drove past Ludlow Castle—a cockneyfied and very uninspiring bungalow; we saw the remains of the magazine fired May 11 to prevent the valuable store of ammunition falling into the enemy's hands, after a gallant defence by Lieut. Willoughby and eight others; amongst them was the father of my friend Professor Forrest. We had driven under the Kashmere Gate, where the traces of the thrilling attack on September 14, under Lieuts. Home and Salkeld, still remain. The breaches are still visible in the red face of the city walls, where our men climbing to almost certain destruction enabled the three columns under John Nicholson to obtain possession of part of the walls. A week's hard fighting within the city was still to come, and John Nicholson's life, and the lives of other brave men, were sacrificed, before the entire city, with the Palace, was again in our hands.

This was all interesting, but in no way beautiful, and it was refreshing to continue our drive to the eastern corner of the city, on to the Maidan and

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past Shah Jehan's Fort. The Fort, though not so picturesque, bears a great resemblance to that at Agra, with its imposing and extensive line of rosy red battlements; the light and graceful cupolas and kiosks, raised on slender pillars, are in strong contrast to the solid masonry of the walls. It also stands above the Jumna in a position somewhat similar to that of the Agra Fort. The Jumna, like many Eastern rivers, overflows its banks considerably at the time of the melting snow and the rains, but unfortunately the receding waters do not always—like the Ganges—leave behind them any fertilising influence, but frequently destroy rather than promote vegetation. The whole space between the high banks and the stream is, at this time of year, a barren waste of shifting sand; over this the Fort looks on two sides. Here, in the days of the Mogul emperors, took place the elephant combats and reviews, in sight of Shah Jehan's Palace windows. The south and west sides of the Fort were protected by a moat, now dry.

At the south-western corner of the Fort is the Delhi Gate, whence we looked across the Maidan to the great Mosque, the Jumma Musjid, the grand and simple building with which Shah Jehan ennobled his creation, modern Delhi. Curiously enough, no place of prayer was provided by Shah Jehan in the Palace here as at Agra and at Fatehpur Sikri.

It was towards sunset when we first saw this glorious Mosque, the masterpiece of religious architecture in India, and most sacred to all Mohammedans here and in Central Asia. It is

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raised on a high platform, and approached on three sides by grand flights of steps. It is one of the few mosques where it is distinctly evident that the architect has aimed at producing a pleasing effect to the eye from without. The lofty basement is built round an outcrop of the sandstone rock, in the same way that the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, covers and crowns the rock of Abraham. From this platform rises a finely composed group of domes and minarets, cupolas and gate-ways, chiefly of the usual fine-coloured red sandstone; the domes, however, are of white marble, and the tall minarets—which are a striking feature of the building, and the most graceful I have so far seen—are striped in alternate vertical lines of red sandstone and white marble.

The setting of the Mosque is now very different from that which surrounded it before 1857: then it looked down on the flat roofs of a densely populated network of houses covering the space between it and the Fort. Here, many of the big-wigs, rich merchants, and native noblemen had their palaces—though the greater number of the latter lived outside the town, near the water—and here was one of the bazaars which Bishop Heber describes as being like the Rows at Chester. All this quarter was destroyed after the Mutiny, and to-day the Mosque rises over a wide-spreading open space, carpeted with coarse turf, which is dotted here and there with stunted trees sheltering some temporary native booths and shanties; from them the smoke of the evening fires pervades the atmosphere,

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carrying with it the peculiar, pungent smell so characteristic of the land and hour. The sun, setting in the brilliant cloudless sky, made the white marble domes, silhouetted against it, appear quite dark, and the sharply alternating forms of rounded dome and upjutting minaret looked like an Arabic inscription along the horizon.

> The sun goes down as in a sphere of gold
> Behind the arm of the city, which between,
> With all that length of domes and minarets,
> Athwart the splendour, black and crooked runs
> Like a Turk verse along a scimitar.

It was Friday when we visited it and the hour, that of the weekly evening prayer ; so, the Mosque was crowded with a large concourse of faithful saying their prayers—a most impressive sight. It can hardly have been surpassed in impressiveness in the old days when Aurangzeb attended prayers in state. He came from the Fort, every Friday, under a gilded canopy, borne aloft on the back of an elephant, which was bedizened with red paint and richly decorated with gorgeous jewelled trappings, and silver bells and chains, and with white Tibetan cow-tails hanging from its ears like immense whiskers ; or else he was carried by eight men, on an azure-and-gold throne, with a bodyguard of officials with silver maces, and attendants with peacock feather fans, and followed by a train of rajahs on horseback or in palanquins.

No one who has ever watched a congregation of Mohammedans at prayer can have failed to be immensely struck by their intense concentration and

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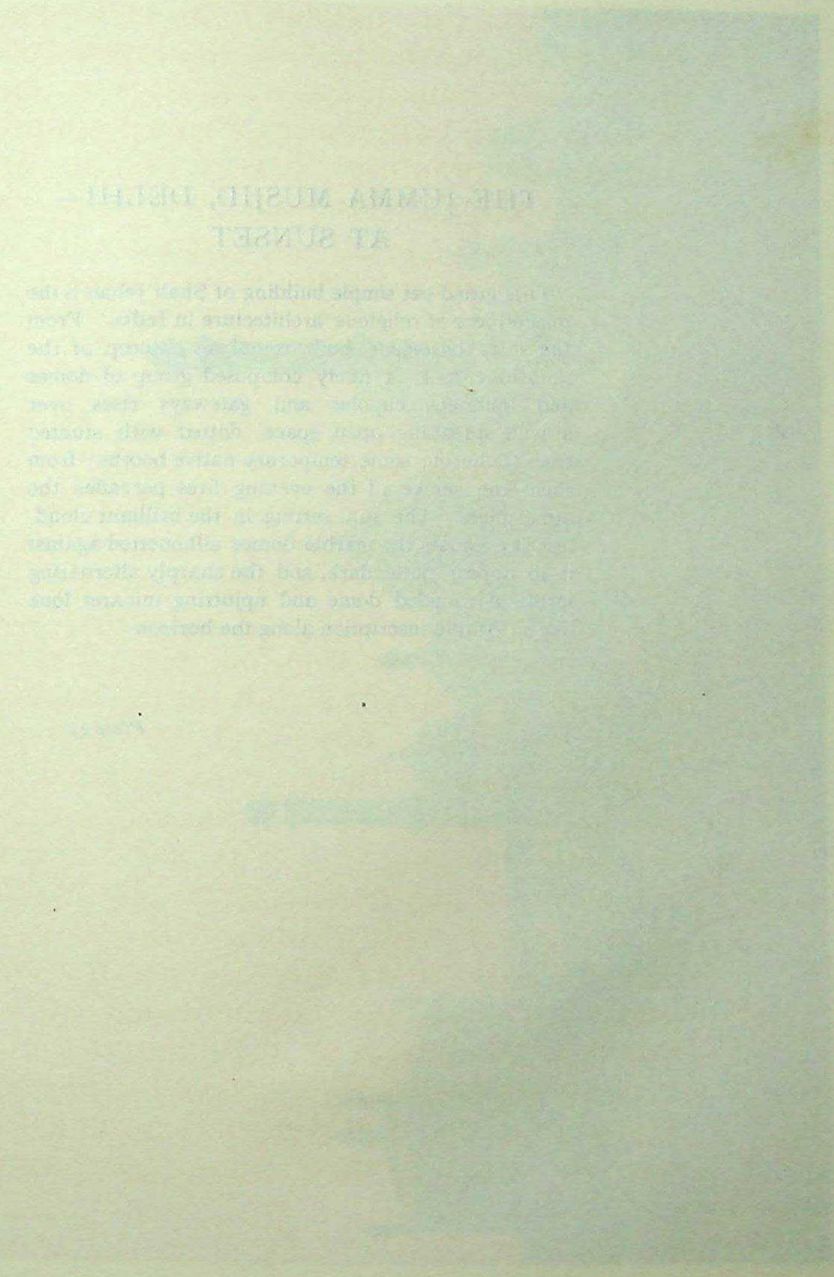

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THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI—AT SUNSET

"THIS grand yet simple building of Shah Jehan is the masterpiece of religious architecture in India. From the lofty basement, built round an outcrop of the sandstone rock, a finely composed group of domes and minarets, cupolas and gateways rises over a wide-spreading open space, dotted with stunted trees sheltering some temporary native booths: from them the smoke of the evening fires pervades the atmosphere. The sun, setting in the brilliant cloudless sky, causes the marble domes silhouetted against it to appear quite dark, and the sharply alternating forms of rounded dome and upjutting minaret look like an Arabic inscription along the horizon."

Plate 23

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absorption in their religious exercises, and by the rapt devotion which seems to exclude all consciousness of the outside world. Even in India, where Mohammedanism is by no means at its best and purest, it is most affecting. The secret of the wonderful hold the Moslem faith has, over a large part of the human race, lies probably, says F. D. Maurice, in the intensity and vividness with which it recognises the existence of God, His Omnipotence and Omnipresence. The God of the Mohammedan is altogether outside and aloof from the world, but He is intensely personal, and the keen perception that the Mohammedan has of the presence of this personal God, leads him to doubt, when he sees Europeans at worship, whether they really believe in God at all. The effect produced by their wonderful self-abasement in the presence of the Eternal, is heightened and intensified by the marvellous rhythmical movement, as of the most finished military drill, all swaying in perfect unison, when the great crowd rises and falls, bows or kneels or stands, simultaneously. The thrilling effect of large numbers of men, all impelled by the same emotion, makes a far stronger impression when the common feeling is thus silently expressed in action before our eyes, and it suggested inevitably to us the strength of the undercurrent of faith which controls the sixty million Mohammedans of India; and might, in any crisis, sweep them along, with incalculable force, in the most unforeseen direction.

On our way back we made a considerable *détour* through some of the narrow crowded and tortuous

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alleys of Delhi. A glimpse up a side street from the Chandni Chauk reveals another attractive view of the Jumma Musjid, its domes and minarets ranged in perspective, rising above the ragged, many-coloured houses at their feet. The vista is closed by a bit of the high encircling red wall, pierced at this point by its northern gateway. Through it, and up and down its many-stepped approach, the silent-footed Moslem crowd for ever come and go.

The Chandni Chauk and other main streets are fine thoroughfares, shaded with trees, but on the whole we did not think the Delhi lanes looked either inviting or picturesque, but decidedly dirty. Everything was covered thick with a coating of drab-coloured dust. It brought before us the squalid side of Indian life: mean, low, flat-roofed houses, often out of the perpendicular, and needing here a fresh coat of paint, there a renewal of the stained and peeling stucco. In old days, many of the houses were of bamboo and roofed with cane or thatch, and at the season when high winds prevail disastrous conflagrations, sweeping away thousands of houses, were not unusual, and were so rapid in their advance that the horses in the stable and the women in the zenanas frequently perished: and this in spite of the water-courses which then flowed down all the principal streets of the town, bringing pure water from the Jumna at a spot one hundred miles north of Delhi. These channels of water in the town were however closed in after the Mutiny;

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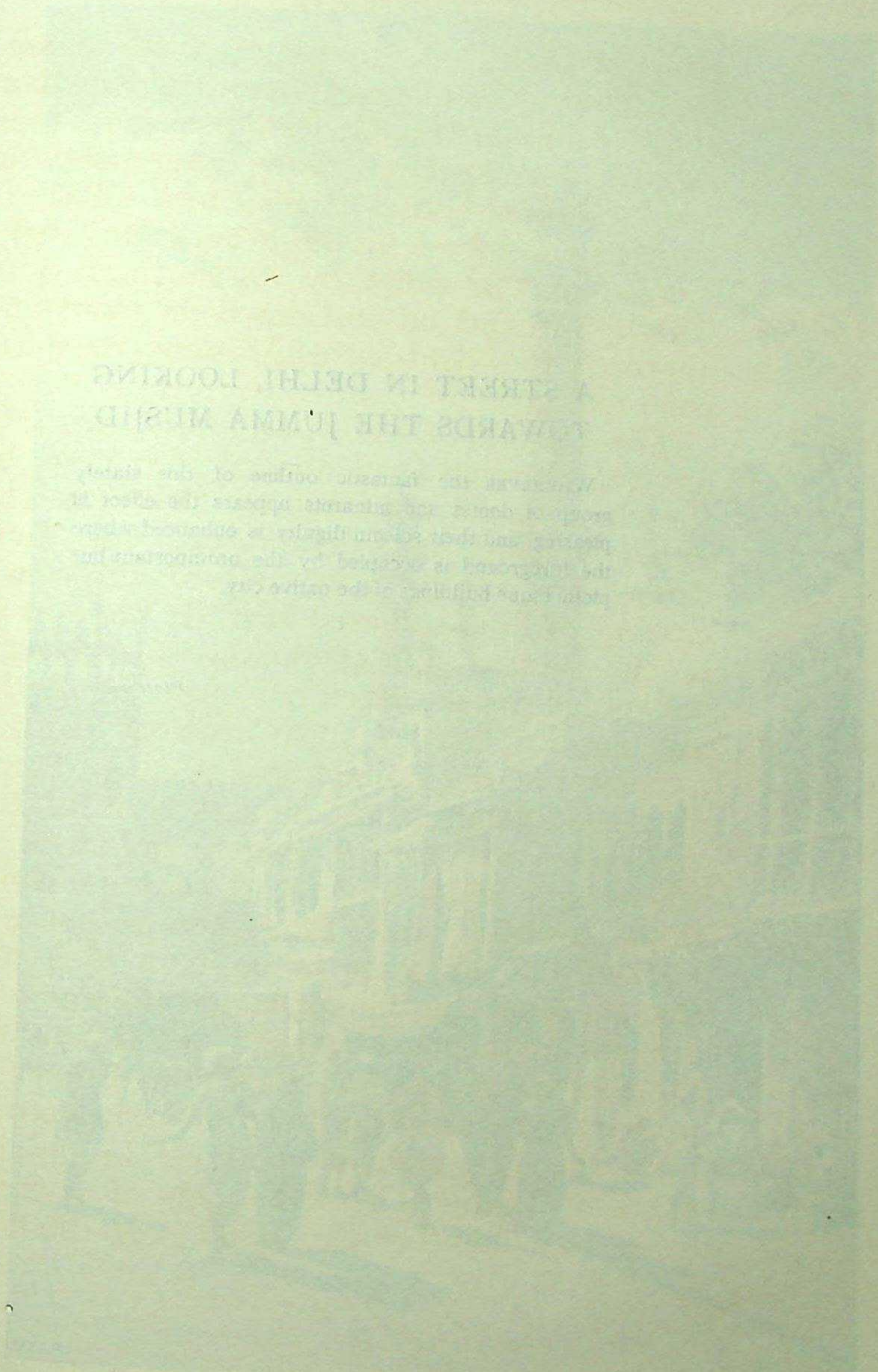

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A STREET IN DELHI, LOOKING TOWARDS THE JUMMA MUSJID

"WHEREVER the fantastic outline of this stately group of domes and minarets appears the effect is pleasing, and their solemn dignity is enhanced where the foreground is occupied by the unimportant but picturesque buildings of the native city."

Plate 24

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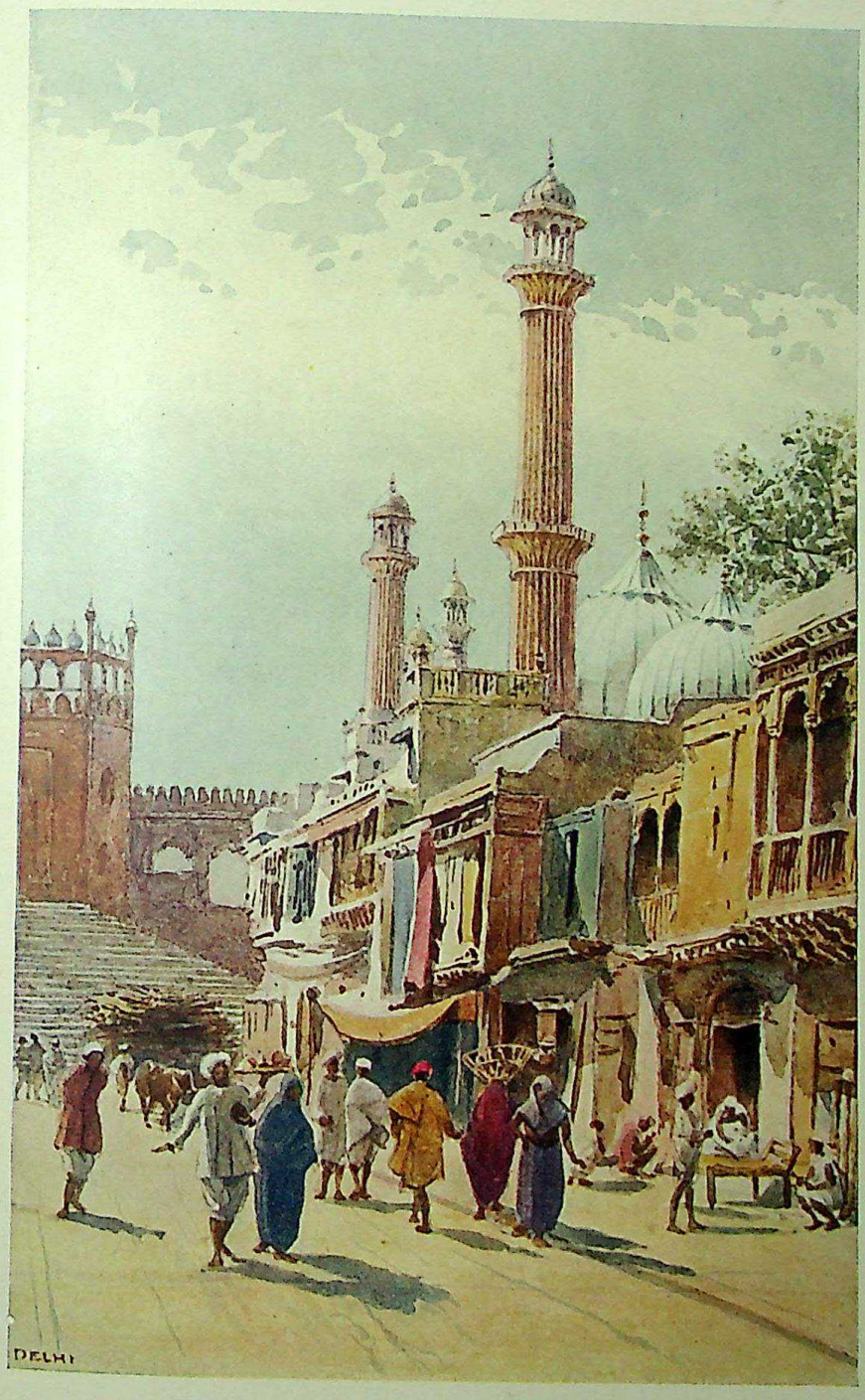

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originally, after flowing through the town between raised stone walks, they were led to the Emperor's Palace, and there irrigated the oranges and roses in the Sultana's garden.*

There was, at the time of our visit, a talk of the advisability of pulling down the walls of the city, so as to allow a freer circulation of air in the crowded streets. The natives were strenuously objecting, and the authorities felt therefore more than ever convinced that there was wisdom in the proposal.

We were not very favourably impressed with the appearance of the people here, and their attitude towards us did not seem very cordial: I could quite appreciate Bishop French's feeling in 1883, that to live in Delhi was like living on a volcano. In spite of all one hears at times to the contrary, I fear there is still amongst the Mohammedan natives, a smouldering feeling of political animosity towards us: many of the men are not yet dead whose hands were dyed in our blood. A section of the vernacular Press helps to foster this feeling, and religious fanatics are doubtless busy, in many quarters, stirring the embers.

A certain Nawab Shams-ud-din was executed

* There are still two canals—the Eastern and Western Jumna Canals, originally the work of the beneficent Feroz Shah Tuglak—which irrigate the district and now divert such a body of water from the Jumna, before it reaches Delhi, that, except during the rains, the river-bed may, in places, almost be crossed dryshod. The district is not very fertile, and one of the great benefits British rule has conferred on the population has been that of restoring and adding to the old irrigation system.

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in Delhi in 1835 for the cowardly murder of Mr. William Fraser here, and for long years afterwards his tomb was venerated as that of a martyr, though he was an acknowledged *mauvais sujet*, with nothing to recommend him but having shed the blood of an unbeliever. This is not a solitary instance, and we were assured that this attitude has not really changed :—in fact, during our stay, an Englishman was attacked by a fanatic in the street.

Fortunately for us, perhaps, there exists great religious antagonism between Mohammedan and Hindu;—there is no possibility of permanent union between the two. Mohammedanism, with its hard conception of a God aloof from the world, but personal with intense distinctness, is irreconcilable with Hinduism, and its vague shifting ideas, its enmity to all that is personal and individual, in human or divine life. Delhi has been comparatively lately the scene of bitter feuds between the Mohammedans and Hindus ; the Government officials usually succeed in calming the outbursts of fanaticism, and have sometimes called in the Cambridge Brotherhood to help in reconciling the contending parties. We may hope that in process of time, the patient self-sacrificing love and devotion of the missionaries, combined with the justice and zeal for duty of the civil administrators, may awaken, in the minds of the natives, a sympathetic response towards their white rulers, which will sweep away political enmity, and bridge the gulf between East and West.

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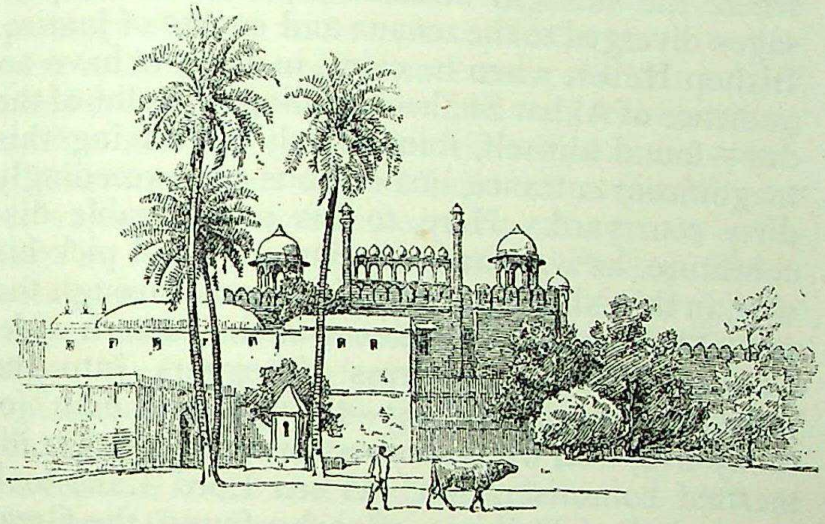
The next day we devoted to seeing the Palace in the Fort—once the most magnificent Palace in the East, perhaps in the world. I explored part of it when I went out for an early walk before breakfast.

The Lahore Gate by which we entered is grand,



LAHORE GATE, DELHI

but to my mind not to be compared with the Delhi Gate at Agra. Passing under the cavernous arch, the road runs through a long quaint and lofty vaulted hall, two storeys high. As everybody says, it is like the nave of a cathedral, but it is lined with small and low shops, where soldiers were lounging about and marketing. Here in Shah Jehan's time, the Emperor's bodyguard were lodged in small low rooms, raised some feet above the road and opening on to a causeway; their horses were tethered to rings on the edge of the causeway,

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where they took their feed, and where their masters squatted and gossiped in the day-time and mounted guard at night. Down the centre ran the water-course which irrigated the city. This covered street has an octagonal court midway, where the sunlight streams in, and whence passages diverged to the zenana and courts of justice. Bishop Heber, when he came, in 1823, to have an audience of Akbar Shah—the King of Delhi of the day—found himself, immediately on leaving this magnificent entrance, in a ruinous and exceedingly dirty courtyard. Here, to his considerable discomfiture, he was made to dismount and pick his way, in thin shoes, gown and cassock, through the mud, to the Hall of Audience at the eastern side, amongst pestering swarms of beggars, into the royal presence of the King—the "poor old man" (of thirty-five)—on whom he bestows much rather ill-merited commiseration. When Lord Lake took possession of Delhi in 1803 he found the Great Mogul under the thumb of Sindhia and his voracious French troops, living indeed in his Palace with a semblance of royalty, but almost literally starved ; a great deal of the beautiful inlaid work and the flowers and leaves of green serpentine, lapis lazuli, agate and porphyry, which adorned the Palace walls, had been gouged out of their white marble setting and sold to buy food for him and his family. The Palace had already been looted, more than once, since the memorable day in 1739, when the Persian Nadir Shah swept back to Teheran with booty worth many millions sterling,

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including the Peacock Throne from the Diwan-i-Khas and the Koh-i-noor. Delhi was continually at the mercy of Afghans and Mahrattas, who made successive incursions, and the King was fortunate indeed, in securing our protection, with an assured income of fifteen lakhs of rupees and as much panoply of state and ceremony as he cared to display in the Palace of his ancestors, whilst we ruled and kept order in his name. The state and ceremony with which he surrounded himself, and the splendid income at his disposal, did not apparently involve any obligation to keep the marvellous building in decent order, for, when Bishop Heber visited it, all was dirty, desolate and forlorn ;* the doors and windows were in a state of dilapidation ; the baths and fountains dry, the halls were encumbered with piles of old discarded furniture, the inlaid pavement was covered with gardeners' sweepings, bats and birds had befouled what remained of the beautiful pietra dura work and, even the Emperor's Throne ; and peepul trees were springing from, and bursting asunder, the marble walls. But an Eastern Sovereign with no kingdom but a palace, and no duties and no scope for action outside its walls, could not fail of being a despicable object, a centre of evil practices which varied from ill-treating wretched slave girls to employing the old Mogul Sultans' seals to forge title-deeds of every kind. The outward decay was but a symbol of the corruption and the wretchedness that prevailed, where a weak, self-centred autocrat

* Bishop Heber's "Journal," p. 294.

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indulged his every fancy without restraint, protected from the results of his actions by the implied sanction of the East India Company. That so corrupt a system should have been able to exist unmolested, by the protection of the British, seems, in some degree, an explanation of the awful retribution which, in the end, fell on the guilty and the innocent alike.

In the Fort there is not now much left of Shah Jehan's once splendid Palace and its beautiful gardens—though the conscientious care of England has lately, with commendable zeal, replaced all that is recoverable of our pilferings, such as the Orpheus Mosaic carried away by Sir John Jones in 1857—but what there is, is decently ordered and arranged, with, perhaps, rather dead-alive and Museum-like precision. Those who are interested can study it, as Fergusson says, to understand what the arrangements of a complete Palace were, when deliberately undertaken and carried out on a uniform plan. There is the massive, plain, expanse of the Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience, a great square one-storeyed hall supported by three rows of nine red sandstone pillars and open on three sides; it is very like that at Agra: there is the beautiful Diwan-i-Khas, standing on a platform looking east across the curving river, now low and at some distance, but in flood-time, washing the foot of the high bank —faced with stones and overhung by the projecting eaves of balconied pavilions and latticed summer-houses—which forms the eastern defence

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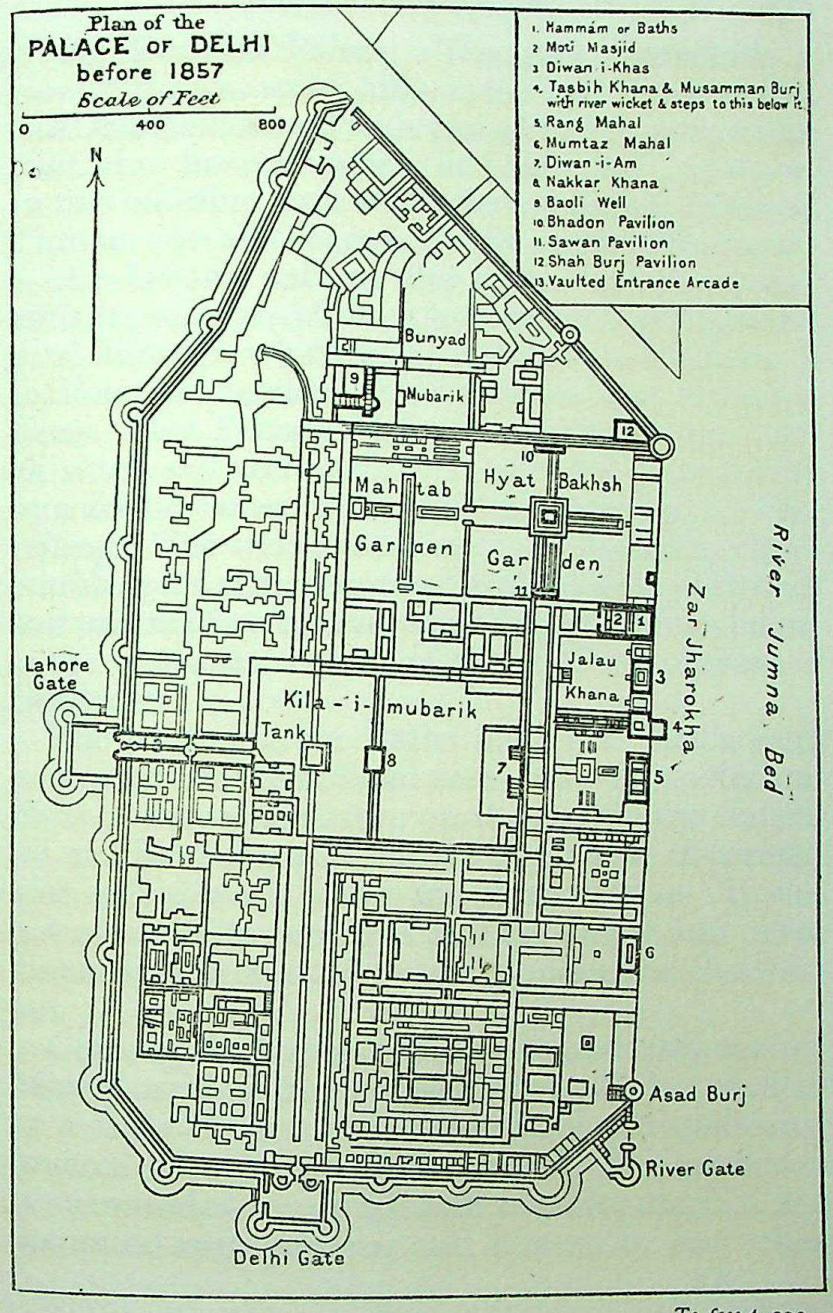

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of the Fortress Palace. The spot commands a view of the low rocky hills, at the foot of which lies Old Delhi, and across wide plains, fading away to the faint blue horizon, where lie Oude and Lucknow. In this building once stood the celebrated Peacock Throne, now at Teheran. To the south of this court is the Zenana, and on the north the Hamman; both are separated from it by a white marble court-yard, through which from north to south runs a shallow watercourse, right beneath the Diwan-i-Khas. This Private Hall of Audience is open on all sides, and consists of a central hall surrounded by a double colonnade: the Hall once had a silver ceiling. The whole building is of beautiful white marble, profusely decorated with gilding (restored) and painted flowers and other designs above; below is the pietra dura work of the pupils of Austen of Bordeaux.

The white marble Baths have fine pietra dura pavements, the first I had seen—as well as decorations of the same nature on the walls; the beautiful marble Palace of the ladies is also decorated with inlaid work below and fresco above. It was not pleasant to see signs that the jasper and other stones had been quite recently picked or chiselled out.

Close by is Aurangzeb's white and grey marble Moti Musjid, of small proportions, which is entered by a little bronze door of delicate workmanship, covered with designs in low relief. The courtyard is surrounded by a high wall of white marble, also decorated with patterns and flowers in low relief.

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The Mosque proper is ornamented in the same manner, and its Saracenic arches show slight signs of Hindu influence.

There is all this, and more: but Delhi Palace, I must confess, did not appeal to me. Perhaps it showed signs of having been in the past too complete, or perhaps it is at present too much pervaded with an atmosphere of pipeclay; for there is something to be said, from the artist's point of view, for the fine regal contempt of the old *régime* for bourgeois cleaning and mending, as all will agree who have visited a French château after it has passed through the hands of Viollet-le-Duc. Certainly the beautiful old Delhi Palace left us cold and—shall I say it?—slightly bored: and one turns for refreshment, from the actual, present facts, to the graphic pictures of the Mogul Emperors and their Court, left us by the old French doctor and his compatriot, the jeweller, in 1670.

In their days, the great Maidan before the Palace was filled with the encampments of those of the great Rajput nobles whose week of "waiting" it was. They and their followers pitched their tents here, outside the walls; it was in their terms of service with the Emperor that they were never to do duty or mount guard within the walls of a fortress. Inside the Palace, the Mogul's Afghan or Persian Emirs, of the regular army, mounted guard in rotation. The arcaded courts they occupied were gay with gorgeous awnings of brocade, with flowery gardens and sparkling watercourses and fountains; amongst them stood booths of reed,

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or sweet-scented grass, kept cool by constantly spraying water. Here they took their repose, and enjoyed the dishes served to them, with much ceremony, from Aurangzeb's kitchen.

The whole Palace buzzed with life. There were hosts of quaintly dressed and armed soldiers, regular and irregular, of all varieties and from all districts of Northern India; great and small officials of the Courts of Justice and all the various departments of the highly organised civil administration.* Vast halls also were filled with nimble-fingered artisans, ready to supply the gold inlaid weapons of the bodyguard, or fantastic armour and rich trappings for horses and elephants, or the embroidered velvet awnings with which the Emirs, "by command," adorned their arcades on great festivals, and which, we are told, they subsequently forced the smaller folk to buy for vests! Painters and goldsmiths, jewellers and lacquer workers, as well as representatives of the humbler "lesser arts" of tailoring and shoemaking, all had their quarters here: and fine muslins for turbans, or for use in the zenana, were spun and woven in the precincts; these were beautifully embroidered, and worth several gold pieces, but so delicately fine that they would only stand a few hours' wear. The life of the district was concentrated in the fortress to such a degree that Bernier found, that if he wished to have a good supply of wholesome food, it was necessary to arrange a secret understanding

* The Land Revenue system still in force in British India is based on that of Akbar.

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with the King's purveyors in the Palace, and to buy, from them, the portions intended for their master's household and guests. Then, indeed, he secured a plentiful provision of delicacies, not to be obtained in the bazaars of the town: fresh fish, tender kids, and cages of partridge, duck, or hare, sweetmeats of the best, and—in winter—black and white grapes brought, in dainty cotton packing, from Persia or Bokhara, or apples and pears, dried raisins, apricots, and prunes from the same countries; while his lemonade was cooled with ice, artificially made in a manner which, with his usual exactness, Bernier describes in accurate detail. "Unquestionably," he says, "the great are in the enjoyment of everything; but, in Delhi, there is no middle state—a man must either be of the highest rank or live miserably."

The Emirs and Rajahs in waiting were all summoned under penalty to attend the Emperor's audience-chamber twice a day, at eleven, and again at six, by strangely weird music from the Naubat Khana: there, twenty-four enormous instruments of mysterious construction sounded at stated times of day and night, with an almost insupportable roar, which distance, however, appears to have mellowed to a solemnly impressive and even melodious harmony. The wild notes proceeding from univalve shells used as trumpets may be still heard resounding from Hindu shrines at sundown; they emit what heard at close quarters is an intolerable din, but sounds from afar very impressive. At a balcony, or large window in the seraglio wall overlooking the

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Diwan-i-Am, the Great Mogul appeared, robed in white, for two hours at noon, surrounded by his family and personal attendants waving large fans and peacocks' tails. Below, on a square dais, within a silver rail, hung with deep gold-fringed brocade, are the courtiers and those who have the *entrée*, splendidly apparelled, with white herons' tails floating from their head-gear; they stand in attitudes of deep humility, and do not venture to raise their eyes to the royal countenance, but echo every word he utters with a chorus of "Wonderful, wonderful!"; like the courtiers in Andersen's tale of the Emperor's new clothes, they act up to the precepts of the Persian proverb:

> If the King should chance to say "it's night," at noon,
> You will cry, "I *see* the stars and moon."

Having received the homage of those classes of his subjects whose day it was to come to court—and who, unless specially summoned, remained on the further side of the watercourse, six inches wide, which traversed the court, the King reviewed the cavalry of one or two of the Emirs. The horses in fantastic armour with plumes on their heads were all ingeniously branded with mark and number, to prevent the same mount doing duty on different regimental review days. Then he inspected a selection of the royal stud, to assure himself they were in good condition, and also a long procession of animals kept for the chase or for wild beast combats. Fighting elephants and antelopes, buffaloes with immense horns which fought with lions and

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tigers ; tame leopards and panthers trained for the chase ; every variety of dog for sport, all in red embroidered coats ; hawks and birds of prey, with hood and bells, employed to bring down partridges, cranes, hares and even antelopes, after they have first bewildered them by repeated buffets of their powerful wings and then blinded them with sharp talons. On great festivals, the courts were completely covered in with a gold-embroidered, red velvet awning, supported on great masts covered with plates of gold or silver, and the possible monotony of the pageant was varied by valuable offerings of gold or jewels from the courtiers, carefully graduated in value according to the rank of the giver. The pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds used in the decoration of the Peacock Throne were either presents sent by distant sovereigns, who desired an alliance with the Great Mogul, or else they were offerings from ambitious or guilty nobles. The Koh-i-noor was an offering from Amir Jumla to Shah Jehan. When the Prince of Wales visited India in 1876 some difficulty was experienced in deciding whether the great native princes should be allowed to follow their traditional instincts and present him, in the same way, with some treasured and priceless jewel from amongst their heirlooms.

It is amusing to find, that the wives of the courtiers had their revenge in a sort of fair held on these occasions in the Palace seraglio : then these great ladies sold to the King and the royal princesses, brocades and embroidered muslins and other valuable fabrics, at sums proportionate to the

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beauty and dexterity of the vendor. These fairs were regarded as the opportunity to present a lovely daughter and to bring her to the notice of royalty. The chaff and badinage which Bernier describes as prevailing there sounds more like the Court of Versailles than that of Delhi; but, anxious though he is to convey his experiences in terms likely to be understood by his French correspondent, yet his trained love of exactness does not usually allow him to misrepresent the native life. All his gossip helps us to realise the time when the deserted courts of Delhi Palace were instinct with a vivid and very human life of its own. It was never probably life of the highest kind, nor reflecting any very elevated ambition. Before Delhi Palace came into being, the noble endeavours and lofty aspirations of the great Akbar had quite passed away, and with them his liberal-minded, strenuous desire to benefit the people he had conquered, and so to rule them that conqueror and conquered should become one people: and the wonderfully wise and humane system by which he hoped to accomplish his aim had petrified into an elaborate and lifeless shell, that contained the elements of its own decay, as is the tendency of all institutions unless they be constantly swept through by a renewing tide of the idea to which they owe their existence.

The increase of the Mahratta power, which led eventually to the disintegration of the Mogul Empire, revealed, before Aurangzeb's death, the weak spots where degeneration was already setting in. His fanaticism had accentuated the line of

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cleavage between the Mohammedan government and its Hindu subjects and inaugurated a fatal process of separation. The nobles had lost the characteristics of the early northern conquerors and sunk far towards the effeminacy and sloth which later distinguished them. Their equipment for the field was an index of their inefficiency. The coats of thick wadding, covered with chain or plate-armour, the showy horses with huge saddles and velvet housings fluttering with many coloured satin streamers and white Tibetan yaktails, the plumed harness weighted with bells and jewelled chains; these no doubt formed a cavalry "fitted to prance in a procession," but not to endure much exertion, nor to emulate the exploits of the hardy horsemen of Timur, Babar or Akbar. To inefficiency was added corruption and a total relaxation of all discipline. In spite of Aurangzeb's vigilance the grossest abuses had crept in. Aurangzeb was courageous and wise, but he was suspicious, distrustful and cold-hearted; and as great a contrast as can be imagined to the noble Akbar or to Babar with his easy sociable temper, love of simple pleasures and kind affectionate heart. In spite of the almost divine honours paid him by his entourage, no king was ever so cheated or worse served. Aurangzeb was a clever, energetic, astute ruler; in religious matters—though not superstitious—he was of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and, in the middle of the luxury of his court, he lived a life of self-denial and abstinence. But, in his old age, he wrote this pathetic summing-up of his long

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reign, "The instant which passed in power has left sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian and protector of the Empire." He realised that he had missed the idea which is the salt of dominion—missed the sympathetic self-sacrifice and devotion to the good of the community which form the only justification for imperial rule.

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LIST OF SOVEREIGNS WHO REIGNED AT DELHI FROM 1193 TO 1837.

The Ghori (Tajik), Turki and Pathan Kings of Hindustan who reigned at Delhi.

	A.H.	A.D.
Muhammad bin Sam, Ghori	589	1193
Kutub-ud-din, *1st Dynasty* of Slave (Turki) Kings	602	1206
Aram Shah	607	1210
Shams-ud-din Altamsh	607	1211
Rukn-ud-u-din Firoz	633	1236
Sultana Raziyah	634	1236
Balban	664	1266
Kaikubad	686	1289
Jelal-ud-din Firoz Shah Khilji, *2nd Dynasty*, Pathan	689	1290
Ala-ud-din Muhammad	695	1296
Shahab-ud-din 'Umar	715	1316
Kutab-ud-din Mubarak	716	1316
Nasir-ud-din Khusru	720	1321
Ghias-ud-din Tughlak, *3rd Dynasty*, Pathan	720	1321
Muhammad bin Tughlak	725	1325
Firoz Shah Tughlak	752	1351
Muhammad Shah	793	1391
Khizr Khan Saiyad, *4th Dynasty*, Saiyad	817	1414
Mubarak Shah II.	824	1421
Muhammad Shah	837	1434
'Alam Shah	849	1445
Bahlol Lodi, *5th Dynasty*, Pathan	855	1451
Sikandar Lodi	894	1489
Ibrahim Lodi	923	1517

The Mughal Emperors of Hindustan.

Babar	899	1494
Humayun*	937	1531
Akbar	963	1556
Jehangir	1014	1605
Shah Jehan	1037	1628
Aurangzeb	1068	1658
Bahadur Shah	1118	1707
Jahandar Shah	1124	1713
Farrukhsiyar	1124	1713
Muhammad Shah	1131	1719
'Ahmad Shah	1162	1748
Alamgir II.	1168	1754
Shah Alam	1173	1759
Akbar II.	1221	1806
Bahadur Shah	1252	1837-1857

* This reign includes the Pathan Interregnum of Sher Shah (1540–45), Salim Shah and other Sur Kings up to 1555.

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CHAPTER XII

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF DELHI

AFTER leaving the Fort we drove to the Kala Musjid (or Black Mosque) a building in the primitive, massive style of the second Pathan dynasty, and dating from the time of Firoz Shah Tughlak (1380). It stands deeply embedded in the heart of the narrow, crowded alleys of the city. It is a solid, simple and stern building, a great contrast to those we had just left. The colour of the stone of which it is composed, called by Carr Stephen quartz-ose sandstone, certainly gives it a very dark and sombre appearance ; its correct name however is the Kalan—or Great—Mosque. The corner towers and walls slope inwards in a way characteristic of some of the architecture of these early days, and it stands on a high platform, beneath which are rough-looking rooms—for travellers, we were told. A flight of twenty-eight steep steps leads to a small courtyard, with a cloister on three sides. The arches are all heavy and massive, recalling our Norman ; and some of the windows are fitted with rude red stone screens with cross-shaped openings. The Mosque proper and the cloister and angle towers—there is no minaret—are surmounted

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by flat domes, held together simply by the extreme strength of the cement used: a special note of the Mohammedan-Indian buildings of this date which had impressed me at Bijapur. This was probably the town Mosque of Firoz Shah Tughlak's city Ferozabad. The site of the imperial city of that most enlightened prince lies between the Ridge and the river, stretching away beyond the south gate of Shah Jehanabad, which now partly covers it. The ruins of its citadel, or Kotila, may be seen on the river bank: all that now remains of Feroz Shah's Palace, with its blue enamelled domes and golden spire, is a curious ruined pyramidal structure, consisting of four square terraces, of diminishing size, placed one above the other, and crowned by the Lath of Asoka. They remind one of the descriptions of Babylonian and Assyrian palaces and hanging gardens. This Lath is a stone pillar thirty-seven feet high—originally erected by Asoka near Meerut—which Firoz Shah brought here, triumphantly, with infinite care and pains, a thousand years later, and, unconscious of its real interest, covered with a golden sheath. It bears four of the oldest inscriptions in India (third century B.C.): edicts in the Pali dialect referring to the new religion—a form of Buddhism—which Asoka wished to promulgate. A similar Lath of Asoka which Firoz Shah transported from the Amballa district, he erected at the other extremity of his town, on the Ridge; it was damaged by an explosion in 1720. A third is to be found in the Fort at Allahabad.

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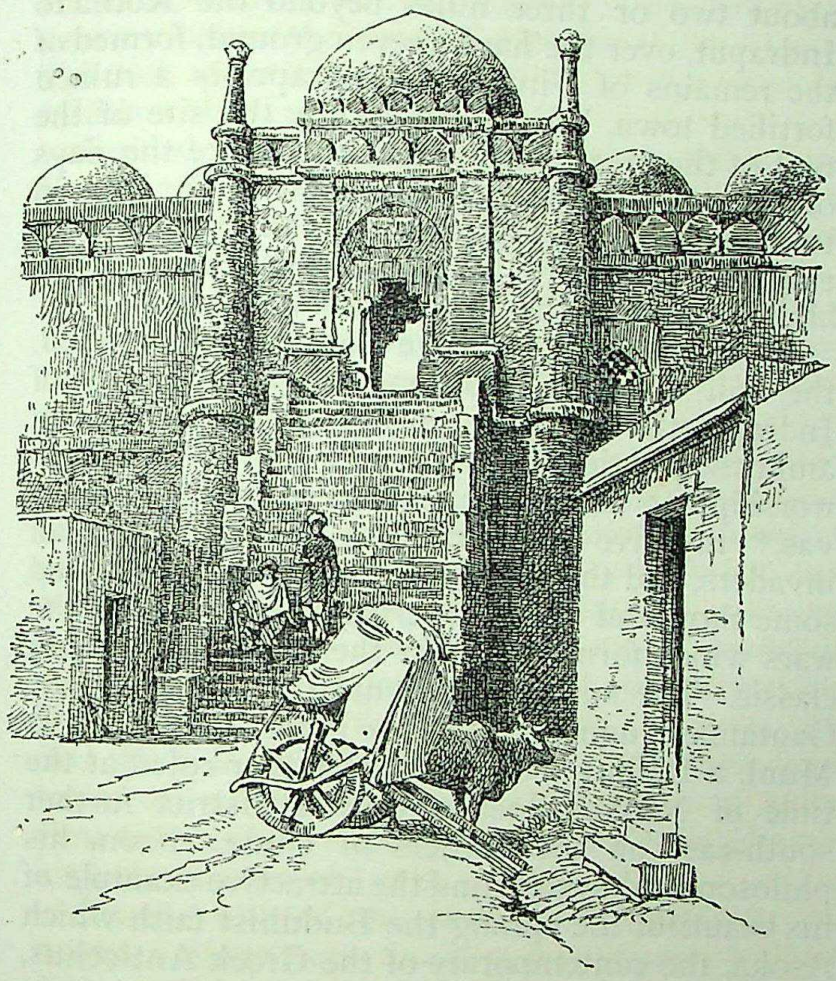

KALAN MUSJID, DELHI

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In the afternoon we drove out of Delhi, south, about two or three miles beyond the Kotila to Indraput, over the hard uneven ground, formed of the remains of Firozabad. Indraput is a ruined fortified town, believed to occupy the site of the first of the great cities which, ever since the days of the earliest Aryan settlement in India, have in turn marked the place where the last outlying ridges of the central Rajputana Hills abut on the alluvial plain of the Jumna valley.

In the Mahabharata we find, dimly outlined, the half mythical traditions of the founding of Indraprastha (fifteenth century B.C.) in a clearing amid the jungles of the Jumna valley. The snake-worshipping aborigines receded before the Pandavas,* the five brothers who led these Aryan invaders, and the kingdom thus established lasted some thousand years, covering the period of the wars which form the main theme of this Hindu classic. The succeeding dynasty was that of the Gautamas; namesakes of the great teacher Sakya Muni, a Rajput prince whose father ruled at the time of Nebuchadnezzar over a district further south-east on the borders of Oude. From his philosophical system and the attractive example of his beautiful life sprang the Buddhist faith which Asoka, the contemporary of the Greek Antiochus, was so largely instrumental in popularising in India. The Gautamas were displaced about B.C. 57 by Raja Dilhu, and the name of Delhi first appears then. Soon after, the history of Delhi was merged in that of Upper India and with it

* See p. 318.

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passed successively under the dominion of Hindus, Pathans, Moguls, and Mahrattas; it was rebuilt a century before the date of our Alfred, by Anang Pal and again by Anang Pal II. at the time of William the Conqueror.

Ruined fortresses and tombs cover the whole barren and treeless district, which spreads eleven miles southward, to the spot where the famous Kutub Minar rises—like Doulton's chimney—above the plain: these ruins mark the different sites of the town during these centuries; and as but little kindly vegetation covers their ruins, and no grass grows on the arid, accumulated remains of bricks, stone, and cement which form the soil—the plain is a picture of desolation. Any one of these monuments would, no doubt, be thought worth a pilgrimage if in a solitary position by itself, but here, amongst so many rivals in interest, they are submerged in the crowd, and the whole produced in our minds a feeling of bewildered perplexity. Fortunately, one does not often have to try and grapple with the remains of twenty centuries of civilisation, concentrated in a space eleven miles long. This plain is truly the archæological museum of India.

On the site of the prehistoric Indraput, the usurper Sher Shah built a fort known as Din Panah, or the Purana Kila: he with his successors held Delhi, during the early years of Akbar's life (1540 to 1555), whilst the rulers of Babar's line were, for a time, again pushed back into Afghanistan. Inside these picturesque walls we visited

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Sher Shah's very fine red sandstone Mosque (1340)—stern and severe, but big and bold, with huge arches, and sharp, finely-cut mouldings and returns to the masonry, which looks as fresh as if it were only just built. The struts supporting the side bays of the Mosque, which are oblong in plan and not square, are curious. In the angle towers, of much later date, are pavilions richly ornamented with exquisite designs in sandstone, like those at Fatehpur Sikri. It was quite dark before we got home again, and the smoke, mingling with the evening mist, was hung about like a cloud, softening the sharp outlines, and filling the air with the strange, pungent smell peculiar to an Indian evening.

February 23 was a perfect day, and we made an early start for an expedition to Kutub, ten miles distant. The road lies direct south from Delhi, beneath an avenue of feathery acacias *—now only partly out in leaf. The throng of passengers along the road is very picturesque. Men, women and children, cows, camels and donkeys, all more or less laden, driving or being driven towards the city. Nowhere, except in India, have I seen bullocks, buffaloes, &c., carrying such heavy weights upon their backs. They seem to get along with them very well, however, and have often their burden crowned, into the bargain, by a human being at the top. Sometimes it is only a little child with a rope in his hand—attached to the nose of the beast; he tugs at it violently to get the brute out of the way of a gharry, which comes bowling along, the syce running in front, crying "Hat-jao, Hat-jao!" at the top of his

* *Acacia arabica.*

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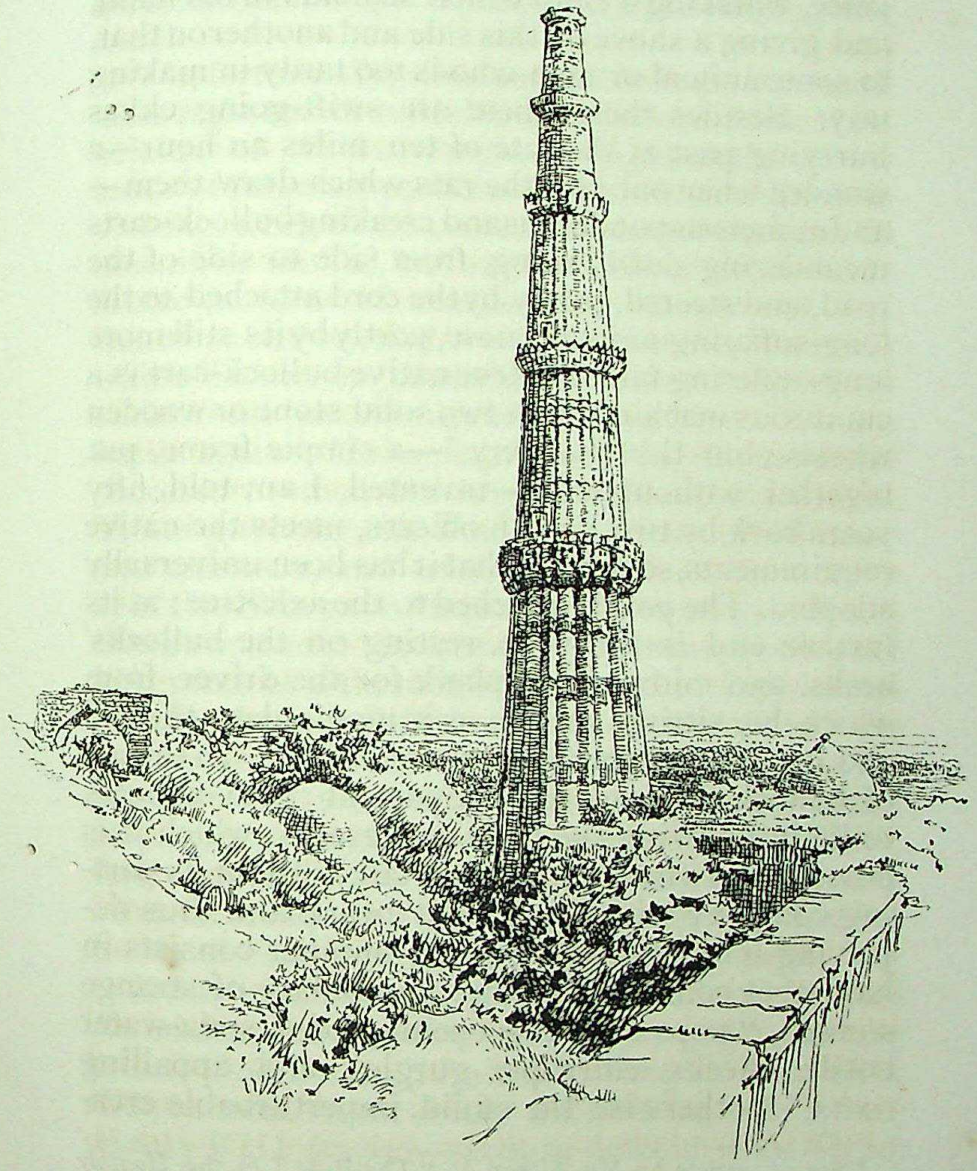

KUTUB MINAR, DELHI

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voice, whisking a cloth which he holds in his hand, and giving a shove on this side and another on that, to some animal or man who is too tardy in making way. Besides these, there are swift-going ekkas hurrying past at the rate of ten miles an hour—a wonder when one sees the rats which draw them—and numerous ponderous and creaking bullock-carts meandering slowly along, from side to side of the road, and steered, partly by the cord attached to the long-suffering animal's nose, partly by its still more long-suffering tail. The true native bullock-cart is a cumbrous machine, with two solid stone or wooden wheels; but the "hakkery,"—a simple frame, put together without nails—invented, I am told, fifty years back by two British officers, meets the native requirements, so exactly, that it has been universally adopted. The pole is attached to the axle-tree; at its further end is the yoke, resting on the bullocks' necks, and midway is a plank for the driver, from which he, sitting astride, can manipulate the tail and dig his toes into the animal's sides. In the art of bullock-driving, one important item appears to lie in knowing the precise degree to which it is possible to twist the long thin tail, without its parting company with the patient beast, and thus depriving it of its steering gear: another consists in having at command a large vocabulary of strange sounds, "pops like the opening of a soda-water bottle, checks, chirrups, gurgles, and appalling roars," * otherwise the stolid, imperturbable crea-

* See an article by Mr. Aitken on "The Byle," in the *Monthly Review*, 1905.

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ture cannot be got under way, and kept going at all.

We, fortunately, were not in a bullock-cart, and, after a short four miles' drive we reached the Mausoleum of Safdar Jang—an eighteenth-century tomb of large proportions—which is hardly worth visiting, when there are so many better close by. It resembles the Taj, but only very distantly, and has stucco in place of marble. We did not stop five minutes, but hurried onwards, crossing the plain where Timur, or Tamerlane, the lame Mogul invader from Samarcand, fought (1398) the historic battle against Muhammad Tughlak, Feroz Shah's successor, which delivered Delhi into his hands. Timur gave the city over to five days of plunder and massacre, and tranquilly awaited the conclusion; he then gave thanks for the victory, in Feroz Shah's splendid Mosque on the Jumna, and turned his mind to a thoroughly systematic and intelligent inspection of the buildings of interest remaining, recording them with scientific accuracy in his Memoirs. He soon returned whence he came, leaving anarchy, famine and pestilence behind him, but carrying with him masons and sculptors, to erect a Mosque in Samarcand, and an immense horde of men, women and children as slaves.

Delhi was, subsequently, more or less deserted for about one hundred and thirty years, during which time the Lodi Sultans attempted to rule the district from Agra. About the time, however, of our Henry VIII. Babar—sixth in descent from Timur—came again from the north with a small, well-

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disciplined force, and, gaining possession of Delhi at the decisive battle of Panipat (1526), founded the Mogul dynasty, which lasted in unsurpassed power and splendour nearly two centuries. Babar was an admirable ruler, and a man with a delightful delicacy of taste, kindness of heart, and keen sensibility to the simple pleasures of nature and life, which make him one of the few sympathetic characters in Indian history. He lived chiefly at Agra, but his son Humayun brought the seat of government again, for a while, to Delhi, where it remained under the Afghan usurper Sher Shah, until Babar's grandson Akbar regained the throne in 1555.

It was not long before we caught sight again through the tamarind trees, which clustered round a village, of the great Kutub Minar, five miles ahead in the distance. It is rather a libel to liken it to Doulton's chimney, but, at first sight, it certainly suggests it. On closer acquaintance it grew upon us, and it is, without doubt, a most original building—a tower two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, in five diminishing storeys—with many points of beauty: my companion wished to knock off the two top storeys, I think probably rightly, as it turns out that the original designers had nothing to do with them, and they were the work of Feroz Shah Tughlak, the great restorer, in 1368. The Kutub stands on a gentle slope, in a beautifully shady oasis of thick groves of fine trees, contrasting most gratefully with the prevalent dark red hue of the plain which they overlook. We were very glad to reach this cool and peaceful spot, and or-

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dered our lunch, at the Dak bungalow, before turning to examine the groups of remarkable buildings, which rise from amidst pomegranate and jasmine bushes, round the base of the great tower.

We are here in the midst of the memorials of the so-called Pathan conquerors, who first brought Mohammedanism to India, and here was the seat of empire from 1191, when Shahab-ud-din, or Mahmud of Ghor, and his viceroy, Kutab-ud-din, possessed themselves of the capital of the celebrated Prithvi Raja (the Rajput ruler of Ajmere and Delhi, and the last champion of Hindu independence in Upper India). It remained the capital until the time of Ala-ud-din Khilji, the parricide, who died (1315), leaving his great minaret unfinished. But, in the midst of these traces of the first Mohammedan rulers of India, stands the wonderful iron pillar of Raja Dhava—second or third century A.D.—which no European foundry would have been able to produce till about fifty years ago. It supported, probably, an emblem of Vishnu, and its deeply-cut Sanscrit inscription gives the earliest authentic information about primitive Delhi.

The Ghazni dynasty,—to whose empire in Khorasan Mahmud of Ghor had succeeded,—not infrequently raised minars or towers of victory on the sites of their battlefields: they are found in Ghazni, and as far west as the roots of the Caucasus—and to this class of tower the Kutub Minar evidently belongs. It interested me very much: to begin with, no European monument rises sheer, to its full height, in such isolated grandeur;

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it differs in shape, design, and detail from any other tower I had ever seen, and its surface is most curiously covered with perpendicular, angular, and semi-circular flutings in the red sandstone of which it is built. The origin of these angular flutings seems unknown, but whether it is to be found in the peculiar form of the Ghazni Minars in Khorasan, or to be traced to the starlike shape of some Jain monuments, they certainly produce a very beautiful effect. Each storey, covered alternately with these round and angular flutings, is surrounded by a broad band of Arabic inscription, supporting a massive balcony, which stands out in strong relief from the tower.*

Close to, in fact surrounding, the Kutub is a very interesting Mosque of the fourteenth century, but it consists, almost entirely, of earlier Hindu workmanship, and is greatly made up of the pre-existing Jain temple, which the builders of the Mosque used as a quarry, just as the church builders at Avalon availed themselves of the columns and ornaments of the old Roman buildings, in their neighbourhood. It consists of two enclosures. The larger and outer one—built after the inner—contains the Kutub, and is entered by a splendid gateway, built by Ala-ud-din, of red sandstone relieved with bands and stripes of white marble, and covered with the most delicate designs—arabesques and diaper patterns—carved and inlaid, much like those

* The lowest storey dates from 1190, the two next bear the name of Altamsh (1211–36), and the upper part is of the time of Firoz Shah Tughlak (1351-91).

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at Fatehpur Sikri, though considerably earlier in date. The inner enclosure forms the court in front of the Mosque proper, and is surrounded by a cloister with portals and façades of incomparable richness, supported by rows of Hindu columns, profusely and wonderfully sculptured with flowers, vases, and mythological scenes; they are placed in pairs, one above the other, to give the requisite height. The Mosque proper is built of the same richly carved materials, once covered with stucco and whitewash for fear of offence to the eyes of the faithful; it is low and insignificant in comparison with the enormous screen of pointed arches which stands in front of it, but seems to have followed the fashion of the buildings of the date of the Kalan Musjid, and had no minaret. These arches, though designed by the Mohammedans, show by internal evidence, on closer inspection, that they were of Hindu workmanship: they are not true arches at all, and were probably built on the same plan as the Hindu domes, by native workmen who did not understand the construction of the arch. They are carried up in horizontal courses as far as possible, and then closed by long slabs meeting above. The arches, in fact, could never bear any weight upon them; but this they were evidently not intended to do, for they project high above the Mosque proper, showing daylight between its top and the top of the arch. At the north-west corner, outside the Mosque, is the beautiful tomb of Altamsh (1235), the earliest Mohammedan tomb in India.

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We lunched near the little dak bungalow, where those may stop who get permission from the Superintendent of Police in Delhi : not far off is a deep well, with a drop of sixty feet and a depth of twenty feet of water. Into this, with the prospect of gain, the natives delight to jump : four of them were stripped and all ready for us on our arrival, so we allowed them to go through their performance, and then we were let in for eight annas apiece, which they demanded—strengthening their claim irrefutably by declaring that "the Guide book says so!" The well is narrow, and too vigorous a leap forward would throw the creature against the opposite wall, where he would probably be dashed to pieces. But they never fail to get down feet foremost, and walk up again by a staircase from the surface of the water shivering, however hot the day, to intensify one's feelings of compassion.

Early in the afternoon, we left the cool oasis and started on our way back by Tughlakabad, a grand old fortress, which Tughlak Shah built in 1321, when the restlessness, so usual to Indian rulers, drove him from the Kutub at the foot of the hills, to build a capital of his own, four miles to the east nearer the Jumna. It stands high, on a chain of rocks, and looked over an artificial lake, formed by a great stone wall built across a ravine in the hills ; this is now dry, except in the rainy season. Huge and imposing round towers, of a very hard, bluish crystalline rock, rise from the base of the hill, to support the cyclopean walls, and give

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THE TOMB OF TUGHLAK SHAH

"This tomb forms the nucleus of a miniature fortress in the centre of a small lake, and is approached by a low causeway raised on arches. Here repose the bones of two of the warrior kings of the Tughlak line. The walls which enclose them are of massive marble and red sandstone masonry and are surmounted by a white marble dome."

Plate 25

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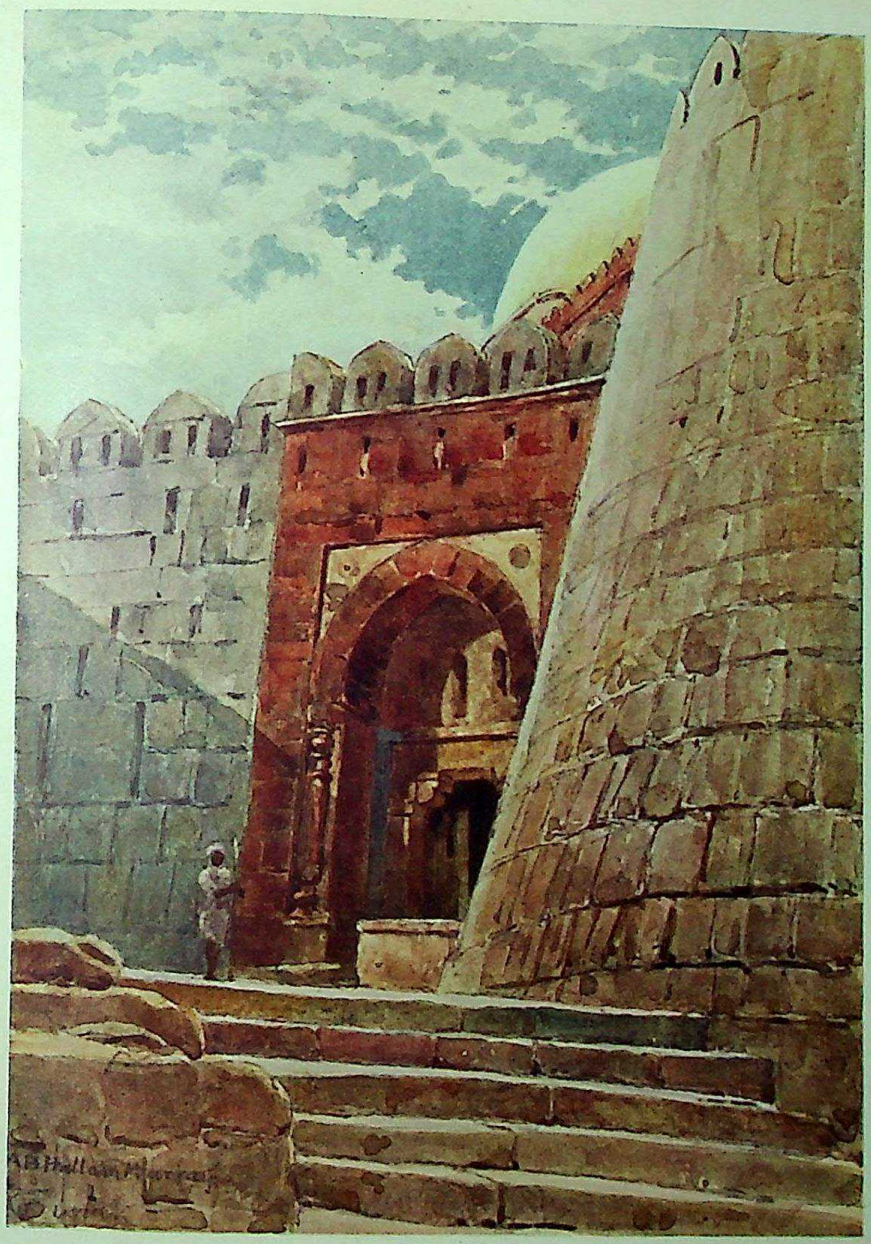

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a look of severe grandeur to the long line of fortifications. We were reminded of some great solid Etruscan, or Egyptian building. Although it was deserted forty days after Tughlak Shah died, no vegetation blurs the outline of the sloping turrets, thick walls and narrow doorways, and enough remains of its four-mile circumference and fifty-two gates to show what a formidable stronghold it formed; it was indeed, as Mr. William Finch said of it in 1610—"a thing of surpassing glory and stateliness."

A stone causeway, raised on low arches, stretches out into the lake, and at the end of it is a curious enclosure surrounded by very massive walls, in the form of an irregular pentagon, sloping inwards from the base, in the peculiar style of the Tughlak Sultans. In the centre of this small fortress, which is in a far better state of preservation than the castle, stands the fit and appropriate tomb of two of the warrior kings of the Tughlak line. This building, of white marble and red sandstone, surmounted by a white marble dome, is the tomb where the generous benefactor and restorer Firoz Shah Tughlak,—who endeavoured so nobly to repair the ravages of time and the results of past tyranny,—placed the signed deeds of full pardon which, with infinite pains, he had obtained from all those whom his brilliantly clever, but probably slightly deranged, predecessor had injured. There is something distinctive in the character of this short line of Tughlak Sultans (1321–1390), and their refined, severe taste and pitiless sternness

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appear to have stamped themselves on the titanic monuments of their time.

Here we joined, and drove back by, the Muttra road. In this district, amongst the tombs and the ruins of bygone cities, there are little communities of low caste Christians, singing their curious songs as they lead their flocks and herds to graze, on the scant herbage.

The Cambridge Mission to Delhi—though chiefly devoted to work among the educated classes in the city, where they have a complete ladder of education—is responsible for this work too, and they perambulate the villages within a circle of twenty miles, preaching, teaching, catechising and conversing.

The Delhi Brotherhood was founded, in consequence of a strong appeal made by Sir Bartle Frere to the University, to send men to carry on the work of Mr. and Mrs. Winter in Delhi. Sir Bartle Frere had visited Delhi, with the Prince of Wales in 1876, and wrote of these devoted people that they were both much overtaxed. Mr. Winter was a man of great powers of organisation, energy, and enthusiasm, who had laboured here for eleven years without rest, and he could not be persuaded to leave till it was possible to supply his place. Sir Bartle Frere wrote, "I am much mistaken if you have not a larger Tinnevelly at Delhi in the course of a few years, but they require more money and more men. Delhi seems quite one of the most hopeful openings I have seen." Mr. Bickersteth (afterwards Bishop of Japan) responded to this

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appeal, and founded the Delhi Brotherhood in 1878 with the support of the saintly and learned Bishop French of Lahore, who for his knowledge of native dialects was known as the "Padre with seven tongues." Since then, the work has expanded under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Lefroy and Mr. Allnutt, and has numbered several learned Oriental scholars amongst its members, men able to meet Brahman and Moolvi on their own ground and to show themselves better acquainted, even than they, with the Vedas and Koran. One of the great desires of Bishop French was to avoid anglicising the native convert, and encouraging him to depend too much on his Western teacher; he therefore encouraged peripatetic methods of evangelisation. He combined this method with colleges, in which he hoped native boys might be trained to become Christian teachers; and he looked forward to the day when colleges, such as those of the Missions at Delhi, Agra and Lahore, by mastering methods of grappling with Oriental subtleties of thought, would build up a truly native Church in India, and rival the ancient Christian schools of Alexandria and Edessa.

The Cambridge Brotherhood hold, that the progress of Christianity in India has been terribly hindered by the strongly marked and rather self-assertive individuality of the English character, which finds solidarity of life and work a difficulty; and that, whereas the old faiths of India have pre-eminently asserted the principle of brotherhood, the Christian religion had been, for a long period,

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presented to the natives of India as concerning the individual relation of the separate soul to God almost exclusively, whilst the complement to this essential foundation,—the unity of the whole as one body in Christ,—had hardly been brought home to them at all. They believe that the marvellous solidarity of native life, which is one of its most marked characteristics, is not all evil, and that it behoves the missionary to show, in deed as well as word, that that principle is, in the highest degree, congenial to the faith of Christ. They hold, therefore, that the object-lesson of a corporate life, based on pure religious principle, such as a Brotherhood presents, is of the utmost value, in the task of commending to the Hindu mind a truly catholic and not exclusively English, or even European type of Christianity. The characteristic and impressive note of the Delhi Mission seems to be its complete organisation of active work. It discovers various practical advantages arising from the Brotherhood life—such as economy; the absence of isolation, which is one of the greatest trials of the ordinary missionary; and the continuity of work, resulting from the fact, that the methods of the older and more experienced men can be learned, by those working with them, before they are called away.

Both this, and the road we went out by, are lined in places with tombs of all descriptions, some covered by delicate bright coloured tiles. The number of fine tombs which we met with in India rather perplexed us, but, to any one with a knowledge of the history of Mogul courts, the explana-

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tion is not far to seek. Amongst the Moguls there were no noble families: the King was the proprietor of all land and the source of all honour. The saying of the Emperor Paul of Russia, "the only man noble in my dominions is the man to whom I speak, for the time that I speak to him," expresses precisely the attitude of a Mogul Emperor to his own courtiers and high officers; and they succeeded in breaking up, in India, all the ancient aristocracy except that of the Rajputs. The courtiers and emirs were usually adventurers from outside, or slaves, and they formed simply a nobility of office which never succeeded in founding a family, and never built a spacious palace. They lived in temporary habitations, and spent much of their time in the Emperor's palace: he was their heir, and had no scruple in bestowing their possessions on their successor in office, as soon as they died, and transferring their wealth to his own coffers. Their families were, at once, turned out to shift for themselves, and their sons had to begin *de novo*. Consequently, they left nothing to commemorate their name, unless it were a bridge or a canal built for the public good, or a college, except the tombs which meet our view on every side.

We stopped *en route* at the Tomb of Akbar's father, Humayun, the first great Mogul building in India and probably the finest. It is certainly the most beautiful tomb near Delhi, and it looked particularly solemn and grand as we saw it, just after the sun had set. There can be no doubt that the contour of the dome is finer than that of the Taj where

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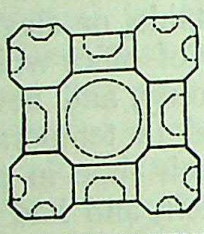
bulbousness has already become rather marked. The design of the building is peculiar. A white marble dome rises above the central chamber, which is an irregular octagon, with four irregular octagons at alternate sides, surrounding it, and between them small square or oblong chambers with deep portals in each. The body of the building is of red sandstone and white marble, and stands, in the centre of a garden, on the top of a square platform, looking down on the surrounding trees, and, away north, to the rugged walls of Indraput. The garden is surrounded by walls, entered by stately gateways. It was to this building that Hodson, of "Hodson's Horse," came, in search of the last King of Delhi, and with a small band of horse brought him away, in the teeth of hundreds of the enemy. He still further distinguished himself by returning for the two sons of the King, and having led them out of their hiding-place, shot them with his own hand. His action was much criticised, but acts of boldness such as this seem to have staggered and paralysed the natives.



SKETCH PLAN OF HUMAYUN'S TOMB

On leaving Humayun's tomb it was growing so dark we were obliged to give up going to see that of Nizam-ud-din. And next day we left Delhi.

It had been very interesting to trace the growth of the tomb idea, which culminates in the Agra Taj, but one can have too much of everything, and I think we had of sightseeing at Delhi. Neverthe-

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less, our consciences brought us back again, for a night, from Amballa, to see the Dargah of Nizam-ud-din. We had to leave again by a train (southward bound) at eleven, so we made an early start, and were on the road at about a quarter to eight. The same picturesque throng that we had seen on the former occasion, when we drove out early from Delhi—or, at any rate, a very similar one—met us as we left the outer gates, but with the addition of a mysterious mist, betokening heat, and a string of camel-carts, like huge cages, full of natives, which we passed just beyond the walls.

Our carriage drew up, amongst ruins, before a small archway, and the path, which we followed, led us round a sacred baoli or tank, overshadowed by high walls. On the west side seventy feet above the water, was a dome, from which naked natives wanted us to see them jump. We did not give them any encouragement, but passed on, through a winding passage, into a beautiful little courtyard; this is the first of two, forming the burying-ground of many great and holy people, grouped around the Dargah of Sheik Nizam-ud-din, which, like the shrines of the other three great Chisti saints, is reverenced by Mohammedans all over India. He was the last of the line, and appears to have settled in Delhi about 1265, and to have been a great and powerful personage, playing an important part in the political history of his time. He was a great ally of Ala-ud-din Khilji, the parricide Sultan, and has, the perhaps undeserved, reputation of having been closely connected with the Thugs, who have

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always honoured him, as one of the lights of the profession. With Tughlak Shah, he seems to have been at cross purposes, and the tradition goes that they interfered with each other's building operations and showered on them mutual recriminations and curses.

Nizam-ud-din died at the age of ninety-two, the year before his opponent, who was murdered in 1325. His devoted friend and follower, Khusru, the renowned poet of Tughlak's Court,—whose songs have not been forgotten by the people through the five hundred years which have passed by,—refused to survive him, and died soon after; he lies buried within the same enclosure. This peculiarly Oriental habit of dying at will—with no apparent physical cause except that of refusing to take food—has often been a real difficulty to the English Government. Instances are well known in which individuals, or, in some cases, groups of people, have allowed themselves to die, simply as a protest against something they objected to: it is usually as an act of impotent revenge and in order to heap obloquy on the man who drove them to it. Political prisoners, in Russian prisons, Leo Deutsch says, will revenge themselves on the officials in much the same manner. "Sitting dharna," or taking up a position at a man's gateway, and refusing to take food, in order to enforce compliance with some demand, is now a criminal offence in India. Babar appears to have ended his days in something of the same manner as Khusru: he devoted his life to save that of his sick son,—the son recovered, and Babar died.

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Here also lies Jehanira, the devoted companion of Shah Jehan's captivity in Agra Fort. She survived her father for sixteen years, and was said to be a great benefactress of the poor and religious men, and to have died with the reputation of a saint, which,—though the part of the devil's advocate was not left out, and there are two versions of her story,—Bishop Heber seems inclined to allow her. Her tombstone consists of a white marble slab, carved with flowers, and hollowed out, so as to contain earth, on which grows fresh green grass, in obedience to her wish that only things frail and evanescent should mark her last resting-place: the epitaph inscribed on the headstone is said to have been composed by herself: —"Let green grass only conceal my grave, grass is the best covering for the grave of the meek, the humble, transitory Jehanira, the disciple of the holy men of Chist."

On the right, on entering the first courtyard there is a Mosque, with a very fine domed ceiling —rising, before the dome is commenced, from a square to an octagon and from that to a sixteen-sided figure. To the east is an assembly hall of white marble, with fine lattice screens (restored). Two of the tombs have beautiful white marble doors, elaborately ornamented in low relief.

The great tombs of Nizam-ud-din and of Khusru form two separate buildings, of white marble encased in lattice screens of the most exquisite carved work. The shrines themselves are covered with bright silk palls with canopies over them and

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ostrich eggs and gewgaws hang from the canopies. All important Moslem tombs have, besides the Mosque, an endowed college of Moolahs attached: they say prayers at stated times, read the Koran over the grave twice a day, and spend the intervals in teaching the youth of the neighbourhood to read the Koran and hate the unbeliever. The result is, no doubt, not very conducive to living peaceably with your neighbour, but the process pleases the eye. Picturesque groups of figures sit about on the marble pavement. Here is a very small boy being taught to read out of a great tome; there a venerable patriarch is instructing a lad out of the Koran; and in another part a young man is carefully copying a manuscript, with his "style"—the floor forming his desk, and he laboriously leaning over and slowly drawing out the letters.

Besides the large tomb, there are innumerable small ones, many of which would be well worth studying anywhere else. Some of these are overhung by great shady trees, and in the shady or sheltered nooks sit many old men, in various stages of decrepitude. They, and the cats, which seemed to haunt the place, reminded me of the Algerian marabouts, where the old people, who have come to end their days in the holy precincts, sit hugging cats to keep them warm. The whole group is wonderfully beautiful, and the place is certainly one of the most attractive near Delhi; the quiet life about it adds an indescribable charm not easily forgotten.

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CHAPTER XIII

AMBALLA: A CANTONMENT

On a bright, but sharply fresh, early morning at the end of February, we reached Amballa—after a night journey from Delhi—to pay a visit to Mr. Leslie Smith, the Divisional Judge of the district. He met us at the station and drove us up to his house, two miles off, at the further side of the cantonment. It was a pleasant drive under avenues of fine peepul trees, and along straight level roads flanked on either side by large shady compounds enclosing—within low, whitewashed walls and rose hedges—trim deep-roofed bungalows, festooned with masses of crimson bougainvillea and of bignonia bright with orange-coloured flowers. In the distance the view, northwards across the plain, was bounded by blue mountains topped by faint indications of glorious snowy Himalayas. Some of these giant peaks, fading into the delicate blue sky, beyond Simla, must be fully two hundred miles away.

Amballa is one of the proverbially happy places without a history; a town has only existed here since the comparatively late date of 1400, and nothing of any importance is recorded of it till the

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district came into the hands of the British in 1823. Then, it was chosen as the station for the political agent of the province, and in 1843 a cantonment was established a few miles south of the now well-nigh vanished unwalled old town. It is the head-quarters of a district lying between the Sutlej and the Jumna—the Himalayas and the native state of Patiala—which is the sacred land of the misty days of Hindu epic romance and the last home of the five demi-god brothers, the Pandavas, before they left the plains to bury themselves in some unknown spot amongst the eternal snows of the Himalayas. There is, however, little trace of mystery or poetry in the crisp, brisk military atmosphere of the busy little town: it lies on the Grand Trunk road, that most fascinating of highways—the "broad smiling river of life" with new people and new sights at every stride, endeared to us all by the days spent on it by Kim, the "little friend of all the world" and his Lama. Its double avenue runs fifteen hundred miles across India, and Amballa is close to the place where the road to Simla and the Hill stations turns off, and has long been a centre of supply for the Europeans up there. It is in a capitally healthy situation, and though no doubt very trying in the hot weather, it was fresh enough then. The temperature was cooler than anything we had hitherto enjoyed in India: experience warned us that it would be considered rather tactless to congratulate any of our friends in India on the climate of the place they lived in, but it was undeniable that a good deal of rain had fallen here, whereas

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we had met with none elsewhere, and that there really were refreshing indications of green grass. The neighbourhood of the hills, with their snow and roaring torrents, gives to the atmosphere a dampness that lends beauty to the landscape; and

OUTSIDE THE CANTONMENT

the surrounding district is well wooded with fine dark green groves of mango, with sissoos, mulberry, banyan, and the ubiquitous peepul tree.

The attraction of this station is that it is so close to the hills that wives and children can easily escape, for the hot weather, to Kasauli, six thousand feet above the plains, and overlooking the Kalka valley, where, when the railway then projected was opened, a run of three hours would enable the men

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to join them for the week end. At Kalka the Simla people used, in old days, having passed the ford over the Ghaggur river half-way, to leave their dak gharry from Amballa and take to the tonga. In flood-time that ford often involved considerable delay for passengers, and the mails were carried over by an elephant. All these romantic incidents have faded into the past now, and by a light rail-

FROM THE MAIDAN

way to Simla one is very prosaically "wheeled to reach the eagles' haunt" in no time.

Amballa is said to be a very good specimen of an English cantonment: at the time of our visit there were five thousand troops there, including the 7th Dragoon Guards, 2nd Battalion Queen's West Surrey, 14th West Yorks, King's Own Scottish Borderers, 2nd Battery Royal Horse Artillery, 2nd Mounted Battery (partly native), 10th Bengal Lancers, and the 23rd Pioneers. It stretches out on a vast flat plain about seventy miles south of the first slopes of the Himalayas and is planned upon rectangular roads. The central part is occupied by the bungalows of the officers, the shops, the club, and the church, all surrounded by large compounds. To the West are rows of barrack buildings separated from the centre by small maidans—flat

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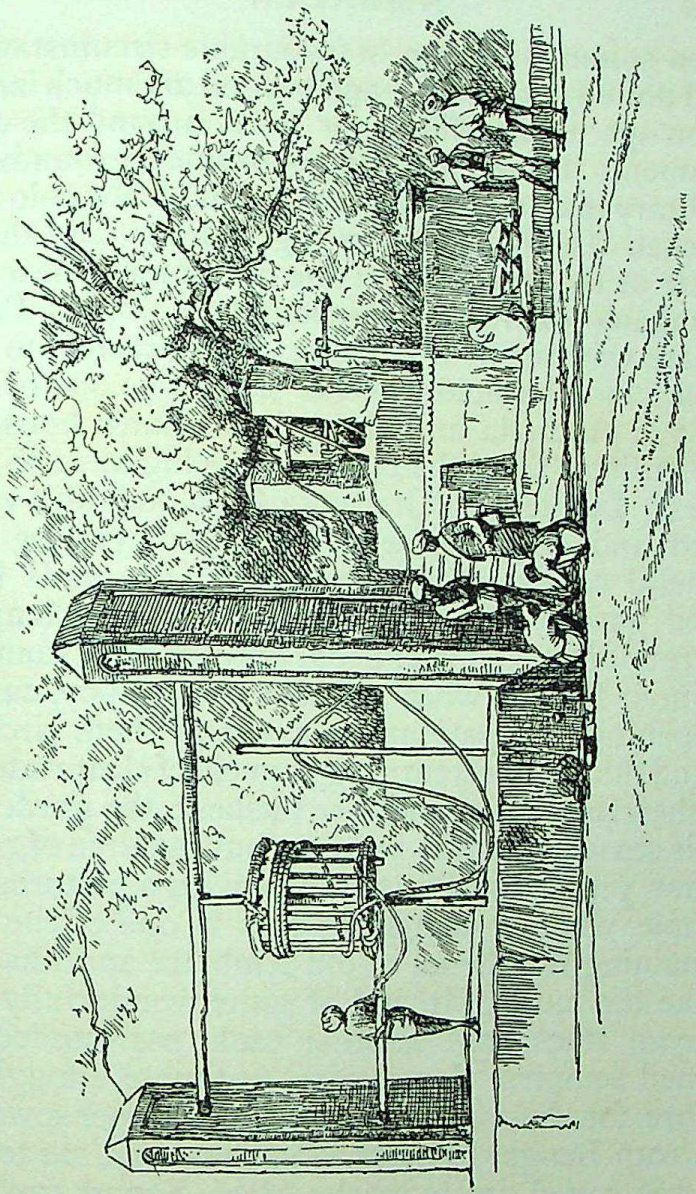

A PERSIAN WELL

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open commons, green in favourable circumstances and dotted with trees—and beyond are much larger open spaces stretching for miles around the cantonment. These form parade-grounds, grounds for military manœuvres, and are available for polo and cricket. To the North is a golf links, and there, quite at the extremity of the cantonment near the gymkana or recreation-ground, is Paget Park, where was our host's house. It is attached to the post which he holds, and is said to be one of the best in Amballa and the only civilian's house in the military lines, the civil lines being away to the West. I understand it was rather a Naboth's vineyard and regarded with covetous eyes by the general commanding the district. It stands in a good garden with the usual little water-channels surrounding the flower beds; they are filled from the droning Persian wheel, where a drowsy boy, curled up behind the patient oxen, sends them circling round the well, and turning runnels of clear water to freshen the lemon and rose bushes; the garden in their season abounds in roses, but the time of roses is not yet. Close by is a tank with a picturesque temple, where I sketched; this is one of the few remaining fragments of old Amballa, and I had to make the most of it, and of some wonderfully big banyan trees, and another tank, surrounded by ruined temples. I was also fortunate enough to secure, for the morning, a splendid camel sowar of the 10th Bengal Lancers, who came and sat to me on his camel, in its scarlet Marie Stuart cap and saddle-cloth, outside the verandah of my bedroom.

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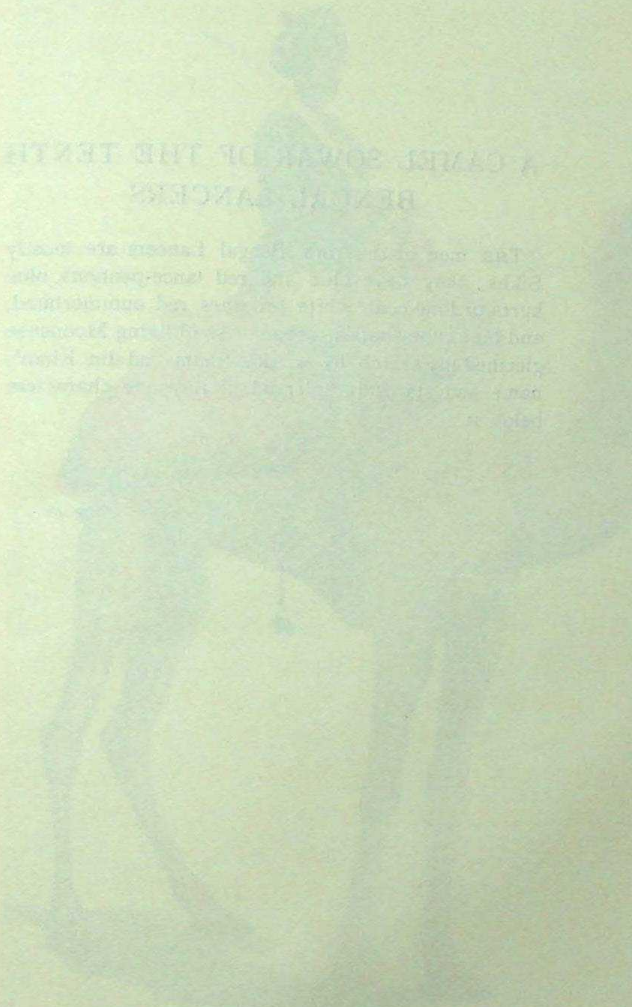

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A CAMEL SOWAR OF THE TENTH BENGAL LANCERS

"THE men of the 10th Bengal Lancers are mostly Sikhs; they have blue and red lance-pennons, blue kurta or long coat, white breeches, red cummerbund, and blue cone-shaped turban. An obliging Moonshee glorified my sketch by writing Shams ud-din Khan's name and status in splendid picturesque characters below it."

Plate 26

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شمس الدین خان شتر سوار رسالہ دہم

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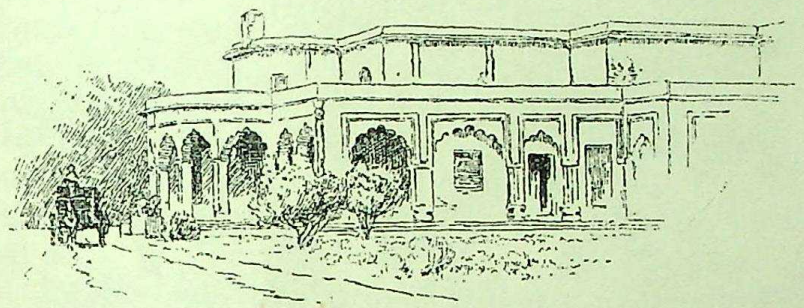
Unfortunately our conversation was limited, but an obliging Moonshee glorified my sketch by writing Shams ud-din Khan's name and status in splendid picturesque characters below it.

It was a rest to be free from that most impertinent, persistent individual, the Delhi tout, who had been boring us to death for the last few days, His name is legion, he lay in wait at every corner, and with his confrères crowded round us in the



THE HOUSE OF THE DIVISIONAL JUDGE

street, and climbed, uninvited, on to the carriage, thrusting his employer's cards into his victim's face. We were besieged by him at the hotel door and even stormed in our bedrooms. It is very difficult to maintain an air of indifference to all this persecution, and at last I got so exasperated that I threatened violence with sticks and umbrellas —nothing short of this will keep the tout at bay.

It was good also to be in a comfortable house with decent food, after the very indifferent fare at Indian hotels and to get milk which one knew was not contaminated with typhoid germs. It is not

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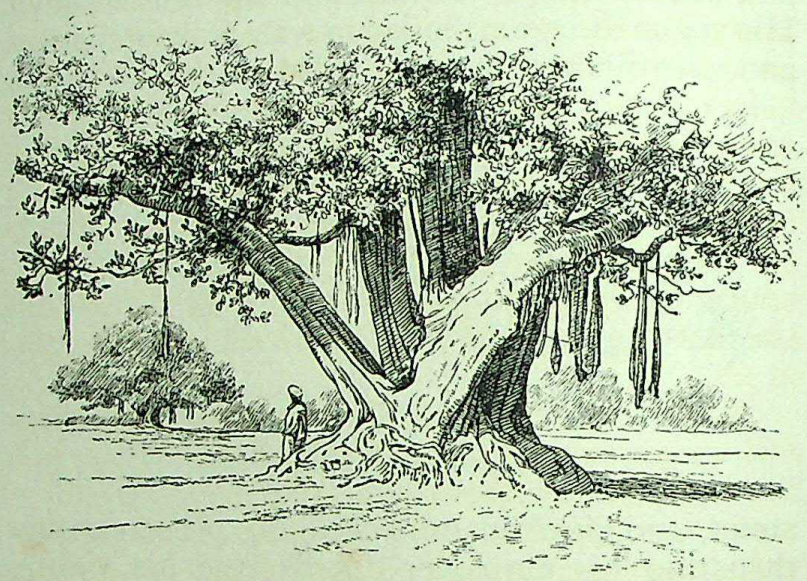
safe to drink milk in India unless one has a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the individual cow and its ways. The real white brahmani cow—with its black points, wide muzzle, and long drooping ears—who supplies the milk for English, or native domestic use, is a *Purdah* lady, secluded for life, and



BANYAN TREE

she never strays beyond the stable or the courtyard, separated from the neighbouring domain by a low mud wall; she is fed by her own attendant, who in times of scarcity will wander far afield, seeking fodder for his charge. The other cows, who supply the milk of commerce, are those one sees at large, picking up a doubtful living in the streets and bazaars: the ordinary milk is therefore a fruitful source of infection.

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One of our first thoughts on arriving was to inquire for Furse, whom we had last encountered in the train coming here to be nursed through typhoid fever; he seemed to be very well looked after in the hospital and with countless kind friends watching his recovery.

The cantonment had been rather in mourning lately, for the general died the week before, and a poor man, who had dined with our host the day before, was killed on the polo ground. Another man, General ——, had also just died, poisoned by his servants, in whose favour he had very foolishly made a will. It was said that no traces of the poison could be found, but the doctors appear to have no doubt of it, and I am told the natives know of poisons which leave no trace at all.

People say that Amballa is a deadly dull place, but we came in for census holidays and a polo tournament and there appeared to be no end of amusement for the next week or so. Tent-pegging, polo, and races were the order of the day, dinner-parties and theatricals of the night, and we had a delightful time and met some very pleasant people, including Mrs. Nairn, wife of the Inspector-General of Artillery, whose daughter was just about to marry Capt. Mercer, one of Lord Roberts' A.D.C.s, and some other agreeable R.H.A. people, Captain Eardley Wilmot; Lord Teignmouth's brother, Major Shore; and Mrs Knox and her sister, Miss Dundas of Arniston; Colonel and Mrs. Elliot Lockhart, relations of the Davisons of Muirhouse,

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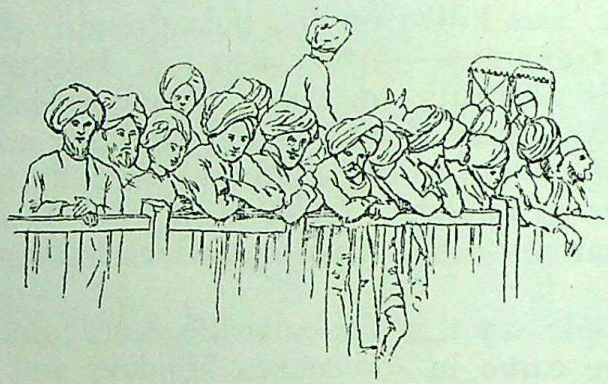
commanding the R.H.A. here; and Sir John Jervis White Jervis and his wife.

We went to see one of the polo tournament matches—they were playing off the finals—1st West Yorkshire (quartered here) against Bareilly and Jallunder Rifle Brigade teams. As the Rifle Brigade teams had each six or eight good ponies against the West York two apiece, it seemed a great



THE CROWD

triumph of good play when they won the final. On the ground I met Major Noyes, who commands the 1st West Yorks here: he was very keen about the game, and the enthusiasm of the Tommies was immense. Major Noyes had come out with us as far as Aden and was expecting his Colonelcy daily.

The tent-pegging amongst native officers of Bengal Cavalry Regiments was one of the prettiest sights I had seen in India. It was a lovely day and almost the first we had had any sun since we arrived. After breakfast we went to the maidan close by to

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the N.W., and the wide plain formed a very pretty picture, with the tents and shifting kaleidoscope of gay-coloured crowds, in which every figure was a study in colour, against a background of blue Hima-

A COMPETITOR

layas, capped with snow. The brightly dressed native audience, onlookers and competitors—some of them wild looking Pathans and frontier tribesmen in gorgeous clothes—were ranged in two long rows, on either side of the course, eagerly watching each rider as, with body bent low and poised spear, he comes galloping down, shouting wildly

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till he either misses the peg or hits it, and swings it, on the point of his lance, round his high-coned blue turban with the flashing steel quoit—then a murmur of excited approval passed through the crowd. All this in brilliant sunshine, with a background of trees and grey-blue mountains and far off snow-peaks, was a scene never to be forgotten. It was a grand opportunity for studying variety in the dress of the people; some were gloriously apparelled in their own native costume, and others were in bright uniforms. The uniforms of the 10th Bengal Lancers, many of whom are Sikhs, with their blue and red lance-pennons, blue kurta or long coat, white breeches, red cummerbund, and the blue cone-shaped lungi, or turban, particularly pleased my eye. I was introduced to several distinguished personages, and specially remember a gentleman in dark green silk, who was said to trace his descent to the time of Abraham—or rather that it had been done for him. I was immensely glad we had not missed it all, though it involved our foregoing a visit to Peshawur.

ONE OF THE CROWD

The night of March 3 found me at Amballa station, starting, with my "boy" Lobo, on an expedition to the North-West. My companion was not well and preferred a few quiet days at Amballa; but, besides my desire to see Lahore and Amritzar,

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I was driven to Lahore by a very prosaic search for a dentist, who, it appeared, was not to be found elsewhere in the North-West. At Delhi such a person is unknown, and the inhabitants have to depend on a travelling dentist who goes from place to place.

An Indian railway station is always rather an entertaining place: the amount of native traffic is astounding, and the stations are always filled with a jabbering crowd. I believe that, if a native is to leave by a morning train, he comes to the station overnight, and takes his ticket, and, not troubling about time-tables, sleeps there, so as to be sure of catching it. You find them on the platform, outside the ticket office, lying asleep, with heads covered, rolled in their cotton quilts, huddled up on each other in indistinguishable heaps, like bodies on a battlefield. The third-class waiting-room is a large hall with iron gratings for doors, rather like a cage in a menagerie: you look through the gratings and see all kinds of strangely garbed people sitting and lying about. They are not allowed on the platform, till nearly time for their train: when the train comes in the cage is opened and they spring to life, and with cries and shouts—in which the water-sellers and sellers of sweets join—they all bustle down the long platform, gathering up their bundles and, with most un-Oriental lack of dignity, push and run to the train; there they may be seen presently cooped up in the crate-like carriages, lying on the floor and standing on the seats, in great confusion, but apparent content.

My host came to see me off and he introduced me

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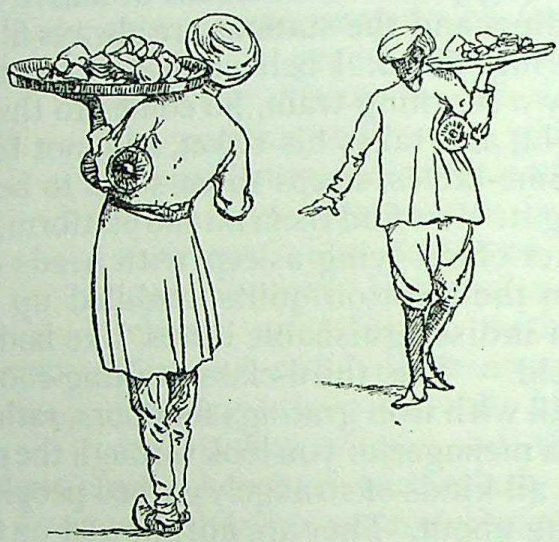
to a fellow traveller, whom he chanced to know; he shared my compartment all the way to Lahore, where he lived. Perhaps he was a cynic who, having seen much of the seamy side of men and institutions, took a gloomy view of life and its amenities; at any rate, he spent the night most uncomfortably,



SWEET-SELLERS

and, before leaving, told me he was busy and could do nothing for me. I had experienced a good deal of the kind and sociable ways of Englishmen in India, and no doubt I had had more than I deserved, of generous hospitality in other places.

Soon after a chilly sunrise I found myself driving, along a winding road lined with casuarinas, to Nedou's hotel; Sir James Lyall, with whom we were to have stayed, had been obliged to go into camp, just at the time of my visit to Lahore.

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CHAPTER XIV

LAHORE—THE NORTHERN GATE

In old days, he who held Lahore held India, for it stands at the sluice-gates through which, from the north-west—since the time of Alexander—the flood of many successive generations of India's conquerors has swept. Into Lahore poured the first Mohammedan invaders at the end of the seventh century, and looted the great Brahmanical city of which, years before, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrims, Fo-Hian and Hiuen-Tsiang, had described the splendour. Again, three centuries later, the ten thousand picked horsemen of Mahmud of Ghazni burst, "like a foaming torrent," through the barriers and overwhelmed Jai Pal, the Rajput king of Lahore, at Peshawur. He was carried off, with rich spoils, into captivity, but released on promising a tribute: the disgrace, however, broke his heart, and mounting a pyre, he had had constructed, he applied the torch with his own hands, and perished in the flames. The burden of the tribute passed to his son, Anang Pal, who was true to his inherited engagements, though other subjugated Rajahs were less loyal, and the northern Sultan returned in wrath and—defeating the largest

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army India had ever mustered—gained a firm footing in Hindustan. He occupied Lahore, which remained the capital of the Mussalman Empire until 1194, when Mahmud Ghori, or Shahab-ud-din, whose dominions extended from Tibet to the Caspian, transferred the metropolis to Delhi.

In the last years of the fourteenth century Lahore fell before the invasion of the lame Timur, and when another 140 years had elapsed, it was once again sacked and plundered by the great Babar in 1526, who pushed his invasion further, and, after the victory of Paniput, founded the Empire of the Moguls. From that time Lahore ranked as one of the great capitals of the East, and Milton, no doubt basing his estimate on Mr. William Finch's remark, "This is without doubt one of the greatest cities of the East," coupled it with Agra—in the well-known lines—

> Samarckand by Oxus, Timur's throne,
> To Pekin, of Simoean kings, and then
> To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul
> Down to the golden Chersonese.

The Mogul Emperors lived here at intervals, and the four great builders of the dynasty are all represented in Lahore: Akbar by the mixed Saracenic and Hindu architecture in the Fort and walls, Jehangir and Shah Jehan by their splendid palaces, and the fanatical Aurangzeb by the great Mosque. Subsequently the city became the scene of perpetual pillage and loot until the establishment of the Sikh kingdom under Ranjit Sing, a magnificent figure, who welded the Sikhs, under

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European officers, into the strongest native power in India; he was always a faithful ally of the British, and it was not till after his death, that two great wars led to the annexation of his kingdom.

The original cradle of the Sikhs—with their warlike habits and traditions and theocratic enthusiasm—lies in an upland district between the Sutlej and the Ravi. They are not a distinct race, though chiefly Jats; but a well-disciplined religious and military democratic brotherhood of reformed Hindus, and Sir Monier Williams appears to think them most akin to the worshippers of Vishnu. They owe their origin to Nanak, who was born, of a farmer's family, on the banks of the River Ravi fourteen years before the birth of Martin Luther (1469). He spoke as a divinely inspired teacher, and the character of his message and its influence, in the early days when the Granth—their sacred book—was written, before corruption and degeneracy crept in, was such that Bishop French of Lahore says, that to those of his Sikh hearers, who were well up in their own sacred writings, quotations from the Gospels, or Early Fathers, seemed to express spiritual truths with which they were familiar. Sikh signifies literally "a disciple," and at first they were little else than a body of seekers after the divine way of truth and peace of mind. Since Nanak's day, however, the system has been consolidated, and much modified, by successive Gurus, or teachers. Under the fifth Guru Arjun (1581–1606) they became a political community: he came into collision with the

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Mohammedans and died a prisoner in Lahore under Jehangir. It was Arjun who compiled the Granth —or Holy Book—an object of immense veneration amongst the Sikhs: the sayings and doctrines of Nanak are comprised in one division of the book, called the "Japji," which the true Sikh is directed to read every morning, as containing the key to the teaching of all the Gurus. It is said to be "noble in spirit, poetical in form, and worthy to be classed with some of the noblest of the Hebrew Psalms," and to express a mysticism comparable to that of Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey—full of

> a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> . . . and in the mind of man.

Nanak dwells specially on the character of God, as a self-conscious Being, who loves and cares for His creatures, who hears their prayers and enters into personal relations with them. He taught that the royal road to the knowledge of God and to intercourse with Him, was neither by intellectual knowledge nor ritual "good deeds," but through "remembrance of the Name"—or meditation on the character of God—conformity to His Will, and right conduct; also that the Immanent Spirit reveals Himself amidst the business of life—as well as in the solitary places—if the heart be intent on hearing His voice and doing His Will. The moral standard of the first Sikhs was a high one; gambling and immorality were punishable offences; falsehood, slander, and fornication were branded

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as deadly sins; truthfulness, honesty, and kindness were inculcated. And by Nanak's doctrine, "There is no Hindu and no Mussalman," all caste divisions were swept away in the brotherhood. The later Gurus, however, preached the duty of destroying the enemies of the faith, and soon, the original aim of the founder was frustrated and forgotten.

Under the later Moguls, the Sikhs endured bitter persecution, but they gained in strength, and gradually developed from a religious order into a military community known as the Kalsa, or elect. Though constantly at war with their Mohammedan rulers, and representing—like the Mahrattas in the south—the Hindu reaction, and forming one of the main causes of the internal disintegration of the Empire, yet they constituted a protection against attack from outside, and for many years kept back the tide of further Afghan invasion. The last Guru who had any pretensions to being a spiritual leader was Guru Govind (1721). He established the political independence of his followers, and, after him, the rule of the Guruship was abolished and only military leaders were elected. The contrast between this later history of the Sikhs—when they lived only for the holy war, with its tale of slaughter and bloodshed—and the precepts of Nanak, is absolute.

In the eighteenth century the military prowess of the Sikhs reached its zenith, for, after a long struggle with the Afghans, they finally won the supremacy of the Punjab in a battle near Amritzar in 1764. They then established themselves firmly in Lahore, which became the military centre of their

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kingdom, but was constantly robbed to glorify the religious centre, Amritzar. They ruled the north-west for a century, and became a nation of free-booters, sweeping down and over-running the adjacent country like locusts. They destroyed the crops and the fine groves of trees, the legacy of the piety of past generations; and they massacred the populations. They were then said to be "false, sanguinary, faithless, and addicted to plunder and the acquirement of wealth by any means however nefarious." After Ranjit Sing's death they invaded British territory in 1845, and began the first Sikh War, which led ultimately to the annexation in 1849. Then they were enlisted in small numbers in the Sepoy regiments. On the outbreak of the Mutiny Lord Lawrence enrolled many more, and they behaved with such conspicuous loyalty as to have justly earned the reputation of the most gallant and faithful soldiers of the Indian Empire.

The Sikhs differ from all the Hindu sects in that they are "not born but made"; they are not idolaters, and welcome all castes in the community. Like the Nazarite of old, the initiated Sikh never shaves or cuts his hair; and tobacco is forbidden him. His beard is divided in the middle, and passing behind his ears is twisted in a coil with his hair, under the dark blue high-coned turban in which he wears a miniature steel quoit.

When the kingdom of Ranjit Sing came into possession of the British at the end of the second Sikh War (1849) the district was taken by the East India Company from Maharajah Dhuleep

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Sing, and with it came into their possession the famous diamond, the Koh-i-noor. After the murder of Nadir Shah in 1739 this historic stone had passed through many vicissitudes, and came at last, in a much mutilated condition—as the price of the liberty of Shah Soojah, its blind and decrepit royal owner—into the hands of Ranjit Sing. He left on his death-bed instructions that it was to be sent to Jagganath, but his son retained it, amongst his treasures, until the day when it was personally entrusted to Lord Lawrence for transmission to the Queen. One of the quaintest of its many adventures then followed. Lord Lawrence placed the small box, in its cotton wrappings, that contained it, in his waistcoat pocket, and promptly forgot all about it until, six weeks later, he was called upon to send it home. Then the circumstances flashed across his mind, and with much anxiety he hastily summoned his bearer, and inquired whether he recollected the box being in his pocket some time before. The servant had found it, and, with the care of a good native servant, though he thought it contained only a worthless piece of glass, had luckily put it carefully away in a battered tin box, and, to Lord Lawrence's great relief, was able to produce it at once.

Since Lahore came into our hands a second town has grown up outside the old city: the moat has been filled in and planted with a shady belt of garden, forming a green girdle round Akbar's and Ranjit Sing's walls, with their twelve gates. It is a city of gardens where all sorts of trees and

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shrubs flourish: the roses, I believe, are something to rave about, and mulberry, guava, orange, vine, and peaches and plums bear splendid crops—the scarlet-flowered pomegranates in the gardens, and the green meadows of the Champ de Mars, near the town, form a delightful foreground to the distant views. On very bright days, when the air is not too much charged with dust, the snow-clad Himalayas come into sight, far far away, stretching their massive, gigantic, and noble forms proudly, above the clouds, into the blue heavens. The middle distance is perfectly flat: it is fertile, but depends much on irrigation, and when not irrigated by canal water, tends to become a mere barren desert or steppe dotted with stunted camel-broom and wormwood and other shrubs; clusters of mud or reed huts occur here and there, by the side of a muddy pond, and are dignified by the name of village.

I found a great deal to attract me in the wonderful walled city of Lahore; though the buildings all recall Delhi and Agra, and seemed on rather a lower level of interest, yet there are certain things which are unique and essentially characteristic of the place, and these, in themselves alone, are well worth coming here to see—they help one to imagine what the town was like in the old days of its splendour, when the Persian poet used it as an instance of transcendent attainment:

> God has made by His own power,
> One city great, one city small,
> Not every town becomes a Delhi or Lahore.

My first care was to get the Handbook descrip-

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tions as correct as possible; I found it no easy task, and it occupied the whole livelong day, as there was no one to help me, and the only book relating to the place shirked all the difficulties and swallowed all the old blunders. Immediately after breakfast, I drove off to see the sights. The Fort is one of the chief objects of interest; but owing to the absence of a reliable guide I was much put to it to understand and unravel its intricacies. There used to be an intelligent non-commissioned officer there, who knew something about the place, but he with the whole garrison had gone, only two days before, and had been replaced by a new lot, who were more ignorant of the place than I was myself.

Lahore Fort in its palmy days must have been a splendid place, perhaps equal, or approaching in beauty to that at Delhi. But vandalism, British and other, has robbed it of most of its splendour. The outside of the Palace of Akbar, which faces the deep ditch and overlooks the outer wall, is profusely decorated with incaustic tiles and the mosaics of tile work, called Kashi or Nak Kashi work, *i.e.*, pottery made of the same material as tiles, but in all kinds of odd shapes and representing different quaint subjects—combats between animals, tigers and bulls, elephants, dragons. In the spandrils of some of the window-arches there are splendid flying angels, with girdles and long tassels, each bearing in its hand something which, from below, looks like a lamb or possibly a bird.

This very unorthodox decoration—according to

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Mohammedan doctrine—is attributable to the time of Jehangir, who preferred to live here rather than at Agra and contributed much to the splendour and prosperity of Lahore; even in the time of Akbar its bazaars stretched far over the now desolate tract beyond the walls. Jehangir is said to have given so much encouragement to the Portuguese Missionaries that he allowed a figure of the Madonna to appear on one of his buildings and used a rosary on which were figures of Christ and the Virgin. It is said that with his full approval several members of his family were baptized: there is, however, considerable doubt as to the real extent of Christian influence at the Mogul Court. Certainly in Jehangir's case, the influence does not appear to have affected in any way his life and moral character. Sir Thomas Roe—the Ambassador from James I.—bears witness to the drinking bouts to which he was addicted in private, and to the brutal ferocity of his treatment of those who incurred his displeasure. Prince Khusru, his eldest son—whose tomb we saw at Allahabad—for a short time held Lahore against him, but, with his supporters, fell into his father's hands: Jehangir caused seven hundred of Khusru's followers to be impaled in a line outside the gate of Lahore Fort, and he had the unfortunate Khusru, loaded with chains, and carried on an elephant, down the line, to witness the terrible spectacle of their prolonged sufferings. Khusru, who inherited something of Babar's temperament, was much affected, and for years remained a prey to the deepest melancholy: his

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subsequent fate, as his father's prisoner, excited much interest and he was for long the popular hero of his day.

The palace in the Fort was built round three sides of a large central courtyard, with a garden in the middle, and a lovely pavilion, with a richly sculptured verandah, overlooking the Ravi on the fourth side. The curious red sandstone corbels of part of the palace—twisted into the likeness of peacocks, monkeys, elephants, and griffons—are quite Hindu in character, and appear to date from Akbar's time. It is not very easy to realise what the palace was in old days, as it has suffered so terribly from Sikh and European alterations, that little of its original form remains. The beautiful little white marble mosque, the Moti Musjid, with its three domes was, I found, the strong room of the Fort and secured with many padlocks and sentries, who did not allow me even to approach it; whilst another beautiful white marble building of Jehangir, the Diwan-i-Khas, which stands near his red sandstone Kwabgah, or sleeping palace, was used as a garrison church at the time of my visit. It is of a beautiful simplicity of design and is supported on thirty-two delicate pillars. Both these buildings have now been disencumbered of their European tenants, but the Diwan-i-Am, a grand hall near the centre of the Fort, is entirely spoilt by alterations, modern walls and whitewash, and converted into barracks; and the Shish Mahal—or Palace of Mirrors, a delicately beautiful building—of rather later period and attributed to Shah Jehan

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and Aurangzeb—though in more or less perfect condition, has been encrusted by Ranjit Sing, who used to hold his Durbars there, with a mosaic of looking-glass, more in harmony with modern oriental taste than with ours and quite out of key with the feeling of the building.

From the windows of this hall northwards there is a beautiful view over the Almond Gardens and plain beyond to the Ravi, a mile or two away. Before Aurangzeb's too successful attempt to prevent inundations by diverting the course of the stream, the river ran just below the Fort. Where its broad bright blue stream now flows to join the Indus, stands Jehangir's beautiful tomb, on the Shahdera, which Ranjit Sing robbed to form the Bara Darri, a rich and fanciful gem of a marble pavilion standing in the tangled garden—the Hazuri Bagh—which separates the Fort from Aurangzeb's great cathedral mosque.

Near here are the sacred places of the Sikhs; amongst them the humble shrine of their fifth Guru Arjun Mall, the compiler of the Granth, who is believed to have perished as a martyr, in the Ravi, on this spot—and the Sanadh of Ranjit Sing, a much more pretentious mausoleum, with its round roof and projecting balconies. Above his ashes, in the centre of a marble platform, is a large lotus flower carved in marble and surrounded by eleven smaller flowers: the central flower covers the ashes of the great Maharaja and the others cover those of his wives, who became sati and underwent cremation with their husband.

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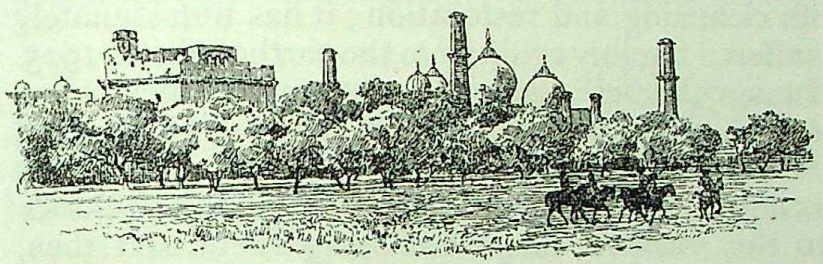
Aurangzeb's mosque, the Badshahi Musjid, as it is called, is a fine and stately example of that—not by any means the best—period; its general effect is marred by the absence of the crowning cupolas to the red sandstone minarets; being damaged in 1880 by an earthquake, the tops were taken down, leaving the minarets looking, for all the world, like factory chimneys, though they appear massive and imposing as they rise above the large



THE FORT AND JUMMA MUSJID

and shady trees of the mosque courtyard. The mosque was built by Aurangzeb, with the confiscated funds of his elder brother, Dara Shikoh, whom—having safely disposed of his father, Shah Jehan, in Agra Fort—he murdered in order to secure the succession to the throne. After a long pursuit Aurangzeb had captured Dara near Ahmedabad and bringing him to Delhi paraded him through the streets, amid circumstances of great indignity; he then submitted him to a mock trial, and, finally by the hand of his personal enemy, sent and murdered him in prison. His body was exposed to the populace on an elephant, and the head was then brought on a

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silver dish to Aurangzeb. It is hardly surprising that the mosque should never have been a favourite place of prayer.

When the Sikhs had the upper hand in Lahore they, in their turn, persecuted the Mohammedans, and desecrating the mosque made a magazine of it: it was not till 1850 that the Mohammedans obtained permission from the British Government to restore the mosque to its original use, and they collected large sums of money which they spent on its cleansing and restoration ; it has unfortunately suffered terribly again from the earthquake of 1905. In a chamber above the gateway are kept some sacred relics of the Prophet and of Hasan and Husein which used to be in the Fort. It took the priest in charge five minutes to open the padlocks to the various doors enclosing them, and then, before showing them off, he made us wait whilst he said a tedious and monotonous prayer. Then we saw the pugaree and slippers of the prophet and a hair of his beard, and various specimens of his handwriting. Dusty, fusty things they are, but the old priest, who showed them to us, was very anxious to impress upon us their beauty and unique value.

My second morning at Lahore, I started before the sun was up for a drive of six miles to Shahdera. It was bitterly cold and frost covered the grass, until the first horizontal rays of the sun were felt, and then the frost suddenly disappeared and by 8.30 it had become quite hot. Lahore is very hot in summer, but in winter the frost is quite severe, and the natives used, I am told, to collect ice to

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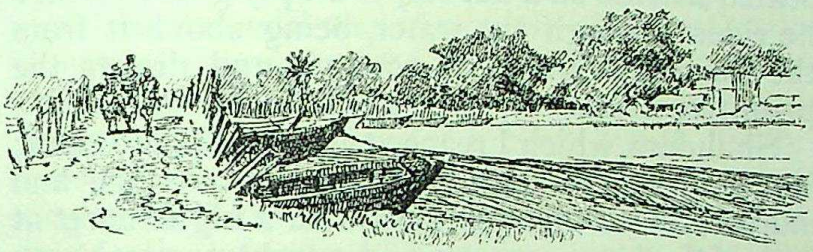
store, in small flat pans, and presented a very busy scene before sunrise—men, women, and children ice-picking. It was rather a pretty drive to the river, under avenues of acacia, through the very flat country all under cultivation, till on a bridge of boats we crossed the broad and bright blue Ravi, flowing down to join the Indus. The natives have curious ways of fishing in these rivers, an earthenware pot is floated down the stream, on which the fisherman rests his stomach, lying flat and paddling



THE BRIDGE OF BOATS

with his hands and feet: at a propitious moment he flings abroad a net, over the surface of the stream; he throws the fish thus caught into his earthenware pot and paddles on again. Sometimes these figures have a very droll look, only the head and neck of the fisherman being seen above the water, with a small part of the red earthenware pot and the uplifted staff to which the net is fastened. Now and then large numbers of them are carried down stream on floats, with nothing appearing above water but their turbaned heads; these have a very weird appearance, shouting and singing as they bob up and down on their way down the river.

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A friend described to me another original method of river navigation which they practise. Six or eight chatties with large open mouths are lashed together on the underside of a charpoy—or wood and string bedstead—in such a manner that the mouths of the chatties open downwards. This contrivance is then carried to the water and carefully lowered, so that each chatty remains full of air. This forms a raft of sufficient buoyancy to carry a passenger, and it is manœuvred by the fisherman seated astride on a net-full of empty gourds: thus he rides through the water, being above it from the waist upwards, and controls and directs the primitive craft.

Shahdera, which I reached at about eight o'clock, is a low square building of red sandstone and marble, raised on a platform with a big minaret at each of the four corners, a wide marble terrace above it forms the roof. The cenotaph, beautifully decorated with pietra-dura work, is in the centre of the building, in a small octagonal chamber with pierced marble screens on each side; a large tangled garden, containing a few stray flowers, surrounds it all. This was once the Dilkusha garden or pleasaunce of Jehangir's beautiful and capable wife, Noor Jehan, who with her father and brother, Asaf Khan, completely dominated the cruel, but pleasure-loving Jehangir and his empire towards the end of his life. Noor Jehan was the daughter of a needy Persian refugee, who with his son obtained employment and rose to well deserved honour at Akbar's court. Jehangir fell in love with the grace-

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ful and accomplished girl whom he saw in his father's harem—perhaps at one of the fairs Bernier describes—and though they married her to Sher Afgan, a Persian, to whom Akbar gave the governorship of Burdwan in Bengal, Jehangir did not rest until he had had Sher Afgan murdered and Noor Jehan brought back to Agra. It was not, however, till he had been six years Emperor that she consented to marry him; then she obtained an ascendency over him unparalleled in the East. Her name appears with Jehangir's on coins and her will was law in all affairs of state. Her father became prime minister and her brother received some other high appointment; her niece Muntazi Mahal she married to Shah Jehan. Fortunately the family were wise and upright and their sway beneficial to the Empire. She survived Jehangir's death—of asthma—for twenty years, but lived in obscurity and, in sign of mourning, never wore anything again but white. Her tomb, near Jehangir's at Shahdera, was completely ruined to adorn Amritzar: that of her brother Asaf Khan, the father of Muntazi Mahal stands in the middle of another garden to the west of the Serai, and was most sadly treated by Ranjit Sing and robbed of all its veneer of marble and stone; there is still, however, a good deal of beautiful Nak Kashi work sticking to the portal ceilings.

Returning to the city to breakfast, I went to sketch about ten—having interviewed my dentist again—and hoped to have a field day of it, in the unique native streets.

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The old town is delightfully picturesque, and quite a treasure-house for sketching. It consists of a network of narrow, tortuous streets of high, brown brick, flat-roofed houses with the usual hot and gay bazaars below. Here bullock carts and the huge mouse-coloured bulls shoulder their way through the variegated crowd of many tribes and nations which throng this northern frontier town, and by their warlike bearing, and more sympathetic, warm-hearted aspect, are a contrast to that of the natives further south. Looking down upon the streets are the most fascinating oriel windows, and beautifully carved balconies, of all manner of unexpected shapes; they stick to the sides of the walls like nests of swallows or bees, and make the narrow Lahore lanes, often ending in *culs de sac*, some of the most taking in the world. There is an infinite variety in the endless crowded rows of picturesque projections. All the windows are ornamented, and shut in, with wooden screens of delicately beautiful lattice work, and the overhanging wooded balconies, on which they often open are not only carved with elaborate designs, but painted with bold blue and red devices, so that no space fails to make its appeal to the eye. In the centre of the old town is the mosque of Vizir Khan, a beautiful building, all inlaid with mosaics of incaustic tile work, and ablaze with glorious colour glittering in the sun: in and about it, in the ceaseless play of light and shade, are throngs of natives of the most picturesque description, including many Pathans, fellow countrymen of Kim's ally Maboub Ali, who come

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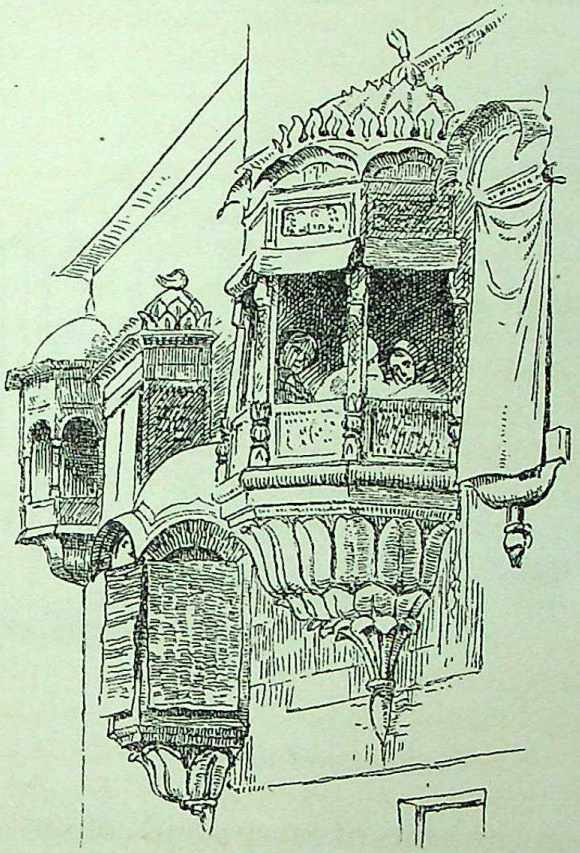
here for horse-dealing and other trade; and a few supercilious looking camels, who appear to regard their surroundings with supreme indifference.



WINDOWS LIKE BEES' NESTS

Owing to the narrowness of the street, and to the dense throng of passers-by, I was compelled to charter a rickety ticcaghari and anchor it in the position from which I wanted to make my sketch.

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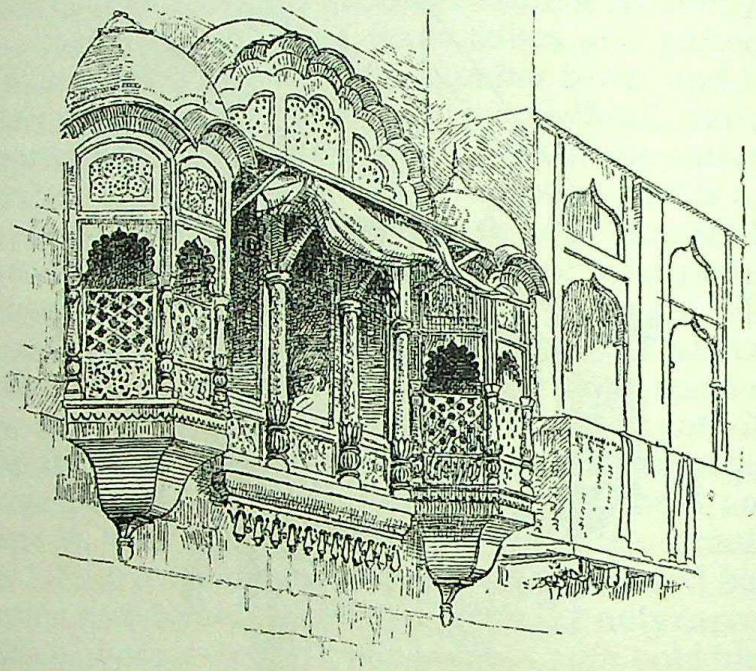
It was as good a subject as I could have wished to have: before me was a massive archway spanning the street—intensely dark in its cavernous recesses—and under it, a jostling crowd was passing and re-



A STREET WINDOW

passing in garments of every vivid colour—though the blue, the Sikh colour, predominated—looking brilliant, by contrast, as they stepped into the sunlight from beneath the shade. On either side were shops and stalls, buyers and sellers: and the air was full of many voices. Above the heads of the crowd, through the archway, I could see one of

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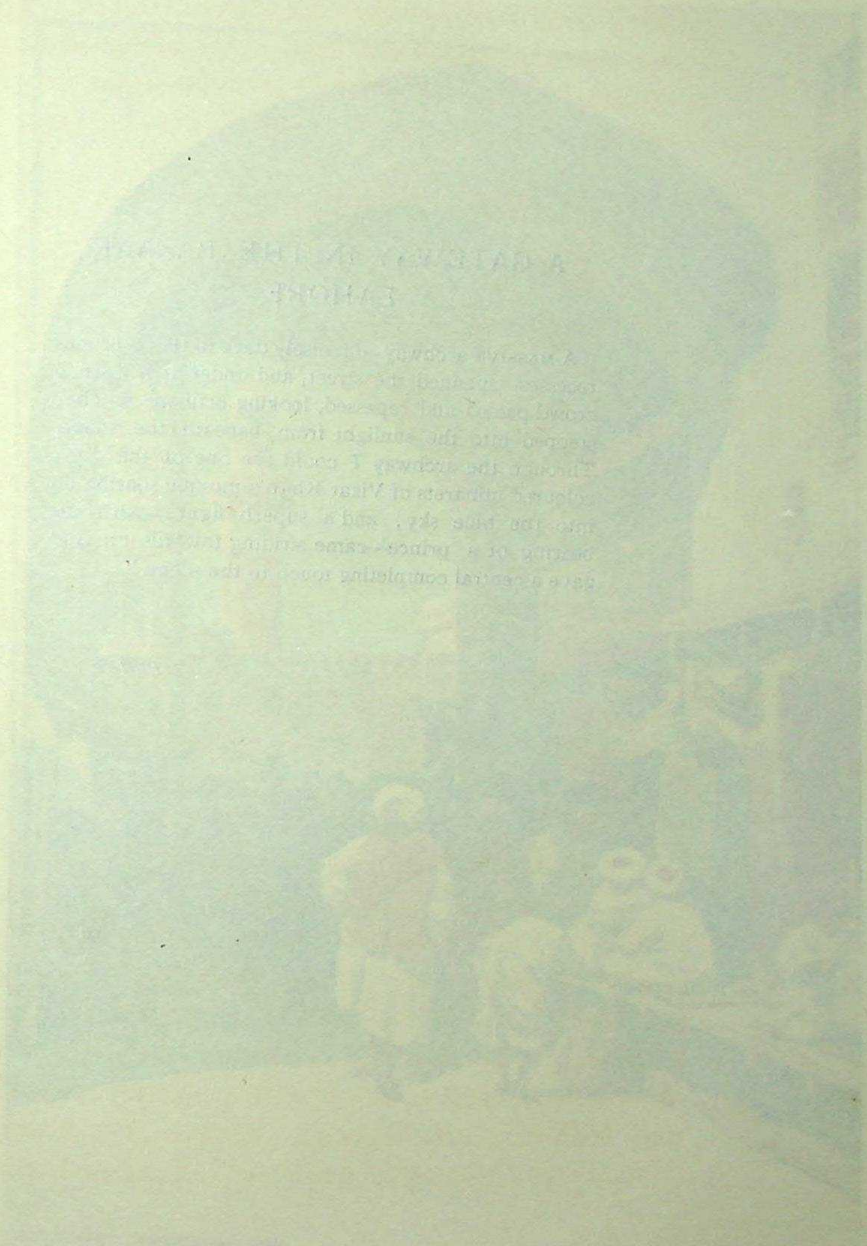

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A GATEWAY IN THE BAZAAR, LAHORE

"A MASSIVE archway—intensely dark in its cavernous recesses—spanned the street, and under it a jostling crowd passed and repassed, looking brilliant as they stepped into the sunlight from beneath the shade. Through the archway I could see one of the many coloured minarets of Vizar Khan's mosque soaring up into the blue sky; and a superb figure—with the bearing of a prince—came striding towards me and gave a central completing touch to the scene."

Plate 27

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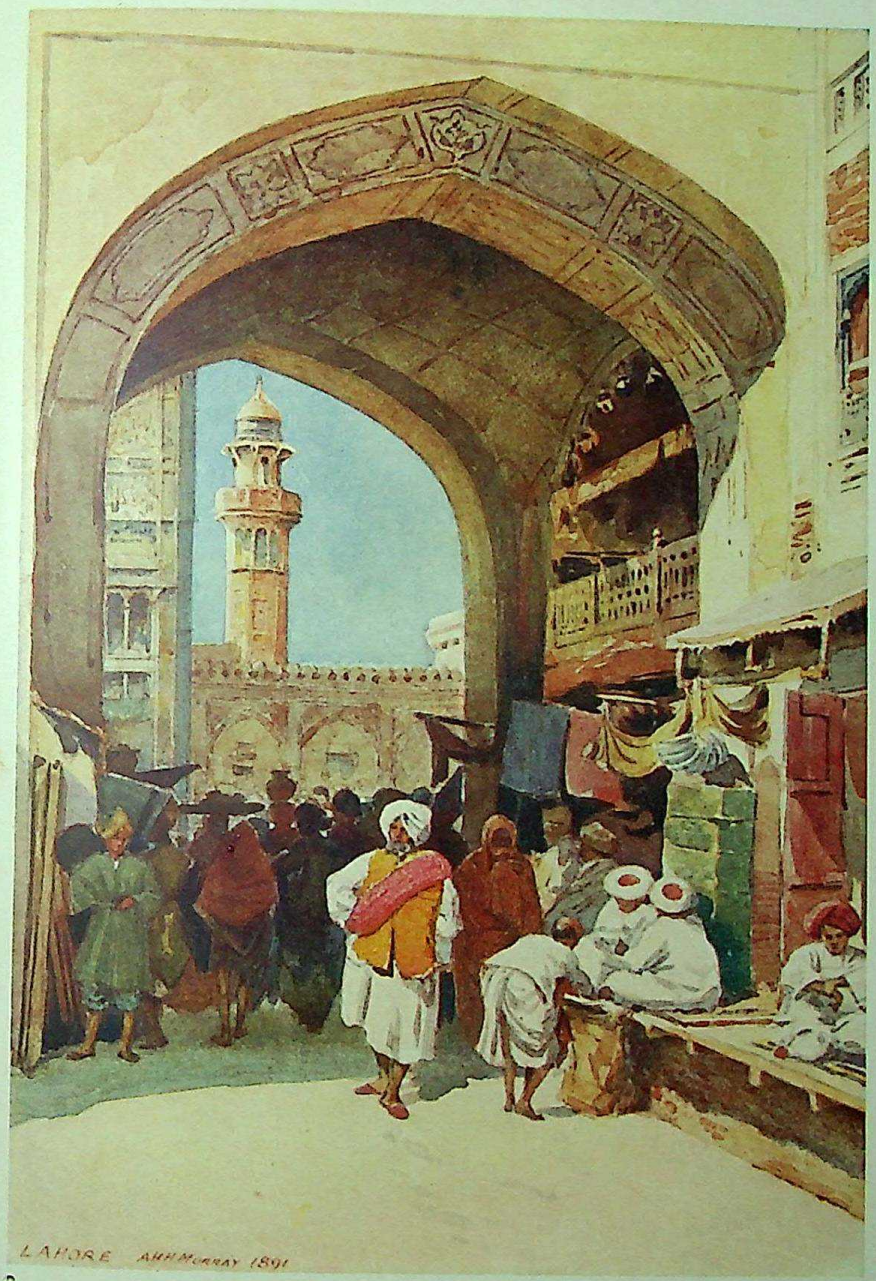

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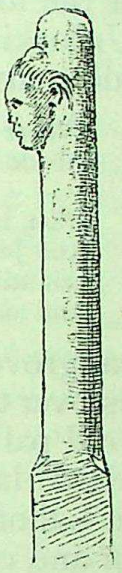
many coloured minarets of Vizir Khan's mosque soaring up into the blue sky; and, while I was at work, a superb figure—huge, and with the bearing of a prince—came striding towards me and seemed to give a central and completing touch to this gay scene.



A CURIOUS COLUMN

Encompassed by these narrow streets is a Sikh temple with a fine well. To get at it I entered a court-yard from a back lane; there I encountered an old man who could not make out why on earth I wanted to see the well. The door to the staircase was locked, and he put so many difficulties in the way of getting the key, and was so mysterious altogether, that I was at last—having no time to lose—obliged to give it up as a bad job, and go on to the Museum, where is the finest collection of Buddhist sculptures in existence. Some of them are really most artistic, and display curious traces of Greek influence in the feeling and execution. They come from the Buddhist sacred places in the north, and the crowded friezes once covered the brick stupas, with endless series of representations of the beautiful tale of Sakya Muni's life and death and miracles—the familiar scenes in which he is represented with the begging bowl, or seated under the bo-tree in meditation, or on a lotus as the object of adoring veneration. One curious and quaint object which attracted my attention was a

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red sandstone Buddhist column about ten feet high, which came from near Jhelum: it had a large and solemn head carved upon it and projecting from it, near the top, some five or six inches.

Unluckily, I had no time to visit the famous rose gardens, five miles out at Shalimar:

> Where Sultán after Sultán, with his pomp,
> Abode his hour or two and went his way.
> . . . . .
> Iram, indeed, is gone with all its rose,
> And Jamshy'd's sev'n-ring'd cup, where no one knows;
> But still a ruby kindles in the vine,
> And many a garden by the water blows.

Great groves of mango and gigantic fig and orange trees, over two hundred years old, still spread round the old palace, and they and the beautiful marble-bordered lakes swarm with birds and squirrels.

In Lahore, as in most other places in India, in the town and country alike, are countless numbers of birds which, never molested by the natives, are as tame as possible. The blue rock pigeons come down on the roofs and courtyards in clouds, making the place where they alight, quite blue. In the old buildings all the holes and corners are inhabited by green parrots, with red bills, who poke out their cheeky noses at every turn, and fly fussily about over one's head—chattering as vociferously as the natives below. Along the country road the most common birds are the minah and the turtle-dove: then there are huge cranes, all tamer than barn-door fowls at home. As to noxious beasts I met none anywhere in India. The snakes were all underground, except those in the possession of

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the charmers, and they are not in the habit of roaming at large. I saw plenty of bees by the way, hanging to rocks and palaces, but I did not molest them, and they refrained from interfering with me. Everywhere there were grey-hooded crows (*Corvus splendens*), and any number of kites, who are fellow partners in the scavenger business. Wherever there were trees there were swarms of squirrels of a buff colour, with dark stripes, and as I sat and sketched they came and played about almost between my feet; they are quite as little shy as the funny little girls—nice bright-eyed little bejewelled urchins in the blue Sikh colour, with flashing white teeth—who approach the stranger with curiosity.

Outside the old Museum building is the famous green bronze gun called the Zamzamah, or the lion's roar, possession of which, is said to carry with it supremacy in the North-West, on which Kim sat astride, and kicked with his hard little heels when he first made the acquaintance of his lama and laid the foundation of that quest for the River of the Arrow, which was to cleanse from sin, and has taken so many of us deeper into the heart of India than would endless years of personal pilgrimage on its highways.

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CHAPTER XV

AMRITZAR: THE POOL OF IMMORTALITY

On my way back to Amballa to pick up my companion I stopped at Amritzar, and spent twelve hours there. Twelve days would not have been too much, for it is a paradise for sketching, but I did hardly anything there, or at Lahore, on account of the Handbook work. I found the days were all twenty-four hours too short: what time I had to sketch only resulted in failure, which was a sad pity, for it is a quite unique place. In spite of its being such an extremely modern city—and a place of to-day, rather than of yesterday—its solid prosperity was all of a purely native and leisurely character, with hardly a touch of the West about it, and the town and the people alone are all most picturesque in themselves. Nothing, however, that I have ever seen can compare with the Golden Temple, in its own particular way, and it is quite as impossible to describe adequately its towers and minarets and other sacred spots and things, in and around its precincts, as it would be to describe a beautiful dream. The whole thing is like a dream, too strange and in some ways too beautiful to describe.

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Amritzar is the religious headquarters of the Sikhs; and the centre of the town, towards which sets the tide in the crowded streets, is the celebrated Golden Temple, standing on an islet in the middle of the great Sacred Tank; this gives its name *Amritt-sar*, or Pool of the Water of Life, to the town. It takes some time for a Western Christian —into whose religious life water, with all its symbolism, only enters in the very elementary sprinkling bestowed in the initial baptismal rite—to grasp fully the immense part water and bathing play in the religion and worship of the Oriental, and more especially in that of the Hindu. The sacred tank is really as important as the Temple, and perhaps more essential to their devotion. Prayers may be said in the most rudimentary shrine—in a dumpy black temple under a banyan tree, or in a sacred grove; before a tree or a marigold-wreathed black stone bedaubed with red paint, or chipped rudely to a blunt point; in the open under the horizontal rays of the rising sun: but all acts of ceremonial worship—and even the morning prayer from the Veda, prescribed to all high-caste worshippers—demand a preceding ceremonial bathing in the cleansing stream or tank. It matters little that the water is anything but clean, strewn with floating flowers and leaves from the worship of past days, and, as at Benares, contaminated in many other ways—the idea is there. It is a curious fact, so closely is washing bound up with their religion, that Hindu converts, in leaving their old faith, leave off the useful habit, and "want of cleanli-

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ness" is mentioned by missionaries as one of the defects of Hindu Christians.

The initiated Sikhs enter the brotherhood by baptism, so it seems quite fitting that when their apostle Ram Das, the fourth Guru, founded the sacred city in 1570—on a site devoted to the purpose by Akbar—he should have set their temple, their Mount Sion, not on a hill, but in the middle of an ancient artificial tank; this he restored, leaving it to his son Arjun Guru, the compiler of the Granth, to complete the great temple, and see a flourishing town spring up around this focus of the aspirations of the brotherhood.

By this time the Sikhs had entered the troubled paths of politics, and they paid the penalty when in 1761 the Mohammedans destroyed the town, blew up the temple, and desecrated its foundations by bathing them in bullocks' blood. The Sikhs, however, soon possessed themselves of it again, and when in 1802 Ranjit Sing seized Amritzar, from a rival faction of his brotherhood, he spared neither pains nor the splendid palaces and tombs of his predecessors in Lahore—to enrich and glorify the "Darbar Sahib," or Great Temple, of the community.

The Shrine is led up to, from the west, by a magnificent gateway with silver doors. Through this the pilgrim enters, to find himself confronted by a literally dazzling vision, for the temple is covered from the tops of its many domes to within a short distance of the ground—walls, roofs, cupolas, and all—with plates of gold on copper. All this

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shimmering glory "shines in the sun like a blazing altar," and is then reflected in the dancing grey-green water of the oblong pool, in the centre of which it is set, and is made more brilliant by the beautiful white marble terrace—inlaid with coloured marble from Jeypore—framing the sacred tank, whence steps, every here and there, descend to the water's edge. A marble causeway leads across the pool to the island platform of the little temple, a marble balustrade on either hand, and tall columns with gilt lamps surmounting them, rise above the crowd of flower-laden pilgrims that continually streams across. Around the marble pavement, bordering the pool, are the Bunggas or palaces and chapels of Sikh chiefs—Rajas and Maharajas—who come, from time to time, to pay their devoirs at the shrine: and sitting on the wide footway of the terrace which skirts the palaces below, under temporary shelters, are sellers of flowers, charms, and rosaries, and such like gauds. In old days, every Sikh carried a formidable spear-head or quoit in his head-dress; but now they content themselves, as a rule, with miniature copies in their pugarees: only fanatical Akalis go about crowned with full-sized chakkas. The miniature weapons are also for sale beside the marigold and jasmine flowers.

The Golden Temple is a small, square, rather irregular building, that has been compared to St. Mark's at Venice, and certainly there is a resemblance in the manner that the first sight of it, across the wide square, bursts upon one, and in the way it is enriched with the spoils of older generations

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and cities : six or eight feet from the ground, the sheets of gold give way to an encrustation of marbles, carved and inlaid with flowers and birds in precious stones, that come from Jehangir's palace and tomb and other Mohammedan buildings.

No shoe is allowed to enter the temple precincts. My yellow-legged policeman-guide took my boots off at the outer gate, and had my feet swathed in voluminous coverings of red cloth, tied about my ankles ; but even with these, one must not venture to enter the temple, except by one particular door, and then, must not penetrate beyond a few paces, for fear of desecrating the holy place. This concession even would not be granted by the Sikhs to any one but their conquerors. I found I must not so much as rest my foot, on the edge of the doorways, in the other three sides : not even to stretch inwards, and copy a pattern upon the silver doors. It is a picturesque sight which greets one on entering the precincts by the permitted door. The interior of the temple is a small square chamber, surmounted by a dome and profusely decorated with painting and gilding. Under a canopy, on the east side sits, on the floor, the venerable high priest in white robes, with a great cushion, or ottoman, in front of him. Upon this he rests the Granth, or Sacred Book—when he has taken it out of various embroidered wrappings—and he reads aloud from this from time to time, or else receives in silence the offerings of the pilgrims : they come in a constant stream, and, if they do not give directly to him, cast their offerings of cowries, coins, or flowers

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—for the temple—into a sheet spread out, to receive them, in the centre of the floor. Then, taking their places amongst the crowd, they squat down around the sheet in a ring and chant verses out of the sacred book, to the sound of string music from quaint citharas, played by four or five old musicians seated in a corner at one side, whilst other priests wave fans above the Sacred Book. Under the dome above is a chamber where it is said the Guru, the founder of the temple, and his successors, used to sit and meditate: this little place, like the other sacred spots, is swept out with a broom of peacock's feathers, which was the only movable object in this shrine on my visit. The marvellous treasures of gold and silver poles and maces and jewelled canopies, and pearl and diamond ornaments, used when the Book is carried in procession, are kept above the entrance gateway; and the gilded sacred ark, containing the vessels for the initiatory rite and the sword of Guru Govind, are laid by in another shrine, where the neophytes are baptized and initiated into the brotherhood, by a quaint symbolic ceremonial in which water and steel, bread and honey, play a part. I made a sketch of the temple from the causeway leading to it, but I was somewhat handicapped in my work by the fact that I was not allowed to sit down except on the pavement. I had provided myself with a campstool, but, on attempting to make use of it, several persons in authority at once rushed to me and remonstrated. It was too great a liberty to take, in so sacred a spot, and was considered an act of desecration, so I had no course but to sub-

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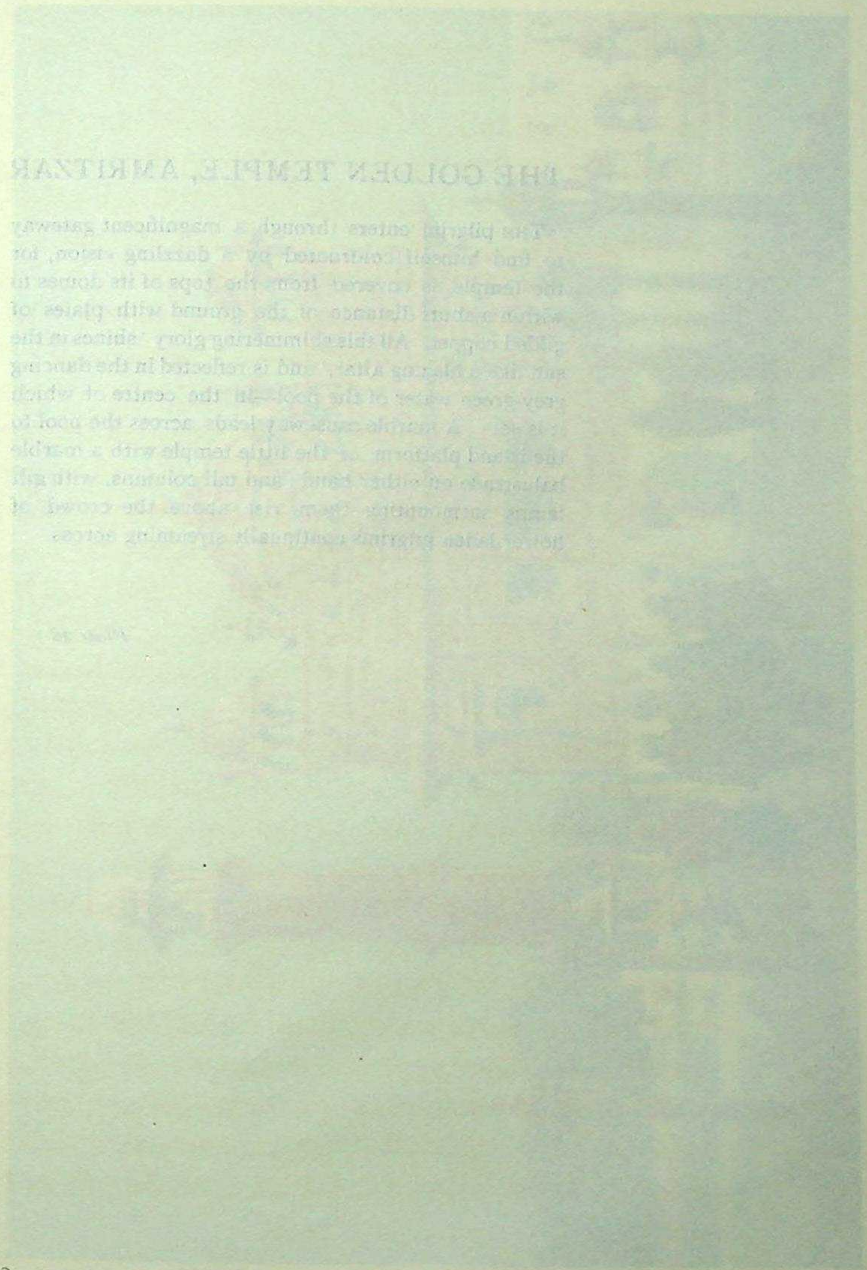

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THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITZAR

"THE pilgrim enters through a magnificent gateway to find himself confronted by a dazzling vision, for the temple is covered from the tops of its domes to within a short distance of the ground with plates of gilded copper. All this shimmering glory 'shines in the sun like a blazing altar,' and is reflected in the dancing grey-green water of the pool—in the centre of which it is set. A marble causeway leads across the pool to the island platform of the little temple with a marble balustrade on either hand; and tall columns, with gilt lamps surmounting them, rise above the crowd of flower-laden pilgrims continually streaming across."

Plate 28

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mit. This objection to the use of a chair is not confined to the precincts of the Golden Temple; I met with it in other sacred places as well, and amongst the Mohammedans: the use of an umbrella for shelter, from sun or rain, is, in such places, equally objectionable to the native mind.

Beyond, on the further side of the tank, rise two tall minarets and a quaintly picturesque tower of seven or eight stories high; this is the Baba Atal Tower, and it contains the tomb or ashes of Atal Rai the son of Guru Govind. He is said to have miraculously restored a child to life, and being reproved, by the Guru, for using supernatural powers in this way, instead of only for the attainment of purity and holiness of life, he said, that as he had withdrawn a life which the Deity required, he would yield up his own instead, and so lay down and died.

Devotees, on entering his shrine, make offerings of bread or flowers, and falling down, before the step of the platform upon which the tomb rests, shampoo the step, in an odd manner, with their hands. I went up the staircase, and a wooden ladder, some one hundred and thirty feet to the summit, and there I got a grand, though map-like, view of the town with its temples, set about with green spaces and avenues of trees, and across the plain to the misty mountains. Amongst the woods a mile away I saw St. Paul's Church: a friend of mine, Miss Pollock, worked here as a missionary, and I believe Amritzar is a strong centre of work amongst the zenanas. The great garden of thirty acres which lies about the base of the tower, is full of orange, pome-

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granate, and other taller trees, and in them were clusters of great bats, or flying foxes, hanging from the branches. My guide told me that the people believed these creatures were the ghosts of departed priests, because they hang about all day and do nothing.

Apart from the interest of the temple, I was glad to see the Sikhs in their headquarters—at home so to speak; but somehow I was a little disappointed with their appearance: for they do not all show evidence of the stately, manly character, which has carried their name far and wide, as do the picked specimens one sees elsewhere. Amongst them there was a great sprinkling of Pathans, and rough, hardy, picturesque-looking men from the mountains, clad in coarse garments and furs. They were usually traders from the north–Kashmiris, Afghans, Bokhariots, Beluchis, Persians, Tibetans, Yarkandis—who bring down the raw materials of the shawls and carpets for which Amritzar is famous, and also fine specimens of their own national manufactures and embroideries. I spent an hour bargaining for some praying carpets and a bit of crimson silk, embroidered with rows of blue and orange peacocks, which took my fancy, before, late at night, I tore myself away from Amritzar.

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CHAPTER XVI

THANESAR: THE CRADLE OF THE HINDU RACE

LESLIE SMITH had given me such an interesting account of Thanesar, where last year he spent some time as Deputy Commissioner, that I determined to stop there on the way from Amballa to Delhi. It required a little arrangement to manage this, as, though Thanesar was on a new direct railway line, the trains did not run conveniently. Finally we decided to go by road: my host drove me thirteen miles in his tum-tum, or dogcart, and then, following Father Benson's example, we took to native ekkas.

It was very cold when we left Amballa at 6.30 A.M. by the grand trunk road which links Calcutta to Peshawur. This road, for the greater part of its one thousand five hundred miles, runs under a double avenue of mango, sisso * or acacia trees; quaint old-world vehicles creak and groan along it in a continual stream, and perpetually changing groups of strange, interesting wayfarers pass across the flickering light and shadow of its dusty track. Along this great avenue we drove, in the early morning light, in many places on an em-

* *Dalbergia sisso Roxb.*

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bankment, a protection against the floods; between the bolls of the acacia or tamarind trees, we had glimpses of the sky-encircled plain, with wide stretches of waving green wheat, from which rose, like dark islands, the little mud villages: they stand on low mounds, inside high stone walls that serve as a defence from outside attack and an enclosure for the cattle. Beside the village lies the pond or tank, excavated to form sun-dried mud walls: here come the women, with children astride their hip, for the day's supply of water, which they filter through a corner of their veils into the brass water-pots, before they set them on their stately heads.

John Lawrence once overcame one of these walled village communities which had too long obstinately refused to pay arrears of land tax, by the peaceful expedient of posting on the tracks leading to the pastures small knots of police, who turned back into the village the lowing cattle, as they issued from the gates at dawn. Before midday the inhabitants capitulated, and, without his having to bring the guns into action—always with him the last resource—the long overdue taxes were paid.

It was in this district that John Lawrence laid the foundations of his intimate acquaintance with the needs and character of the agricultural native. For two years he lived here, as Acting Collector-Magistrate, almost continually in the saddle, and on terms of great intimacy with these sturdy farmers and native gentry: he adopted much of their habits and costume and acquired an extraordinary degree of intimacy with their language, which he used so

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habitually that at one time his English seemed almost forgotten.

The Jats, who form the bulk of the population here, are a handsome, tall, strong, manly race of northern origin. They show an interesting discontent with Hinduism, and are mostly Sikhs or Mohammedans. Strongly attached to their village communities and land, they make splendid soldiers, and cultivate their flat, green and fertile country with careful industry. The whole country is quite flat, no wooded hills rise above the waving sea of green young wheat or break the horizon, which runs in a complete circle like that of the sea. The moisture from not distant streams gives freshness and beauty to the land: there is a "drowsy buzz of small life in hot sunshine, a cooing of doves, and a sleepy drone of well-wheels across the fields" as the slow oxen circle round the well, sending runnels of fresh water on to the thirsty land. A few years back the Punjab seemed, I am told, to be on the eve of a great advance in material prosperity. Even desert wastes were beginning to blossom in response to the magnificent irrigation schemes of the Government, and in the virgin soil the wheat, it is said, grew higher than a man's head; but the plague, which, since the days of the Moguls, had not been known here, spread, in 1897, from Bombay to the Punjab, and has since completely clouded this bright prospect. Last year hardly a village was spared; in some districts agriculture was at a standstill and the crops rotted on the ground, and in the

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first six months of 1905 one in every seventy-five of the population succumbed to the ravages of this terrible scourge. I am assured by a high authority that no such devastating epidemic has occurred since the fourteenth century, and that whereas during the first year of the outbreaks in India, Sept. '96 to Sept. '97, the deaths amounted to 30,000, the fatal cases in the first six months of 1905 often exceeded 40,000 *a week*. The total mortality in India from plague in 1904 was 1,040,000, while in 1905 from Jan. 1 to Apr. 29 687,705 deaths from plague were registered.

At Shahabad we left the tum-tum, got a frugal breakfast at the rest-house, and having stowed our legs away in the two ekkas awaiting us, drove off at a rattling pace. The ponies which draw these ekkas are weedy, unpromising-looking brutes, with no chests, but, with light loads and for short distances, they are very fast. The seat of an ekka is of canvas, laced together near the front: it is ideal for the cross-legged native, but not satisfactory to the European; for him, one would suppose, there could be no more uncomfortable conveyance. However, my host introduced me to a capital dodge, which consisted in getting part of the canvas unlaced, and hanging one's legs down inside: the result was eminently satisfactory.

We started briskly and seemed to fly past the milestones, covering the whole sixteen miles at the rate of ten miles an hour. The last part of the way, when we left the trunk road and struck into the old Mogul road to the west, is very rough,

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for, though Thanesar is one of the oldest, most famous towns in India, and was once a centre, not only of religious interest but of trade with the north, the main stream of modern Indian life leaves it on one side. It was, however, very amusing to watch the game in the jungle, on either side of the road, and the number and the variety of the birds we saw as we passed along was quite extraordinary. Saras, great grey cranes, paddy-birds, parrots, doves, king-crows, etc.—these were innumerable and all as tame as possible: even the jackals came close up to the roadside, and sat down complacently to watch us pass.

Thanesar lies in the centre of Kurakshetra, the great plain between the two "divine rivers," the Saraswati and the Ghaggur, where the battles described in the Mahabharata took place. It is the Holy Land of the Hindu faith, and it teems with traditions of the great conflicts of the five Pandava brothers and their cousins the Kauravas in the fourteenth century B.C.

The Mahabharata is an immensely long epic poem recording the exploits of those Hindu heroes of antiquity, and, like the Iliad, it is the source to which many tribes and chiefs endeavour to trace their ancestors; it has always exercised great influence over the masses of the Hindu people, and is still often in their thoughts; from its pages are drawn many of their religious ideals. Its present form is evidently not that in which it originally took shape, as is indicated by the name *Vyasa*—"the arranger," given to the traditional author, and

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it has probably been worked over, more than once, by Buddhists and Brahmans—to make it square with their own individual doctrines and customs, for grotesquely wild episodes occur, side by side with passages full of graceful pathos, and contrast strangely with the romantic love for fine scenery, and with the tender appreciation of love and devotion, mercy and forgiveness, which characterise the whole.

The heroes of the poem, the five Pandava brothers, having been dispossessed of their grandfather's dominions by their cousins the Kauravas, established the kingdom of Delhi; the King, the eldest brother, subsequently lost the kingdom over a game of dice; and as a penalty he retired for twelve years into the forests. His return to public life was followed by a series of fierce battles, ending in the annihilation of the Kauravas. The Pandavas, however, found the game of life had not been worth the candle; and the king, with his four brothers, accompanied, like Tobias, by a faithful dog, set out on a pilgrimage to Mount Mesu, Indra's Heaven, hoping that there, at any rate, he would find full satisfaction. Before he reached the gates, however, all had dropped back and given up the quest except the faithful dog, and he was refused admittance. The Pandava would not enter without his faithful follower, or his brothers, who were expiating their sins in the nether world. Ultimately Indra relented, and they were all admitted to eternal bliss in a Paradise among the hidden recesses of the Himalayas.

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Few shrines now exist dedicated to the Pandavas, but there are traces of their worship scattered over the whole of India; any marvels or prodigies are attributed to them.

Five rough stones, smeared with red paint, sometimes set up in the fields, represent them as guardians of the crops. Their characters are as well known and as much venerated as ever; and the scenes where the great drama of their lives was played out interest all Hindus; the ground for miles round Thanesar is holy, and nearly four hundred spots are consecrated to the memory of incidents connected with the heroes.

Ever since those half mythical days the district round Thanesar and Paniput has been the great battlefield where the fate of India has been decided. Here was made the most determined stand to the successive invasions from the north. It was the scene of victory when the young Akbar, the first of the great Moguls, won back the empire his father had lost: here the Persian invasion under Nadir Shah shattered the forces of the Moguls, and here took place the tragic and touching incidents of the rout of the Mahrattas, when the Afghan, Ahmed Shah, deprived them for all time of their northern conquests.

The town of Thanesar was sacked more than once by Mohammedans, and in 1194 Shahab-uddin defeated Prithvi Raja here, and subsequently swept away the hundreds of Hindu temples which the Chinese pilgrims, at the time of Alfred the Great, describe as seen clustered round the ancient

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city, on its mound, and the far-famed Sacred Tank.

There are now no Hindu monuments left. The Mohammedan town and fort are in ruins, but once it was clearly a place of considerable importance. The most conspicuous and perfect building now is the octagonal tomb of Sheik Chihli—of *café-au-lait* marble, with a white marble dome and latticed windows. This stands upon a small octagonal platform, with a low parapet, raised on a high square terrace; small domed pavilions, formerly covered with Kashi work stand, one at each corner and two on each side; on the west side, however, they give place to another tomb, an oblong building of drab sandstone, with deep eaves or drip-stones. To the south of the raised terrace is a small brick courtyard and mosque, and, within a stone's throw, a beautiful little red sandstone building—the Lal Musjid. Here the eight carved columns, with flat domes between and the south window are all beautifully carved, and reminded me of the work at Fatehpur Sikri. Some of the architraves of the houses, in the rather squalid town, are beautifully carved; otherwise there is nothing to see—with the exception, perhaps, of a large house, near the entrance to the town, covered with Hindu frescoes, some in low relief and very rude and uncouth.

The *raison d'etre* of the whole place, however, is the famous old Hindu sacred tank; this still exists, and, on the occasion of an eclipse, continues to be —as it has been from the earliest times—the rendezvous of thousands of devout Hindus, seeking

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purification from past transgressions by bathing and prayer. This shallow lake, measuring about 3500 by 1900 ft., is fed by the sacred waters of the Saraswati river, the first sacred river venerated in India. No crime was too black to be washed white in its waters. Into this lake, so runs the legend, flows at the time of the eclipse the water of all other sacred pools and rivers in India. He, therefore, who then bathes in its waters obtains the virtue and merits which would be acquired by bathing in all. At an eclipse not long ago, it was computed that as many as 200,000 people had visited these miraculous waters of cleansing; some of these trusting souls, come from places at as great a distance and as far apart as the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Thousands of families come in railway cattle trucks, many in bullock waggons—but the greater number of these patient saffron-clad pilgrims, desirous to save their souls alive, still trudge the weary miles on foot, in priest-led processions, bearing bamboos with fluttering flags, and chanting the songs their fathers sang as they toiled along the selfsame road to Thanesar. The twice-born Brahmans and yogis, of course, reap rich harvests, as an offering is an essential part of the purification, and every pilgrim leaves something of value behind; the rich Raja may leave a wife, the poor man an article of clothing, and the women fling their jewelled bracelets far into the waters of the sacred pool, where, no doubt, they do not long remain!

The authorities watch over the pilgrims with

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minute and detailed care; special trains are run, wells are dug, roads are made, even turfed over, I believe, to save them from the dust, and lost and straying children are herded and cried by a bellman. As the time of the eclipse draws near, expectant multitudes collect on the brink—like the throngs at the pool of Bethesda—patiently but eagerly awaiting the fateful, mysterious moment, to step down and be cleansed. In the dangerous rush at the critical time awkward accidents occur, and the old and helpless sometimes go under, and have to be rescued by some stalwart representative of the paternal Government.

In spite of all precautions—hospitals, isolation camps and doctors—these gatherings are always rather anxious work. A great pilgrimage had been expected there the previous June, just at the end of the dry season, when the hot weather was at its height; but those responsible for the safety and well-being of the pious throngs knew that if they assembled there, in that weather and at that time, an outbreak of cholera or some other epidemic would certainly ensue. There was hardly any water in the tank—and that little was of the most undesirable description—and for some reason considerable difficulty also lay in the way of supplying the multitude with food; fortunately, with the aid of innumerable telegrams flashed to station-masters and others all over India, the assembly of pilgrims was prevented.

It is said that the necessary sanitary precautions insisted on by their Western rulers, with their

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prying eyes and inquiring noses, have done more to counteract the deeply ingrained native habit of pilgrimage than the taxes on pilgrimages levied by the Moguls, in spite of the increased facilities for reaching the goal.

The temples which once surrounded the tank have now for the most part fallen into decay, and their ruins are overshadowed by great trees. Long flights of steps lead down to the water's edge, and, on the north side a causeway stretches out into the middle of the sacred lake, where, on a little island, stands the most perfect temple remaining. Close to this causeway is another parallel to it, and they both stretch out to other islands and other ruins beyond, in the middle of the lake.

The whole neighbourhood of the water is alive with water-fowl, from the pelican to the snipe. I never saw so many and such variety all together. We sat down, on one of the further islands, to sketch and eat our lunch, and it was then that we first spotted the snowy pelicans basking on the bank, but we were not quite sure of them until we sent a man round to the east, to put them up: then there was no mistake; they came sailing along on their great wings quite close to where we sat. Then there were storks and cranes with long drooping plumes, and coot, dabchick and duck swimming placidly about or standing, as it were, on their heads, in the shallow water so that only rows of pointed tails met our view, as they investigated something interesting in the mud at the bottom. I was interested in a curious bird called

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the snake-bird, which swims about with the water over his back, so that there is nothing to be seen above it but his head and long neck; in the distance this looks for all the world like a snake gliding in great loops over the face of the water.

At Thanesar station I joined the train in which my companion came from Amballa. We passed nothing of any consequence on our way to Delhi, except the small walled town of Kurnool, on our right, and further on, to our left, Paniput. Here, crowds of well-dressed, unsophisticated natives, some of them very picturesque, had congregated to see the train, which was still a nine days' wonder.

This Holy Land of the Hindu faith was also the first permanent home of the twice-born castes and of their earliest princes and sages. It is the spot where their religion and caste system took shape; the cradle, in fact, of the Hindu race.

The original races of India consisted of the non-Aryan, aboriginal, casteless tribes, who inhabit the jungles or hill districts: Bhils in the Vindhya Mountains, Santals in Lower Bengal, Kohls in the Central Provinces. The Aryans professing the Brahmanic faith followed, and to them belong all the higher or "twice-born" castes, who wear the sacred thread. The religion of the aboriginal tribes is described in the Indian census as "Animism," and includes a variety of primitive cults. They believe in a supreme spirit, who is beneficent, and may be relied on to act according to precedent without any special attention on their part; but there are certain things—stones, trees, animals, fetishes

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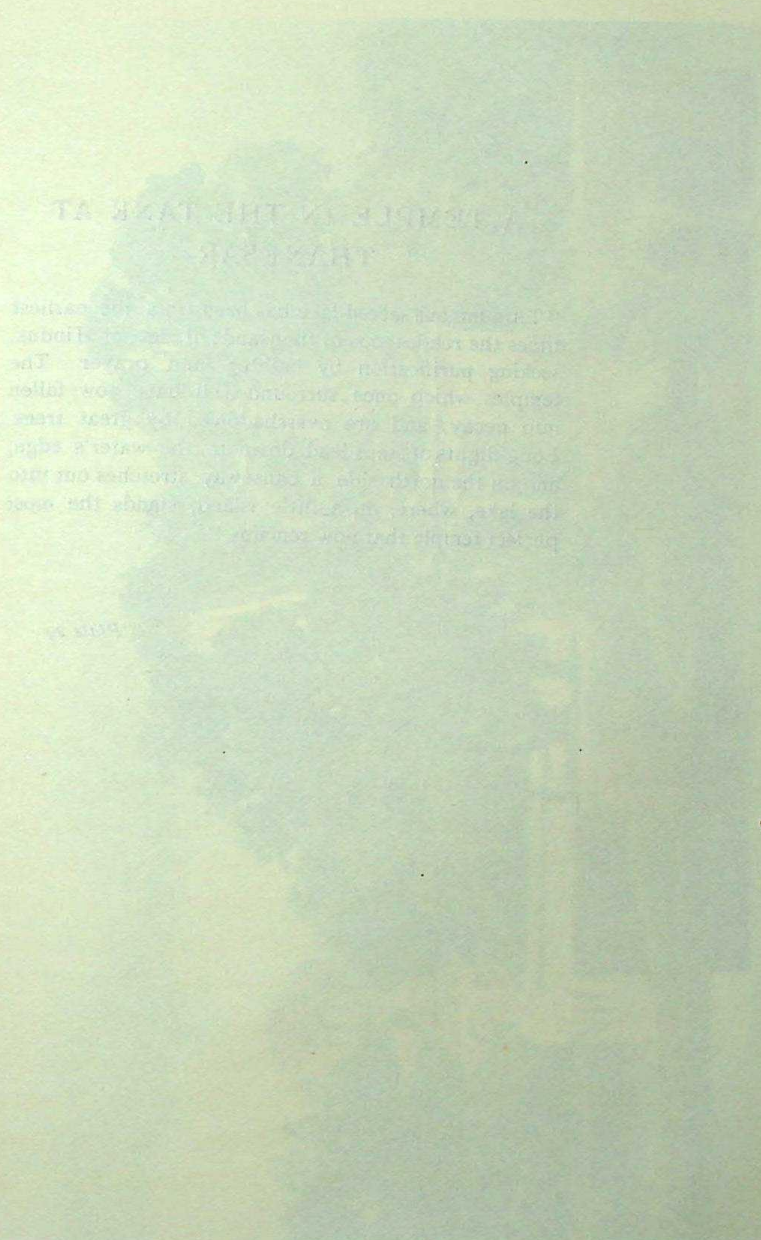

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A TEMPLE IN THE TANK AT THANESAR

"THIS famous sacred lake has been from the earliest times the rendezvous of thousands of devout Hindus, seeking purification by bathing and prayer. The temples which once surrounded it have now fallen into decay, and are overshadowed by great trees. Long flights of steps lead down to the water's edge, and on the north side a causeway stretches out into the lake, where, on a little island, stands the most perfect temple that now remains."

Plate 29

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or tools, the spirits of the departed or men or women considered specially holy or powerful—all of which they believe to be possessed of occult power, controlling the course of nature and the human mind; these, as their probable intentions are uncertain, require to be propitiated. Them therefore, they worship with sacrifices and varied rites, and when they do not succeed in obtaining their end by these means, upbraid the delinquent in no measured terms.

These non-Aryan races have, to a great extent, been transformed into the lower Hindu castes; and under the stress of the antagonism and assimilation of the two races, Hinduism has developed. It is a religion of marvellous vitality and has withstood the impact of more than one great faith. Zoroastrianism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism have all made converts, but have been powerless to destroy it, for it alters, endures and assimilates perpetually, and remains at the core untouched. It seems to be now changing again, in consequence of its contact with Christianity and Western thought. The process of melting into Hinduism proceeded slowly in the past, but has considerably quickened since British rule introduced material civilisation and prosperity; for the first step upward in the ladder of Indian social life consists in passing from the ranks of the unclassified outcast to a definite position in the Hindu caste system. It is now proceeding so rapidly there will soon be only a small remnant clinging to the aboriginal rites and customs.

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Dr. Ramsay points out that in the first days Christianity took the firmest root in those parts of Asia Minor which were just feeling the touch of Græco-Roman civilisation, where men's minds were in a state of transition, awaking from stagnation into an attitude of expectancy; and some of those who have studied the mind of the East believe that the small remnant of the unsettled non-Aryan races will prove the pioneers of the Indian Church.

Entrance into the Hindu social system means adopting to a great extent the Brahmanic religion; and whilst he keeps most of his old faiths and practices, the social aspirant adds to them all the essential doctrines and customs of Brahmanism. These, according to Sir Alfred Lyall, comprise acceptance of the Brahmanic scriptures and traditions as the standard of orthodoxy; adoration of the Brahmanic gods and their incarnations; veneration of the sacred cow; the recognition of the presence of the Brahman as necessary to all essential religious rites: as well as amalgamation in one of the lower castes. This, of course, carries with it obedience to the rules regulating the two great outward and visible signs of caste fellowship—intermarriage and sharing of food—which are the bonds uniting and isolating the different groups or castes.

I had a practical illustration of the working of the rules of caste, whilst waiting at the station for the train which was to bring my companion and the luggage. I thought I would clean off a spot of paint from—I think—my paintbox, and seeing a

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large iron pot full of water, I put my finger into it for this purpose, upon which there was no end of a hullabulloo: "Hindu pani, Hindu pani," half a dozen people shouted, and came up and pointed and gesticulated around me. Without thought, I had defiled their drinking water, which apparently had come from far, and laid myself open to the fine which is the penalty for defiling the food of even the lowest caste. A few pice, however, soon satisfied the poor things and put matters right by enabling them to send a Hindu pani-wala to fetch more. The Bheesties, with brown goatskin bags, are generally Mohammedans, and very rigid high-caste Hindus are usually careful to fetch water for themselves, or to have it fetched by their wives. It is, of course, only under the exigencies of prolonged travel that there can be any difficulty in doing so, and then the less rigid will take water from any Bheestie, but the more scrupulous may be heard, when a train halts at a station, calling aloud for a "Hindu pani-wala." This trifling incident is significant of the difficulties which meet the ignorant European in his first approaches to intercourse with the Hindoo—difficulties which seem to increase with each endeavour to understand the native point of view. It is perhaps part of the fascination the East exercises over so many, that the true methods and working of its inner mind and life still have all the attraction of a mystery.

Only by living, as John Lawrence did, really amongst the people, can a proper estimate be formed

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of the best side of Indian character. In the inner domestic life of a people its truest, deepest character always betrays itself: and those who have the deepest acquaintance with the heart of Indian life, under its best aspects, tell us continually that the family life—the solidarity, mutual trust and affection in a family consisting, perhaps, of even more than a hundred persons—is most striking. The wonderful tenderness of the Jat in "Kim" to his sick child, is, we are assured, but a faithful transcript from daily life in the Punjab: and the intense mutual affection existing between a man and his mother is equally touching. Of course, the relation between husband and wife is absolutely one-sided, and consequently—from the higher point of view of Christian civilisation—false and distorted. Such supreme devotion and utter self-abasement and self-sacrifice as those of the Hindu wife to her husband should be accorded only to a divine master, and, diverted to a human object, they are liable to the gravest abuse and distortion: yet they are evidence of capacities which, if properly exercised, would fall into line, and find a place in developments which we can but dimly foreshadow.

Within the caste and family the standard of honesty and honour, in business dealings, appears to approximate rather to the estimate of early travellers—who noticed the marked truthfulness of the natives—than to that shown in official relations with their present rulers. Quite distant relations pay family debts with scrupulous honour, as though they were personal; they will provide for

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the entire education of poorer relations : and servants left with the charge of young orphans and their property will fulfil the trust for years with the most scrupulous loyalty. In the life of the village community, where all, in virtue of their race, have a claim to a share in the harvest (perhaps consisting only of so many handfuls of grain, bundles of straw, leaves of tobacco or pods of chili), the rights of no one—however old, decrepit or useless —will ever be forgotten. Members of a caste will take infinite trouble to help each other, and will undertake and carry out duties and charities, which would be quite impossible to execute without absolute mutual trust, and a recognised sense of responsibility on the part of the acting heads of the community.

The Englishman usually comes across only the ridiculous and vexatious side of caste regulations —he sees the newly purified priest flatten himself against the wall to avoid contact with the unclean European ; or the Brahman, naked but for his waistcloth, and the sacred thread of the twice-born over his shoulders, preparing his meal in a small square space, " isolated " by a two-inch mud-wall between the world and his purity ; then he sees the outline of a Western shadow cross the sacred spot, and immediately the whole meal—the cake carefully baked on the ashes, the curds on the leaf plate, the lotaful of milk—is thrown away as unclean. He, not unnaturally, sums it all up as nonsensical, unpractical, and degrading slavery to senseless, pettifogging rules. He hears the stories

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told of perjury in the law courts, and is assured by civil servants of great experience, who regard the native with sympathetic interest, that not a single native is to be trusted, that corruption and bribery are ubiquitous amongst all classes, from the gaol-warder to the county-court judge. All this is, alas, too true, and cannot be stated too strongly. But it is fair to remember that the Hindu has served an apprenticeship, through centuries of tyranny, in the use of the weapons of the oppressed, and that India is not the only land where men, considering themselves respectable members of society, have standards for professional conduct which they would not apply in private affairs.

There are two sides to native life; unfortunately the inner side of the family and caste life in India —forming by far the greater part of the national existence—is that which the Englishman usually sees least. John Lawrence had an intimate acquaintance with two of the most typical classes of the race: the agricultural people of the Punjab, and the city population of the big towns. No one could have fuller knowledge of the shady side of India: his life is filled with tales of murders, dacoity, and of the duplicity of recalcitrant village communities, as well as of individuals; but he also knew the wonderful patience, sobriety and cheerfulness of the poor; the deep religious instinct of the nation; and the extraordinary ease with which a man of sympathetic instinct can maintain law and order amongst these vast multitudes. It is interesting to see that the underlying note struck

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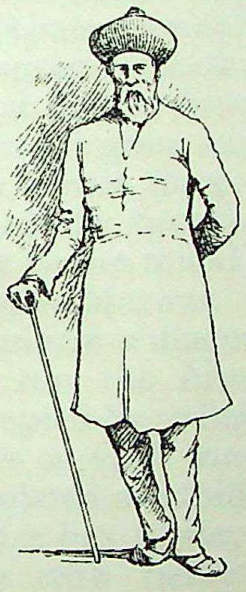
in his advice to subordinates or newcomers was always, "Do not be hard"—"You must not be high-handed," and that his reminiscences of his own intercourse with natives were always sympathetic, and often abounded in evidences of great and tender affection.



AN OLD SIKH

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CHAPTER XVII

ALWAR

When we left Delhi on our way to stop with the Commissioner at Ajmere, we did not know, owing to conflicting telegrams, whether to go on there direct, or to stop at Alwar ; however, we arranged that if we found no telegram awaiting us at Alwar Station we would remain there.

Alwar is one of the twenty native states of Rajputana, which centre round the small British territory of Ajmere—Marwar.

Across Rajputana, in a diagonal line north-east and south-west, run the Aravalis, a chain of mountains interrupted by valleys. To the north-west of them is a vast sandy desert, ridged with long, low isolated sandhills in parallel lines. To the east, where lies Alwar, hills and wooded valleys alternate with richly cultivated table-lands. Great herds of camels, horses, and sheep feed on the uplands.

The Rajputs are the sole remaining representatives of the most ancient political communities of India. Before the Moslem invasion they ruled over all the chief cities of the North of India, and the rich plains of the Ganges to the borders of

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Bengal. Subdued by the invaders, some submitted to the conqueror's rule and remained on the fertile plains, but the pure-blooded chiefs and their immediate followers withdrew to the uplands; and there, in the difficult mountainous or sandy country of central India, they subdued the aboriginal tribes and built themselves hill-fortresses, where for centuries they maintained their independence, and in a career of perpetual forays and feuds retained their character of dauntless warriors. There are still a good many of the aboriginal casteless tribes—Bhils and Minas—remaining amongst the agricultural population, and the Rajputs, though the ruling race, are by no means in the majority; and are never the cultivators of the soil, but only the feudal lords. The original native dynasties of Rajputana still preserve unaltered most of their ancestral constitution and customs, which are unlike anything else remaining in India. This primitive civilisation owes its continued existence probably to the English, for, having survived the levelling influence of the Mogul Empire, Rajputana was, later on, like the rest of India, overrun by the Mahrattas, and they dominated and devastated the Province, and had nearly extinguished the clans, when the British power intervened, and rescued Rajistan, the land of princes, from its impending fate.

As we approached Alwar we came amongst hills of considerable height and fine trees, and in the fields and alongside of the railway we passed numbers of natives. The women were wearing the

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brightest of dresses—some of the prettiest, or, at any rate, the most effective I had seen—chiefly dark red with yellow embroidery. Many of the men, who were not working in the fields, carried long staves and still longer guns, a sure sign that we had entered a native state.

On arriving at Alwar about 4 P.M. I made a bolt for the telegraph office, but there was no message for me, and the question then arose, could we find accommodation before the train started again. I inquired about the Rest-house and heard that the Dak Bungalow close by was occupied, and no room available there: the Maharaja's private station was also full. This put us in a great dilemma. While the train waited I fled to the Dak Bungalow and found a number of natives, none of whom could speak any language but his own. One of them, however, went in and told his master, the temporary occupant of the Dak Bungalow, "There is a sahib here who cannot speak English." His master promptly came out, and on my explaining the difficulty, as shortly as I could, he said that it was quite true there was no room. I was turning to hurry back and re-embark bag and baggage in the train, which was on the point of starting, when he exclaimed: "Stay, there is the tent." I jumped at the word. "Tent," I said, "what tent?" and he pointed to a very dusty affair in the corner of the compound of the Dak Bungalow. I looked in and saw it would do at a pinch and decided to stop. It was terribly dusty, but we had it cleaned out, and whilst we were settling ourselves my friend of the

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Bungalow—Mr. Angus Macdonald—and his wife gave us tea. He was the Maharaja's engineer. They and their household were occupying the Dak Bungalow until a house was made ready for them.

We were saved from a doubtful picnic in our dusty tent by their hospitality, and met at dinner Captain Tait, who has command of the Maharaja's forces, and Miss Abbot, the daughter of the resident, who was staying with them.

Meantime I wrote to the Maharaja's secretary to ask for a carriage, and a victoria and pair soon appeared. This is the usual and only mode of procedure in these native states: the traveller is entirely dependent on the Maharaja, who is always graciously ready to supply the carriages, which otherwise it would be impossible to get.

There had been a fair in the neighbourhood and there were crowds of picturesque people about, dressed in holiday attire, and very bright and animated they made the scene.

After driving about a mile along a shady road, under fine trees, we reached one of the five gates of the city, which is placed at the entrance to a circle of hills and built in amphitheatre form on the sunny slope of a hill, crowned with palaces and with its sides covered with rich vegetation, but rising above into fantastically jagged peaks of glistening quartz.

The town is protected by a rampart and moat all round except where the range of rocky hills—a marked feature of this state—protects the city from attack. Passing a great brass gun guarding

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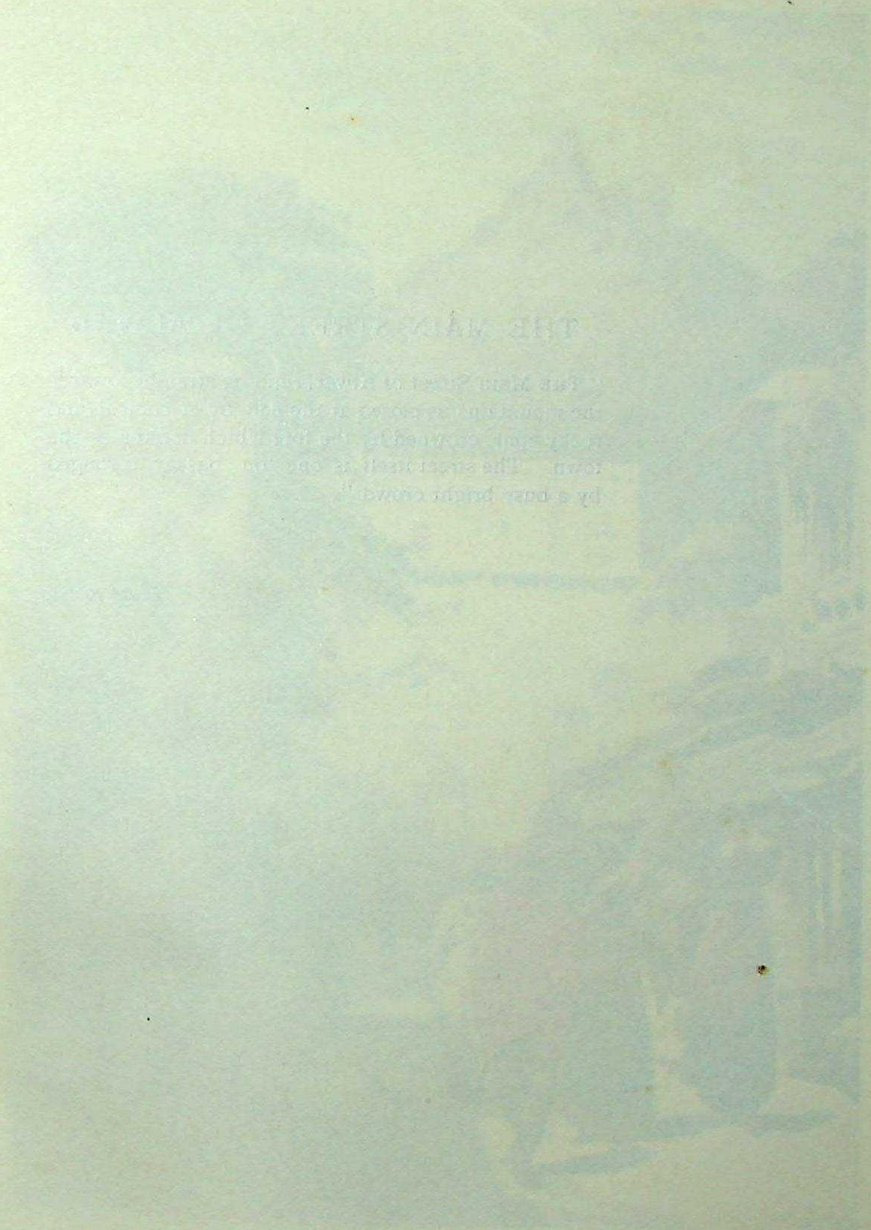

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THE MAIN STREET OF ALWAR

"The Main Street of Alwar, running straight towards the mountains, is closed at the end by a conical and rocky spur, crowned by the fort which dominates the town. The street itself is one long bazaar, thronged by a busy bright crowd."

Plate 30

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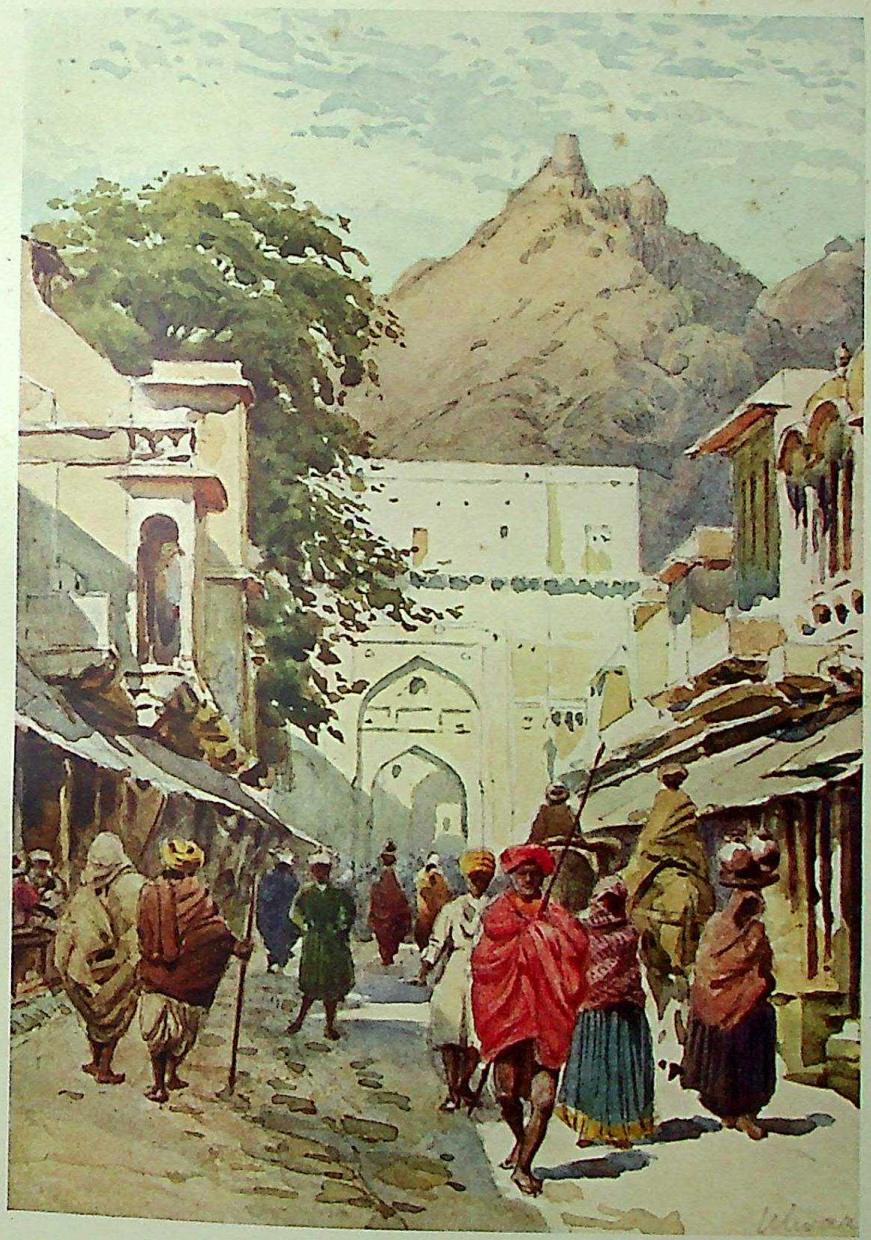

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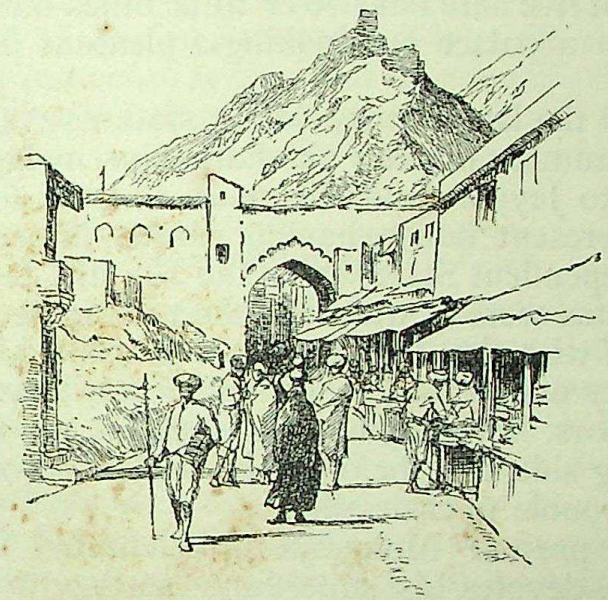
the gateway and beneath the archway we found ourselves in a whitewashed street of irregular houses: at the far end rose the picturesque fort, with its encircling walls on the conical hill some 900 feet high, which formed a grey and misty



THE MAIN STREET

background to the vista of sunny street filled with gay figures.

At a place where four roads meet, a curious gateway opens four ways over the crossing of the streets, and supports the tomb of Firoz Shah's brother; beneath, in one of the corners, is a shrine. It was interesting to watch the people going up the steps to this little place, ringing a bell, going

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through certain formalities and acts of reverence, and then coming down and going on their way.

We went up the narrow street lined with bright shops, through more gateways to a temple of Juggernaut, and then, close under the hill, we came to the city Palace of the Maharaja, who, however, does not live here but two or three miles out of the town in a palace overlooking a pleasant piece of water.

Until the last century Alwar state was divided into a number of petty chieftainships owing allegiance to Jeypore and Bhartpur, and the founder of the present house, having carved himself out an independent State whilst the Moguls, Jats, and Mahrattas were at war, had the prescience to ally himself with the British, who rewarded his perspicacity with a large addition of territory. His successors, however, had not such an eye for the winning side, and before they settled down gave some trouble to their allies.

The present Maharaja is celebrated for his cavalry, devotes his superfluous energy to horse-breeding, and has a fine stud of several thousand horses. He has also shown himself philanthropically inclined, and was one of the first native chiefs to support Lady Dufferin's Fund.

We passed within high walls, by an imposing gateway, into the city Palace, built, at the end of the eighteenth century, on a terrace stretching the whole length of the town; then passing through many courts we came to the State Apartments, the Durbar Hall, the Armoury, Treasury, and Library,

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all reached by gently sloping corridors instead of stairs. At the back of the Palace is a most picturesque tank, with marble steps and pavilions reflected in the water, and, raised high on a terrace of pink sandstone on the South side, is an elaborately ornamented building with a wide, low dome culminating in a pinnacle, the marble cenotaph of Maharaja Bakhtawar Sing. On the East side of the tank, at the head of a stately flight of stairs, stands, in long array, the Palace and Zenana, "with cool arcades for the ladies fair," where

> All their womanhood has been,
> Hen-cooped behind a marble screen,
> And they count their pearls and doze.

It is of marble and profusely decorated; but is so cut up with oriel windows and turrets, deep archways and balconies, and has such a perplexing confusion of domes and cupolas above, that it fails to be a grand building, and the eye is distracted in searching for a unity and repose which it does not find. At the same time it undoubtedly possesses picturesque features which are enhanced by the effect of the stern, rocky heights rising immediately behind it.

We looked across the deep tank at our feet, over the town and wooded plain to the mountains beyond. Myriads of Rock pigeons were flying about making the ground blue where they alighted, and there are countless peacocks—the sacred bird that is never molested, being sacred to Saraswati, the goddess who presides over births and marriages. These looked very beautiful, perched upon the old

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red sandstone walls or strutting about over the marble pavements. Squirrels were to be seen everywhere here as elsewhere.

During the night fell torrents of rain, the first we had experienced since we landed in India. It is curious it should have fallen the only night when we were not sleeping in a house: our tent, however, luckily kept all the rain out.

I went into the town early, as it had cleared up and was quite dry again, and my companion joined me there. We had previously made an appointment at the Palace with the Maharaja's secretary who was to show us the sights, but after waiting an hour with no sign of the custodian we were on the point of going away when, with a truly Oriental appreciation of the value of time, the keeper of the Armoury appeared. He turned out to be a great enthusiast, and treated the sabres and other weapons—studded with jewels—as though they were his children. He seemed quite pleased with our visit, and nearly kissed our feet when we said good-bye. The Treasury is, I believe, well worth seeing, but its custodian did not appear. We saw the Library, however, and, amongst other very valuable manuscripts, a fine copy of the "Gulistan," beautifully illustrated with miniature paintings. It is the joint work of three men: a German engrossed the MS., a native of Delhi painted the miniatures, and a Punjabi did the scrolls. I believe it cost 500,000 rupees.

After breakfast with the Angus Macdonalds he took me to see the tomb of Faith Jung (1547) close

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to the railway station, a large building with a very ugly exterior, which is now converted into corn stores for the Maharaja's horses. The interior, however, is fine, the dome being raised on pendentives from a square to the sixteen-sided base upon which it rests. There is a great deal of fine plaster work in relief on the walls of the building, patterns with flat surface and rectangular mouldings like those of the Alhambra and Bijapur. The Angus Macdonalds, who were continuously most kind, came to see us off in the train at the close of our pleasant twenty-four hours' stay in Alwar.

Soon after we started such a thunderstorm, accompanied by torrents of rain, broke upon us as I do not ever remember to have seen before. The lightning was incessant, and when it became dark it illuminated the country in a marvellous way showing us that it was flooded with water. We passed through a pretty district where there are large trees with thick bright foliage, and rugged hills of fantastic shapes in the background.

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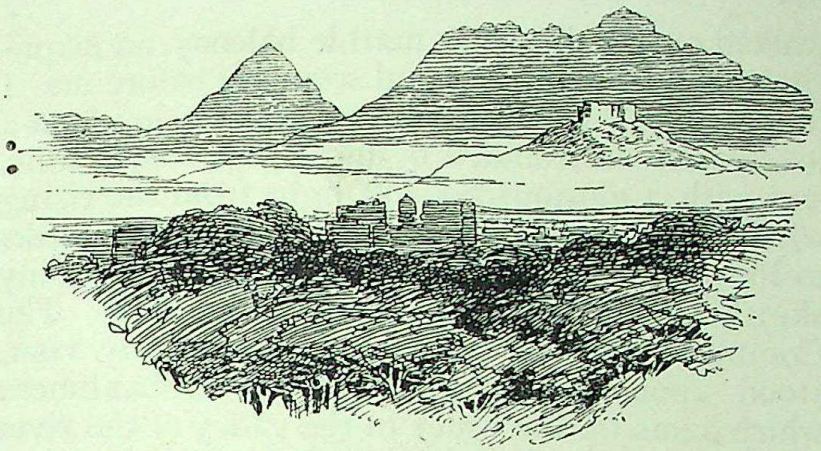

AJMERE

CHAPTER XVIII

AJMERE

At Alwar we had heard that we were expected at Ajmere by Colonel and Mrs. Biddulph, and consequently, at 3 A.M. on March 12, we disembarked from the train at Ajmere station, in a storm of rain and wind. A chaprasi was waiting for us, and before long we were comfortably installed in delightful rooms in Shah Jehan's palace on the lake, where lived our friend the Commissioner. Following our Alwar experiences this seemed to us most luxurious, and we were glad to turn in for a good rest, after some "hump" sandwiches. The hump, by the way, is that of the native ox (zebu), and quite one of the best things of its kind in India.

When I opened the window at daylight and

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walked out on the white marble balcony, an exquisitely beautiful and peaceful scene lay before me. I found myself overhanging the shining levels of a lovely lake, surrounded by most picturesque hills, and with a glorious flood of light from the rising sun shining on the high rugged rosy granite peaks to the south-west. I lost no time in getting out my sketching materials and setting to work. The Commissioner's house, at the time of my visit, stood upon the great bund or embankment which dams up the water in the valley of the river Luni, and forms the lake called the Ana Sagar or Sea of Ana, after its maker, Ana Raja, a Chauhan Rajput of the eleventh century. He was the great-great-grandfather of the heroic Prithvi Raja, king of Delhi and Ajmere, the last champion of Hindu independence in the north of India, who was overcome and cruelly put to death, in cold blood, at Delhi in 1194 by the Mohammedans under Shahab-ud-din.

On the western side of the lake, which is several miles round, lies the walled town of Ajmere, with its stately gateways, in a lovely valley or basin, shady with fine trees and bright with gardens of orange, rose and pomegranate. Above the town rises a steep and majestic conical hill, an isolated spur of the rocky Aravali range. The celebrated fortress of Taraghur, which, at a height of three thousand feet crowns the summit of this hill, is said to be the work of the Chauhan Rajput, Aja Pal, the shepherd king, who founded Ajmere A.D. 145 and ended his life as a yogi, in a mountain gorge, a few

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THE ANA SAGAR, AJMERE

"SHAH JEHAN built four marble pavilions on the great bund or embankment which dams up the water in the valley of the river Luni, and forms the lake called the Ana Sagar. One of these was used as the Commissioner's house at the time of my visit. When I opened the window at daylight and walked out on the white marble balcony, an exquisitely beautiful and peaceful scene lay before me. I found myself overhanging the shining levels of a lovely lake, surrounded by most picturesque hills, and with a glorious flood of light from the rising sun shining on the rugged rosy granite peaks to the south-west."

Plate 31

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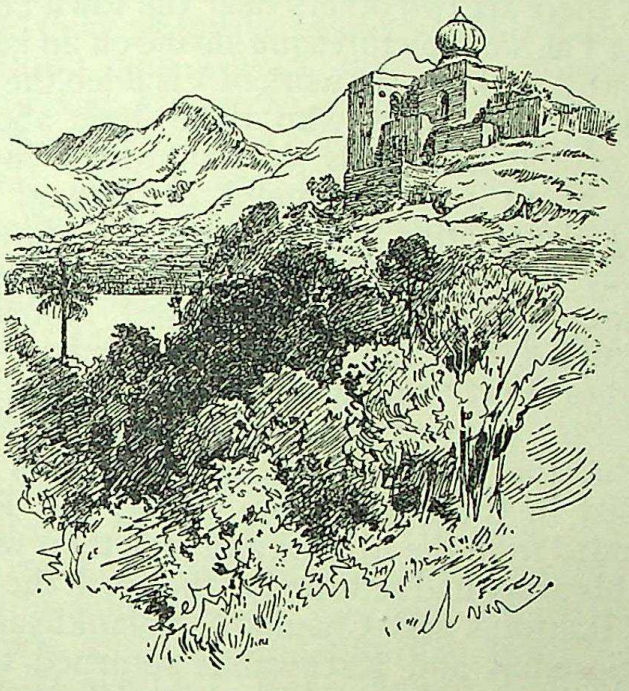
miles from the town, which bears his name. The bare, sharp, rocky peaks of the Aravali hills, which form such a fascinating background to all views of Ajmere, in its setting of green gardens, are full of gorges and ravines, where quaint, spiky cactus-



LOOKING DOWN ON THE ANA SAGAR

plants form the only vegetation. This range, of which we had seen the north-eastern end above the Kutub at Delhi, is at its highest in the Ajmere district and terminates south-west in the isolated group of temple-covered peaks, Mount Abu, or the "Saint's Pinnacle," which Tod in his fascina-

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ting "Annals of Rajputana" calls the Olympus of the Rajputs.

The green oasis in the Ajmere valley is the result of several of the banked-up pools of water characteristic of this country. Besides the Ana Sagar Lake, there are two others near the town : one, the Visala Tal, has a picturesque shrine on an island in the centre, and was the work of Visaldeo, the grandfather of Ana Raja, who ruled here about the time of the first early Mohammedan invasion, when, about 1025, Mahmud of Ghazni passed like a devastating flame through Ajmere, on his way to destroy Somnath and its celebrated temples. He effectively destroyed Ajmere and its temples, but the people took refuge in the Taraghur Fort, and when, on his return, Mahmud was decoyed into the sandy deserts of Marwar, the "land of death," where his people perished in thousands from thirst, the Rajputs descended from the heights and took their revenge. After his army had returned to the north the Rajput clans, Rahtores and Chauhans, Solaukhyas, Gehlots, Sesodias and Kachwahas returned to their territories as before, and to the celebrated feuds between Rahtores and Chauhans which fill the annals of the twelfth century with episodes as romantic and fantastic as the tales of chivalry of the same period in mediæval Europe, and, continuing till Victorian days, have inspired more than one English writer. After Shahab-ud-din's and Kutub-ud-din's invasion a century later, though they fought with desperate valour under Prithvi Raja,

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the Rajputs lost Delhi, Ajmere and most of the open country, and were driven back to found new fortress-homes in the rougher and less attractive districts, from which they have never been disturbed, where the pure-blooded Rajput clans have maintained a semi-feudal independence and perpetuated their primitive customs to this day. They lost Malwa and Gujrat, and the independent Mohammedan kingdoms, established there, maintained themselves until the time of Henry VIII., when the famous and brilliant Rana Sanga of Oodeypore, chief of the Sesodia clan, succeeded in turning out the Mohammedans and in restoring the Rajput ascendency there. Though in peace no Rajput but those of his own name owed him allegiance, yet his uncompromising hostility to the Moslems, and his indomitable spirit, made him the "war lord" amongst the clans, and he might even have succeeded in consolidating an empire of Central India but that at this moment the fresh tide of invasion from the north-west swept down over India under Babar, who was inspired by the same aims, and the Mohammedan cavalry again proved irresistible. Rana Sanga and all the chivalry of Rajistan were mown down at Fatehpur Sikri in 1527, and all their hopes shattered for ever.

The destruction of Rajput ambitions was completed by the genius of Akbar, who recovered Ajmere and spent a good deal of time in that town, which, for six centuries, has been the key to political predominance in this country of seething, turbulent rival clans and factions. Akbar undermined

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the Rajput policy of splendid isolation by attaching them to his person and house by marriage, and to his empire by high commands as governors and generals. In their own country he respected their authority, but though they maintained a certain amount of independence, and by no means occupied the same position as the Afghan and Persian Emirs of his regular army, yet they all, except the indomitable Sesodia clan of Oodeypore, became in reality feudatories of the Moguls. Akbar married two Rajput princesses: Miriam, the daughter of the Raja of Jeypore, who, from the character of the frescoes in her palace at Fatehpur Sikri, has been supposed to have been converted to Christianity; and Jodhbar, the sister of Udai Singh of Jodhpur. The two Mogul Emperors, Jehangir and Shah Jehan, the unlucky Prince Khusru and Aurangzeb's son Shah Alam, all had Rajput mothers, and relied on their connections here to support them in their struggles for the throne. As long as an Emperor remained to claim their allegiance the chiefs fulfilled their obligations. Later on they attempted to regain their independence and shared in the general disorganisation of India. The Mahrattas, under Holkar and Sindhia, bled the country by their claim to one-fourth of the State revenue, and ravaged and destroyed, here as elsewhere, till, the clans being utterly exhausted by thirty years incessant war, and the Rajput chieftainships threatened with extinction, the English, under Lake and Wellesley, partially freed Rajputana from the Mahratta oppression and withdrew, restoring to the

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chiefs their independence, but leaving them to their fate. The Rajput clans, however, are entirely lacking in any instinct of federation, and the whole country was overrun for ten years or more by freebooting Pindaris, numbering some 30,000 in all, who

> "Rode with Nawab Amir Khan in the old Maratha war:
> From the Dekhan to the Himalay five hundred of one clan.
> They asked no leave of prince or chief as they swept thro' Hindusthan,"

plundering freely. The old intertribal feuds also revived, and the famous contest between the rival chiefs of Jeypore and Jodhpur for the hand of an Oodeypore princess brought their clans to the verge of destruction: Mahrattas and Pindaris joined in the contest, which involved the whole country. The romance of the story is unfortunately rather tarnished when it appears that this chivalrous contest ended in a compromise, according to which matters were simplified by poisoning the unfortunate lady, the heroine of the tale.

The Princess Kishna Komari ("the virgin") was sixteen years of age, and being a Sesodia, "a Child of the Sun," of the noblest blood in India. She was exquisitely beautiful, and had been betrothed in her eighth year to Raja Bheem Sing, of Jodhpur. He died in 1804, and two years later her father, the weak and foolish Maharana of Oodeypore returned a favourable answer to Juggut Sing of Jeypore, who had sent an embassy, with three thousand men, to ask the hand of the beautiful and attractive Kishna. Raja Maun Sing, of Jodhpur, then intervened, supported, for pecuniary reasons, by

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Sindhia, with eight thousand men, and advanced his pretensions on the ground that the Princess had been affianced to the throne of Jodhpur, and therefore he, as its present occupant, claimed her as his right. The three kingdoms then became involved in a bitter triangular duel. Jodhpur endured an eight months' siege, the deserts were strewn with the bones of the slain, and four years incessant warfare reduced the kingdoms to the lowest ebb, yet neither side would withdraw their claim. Amir Khan had sometimes sided with one party and sometimes with the other. He now threatened the Maharana of Oodeypore with the disgrace of seeing his palace stormed, and winning over the Sesodia's minister Ajit, induced the Maharana to agree to sacrifice his daughter. Komari showed the spirit of her ancestors and rose to the height of the situation, like Iphigenia or Andromeda. As her life was made the price of peace, she agreed, in spite of her mother's lamentations, to die, and save her father's family and house from becoming a prey to the Mahratta and Pindari hordes. She could fall by no common hand, so a blood relation was persuaded to undertake the deed: confronted with the victim, his courage failed. "She was then excused the steel, and a cup was prepared. Three times the valiant Princess, with a prayer for her father, accepted the poison, and three times it failed to take effect; then they gave her opium, and she slept away." Colonel Tod, who knew the actors in this tragedy, says that her mother lost her reason and

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died raving a few days later, and that when the deed was known, a brave chieftain of the same clan rushed into the Maharana's presence and cursing him, with his minister, as a disgrace to the race, laid on the throne of Oodeypore the ban of never having a direct male heir. Of the Maharana's ninety-five children only one survived him, his queens refused to perform sati on his pyre, and to none of his six immediate successors was an heir born. Ajit's wife and two sons died within a month, and he spent the remainder of his despicable existence wandering as a Yogi from shrine to shrine in the vain endeavour to purify himself from the innocent blood of Kishna.

Before long, the minor chiefs called in the British, as the paramount power, to restore order. Lord Hastings intervened, and in 1819 broke up the Pindari camps, and excluding Holkar and Sindhia from Rajputana, ended the general scramble for territory by recognising and defining the lawful possessions of each State; treaties were executed with the English Government, which, as suzerain, was established in Ajmere. The tribute payable to the Mahrattas was made payable to us, and we receive it to this day. The old days of banditti and plundering predatory bands were at an end, and the Commissioner established in Shah Jehan's palace on the Ana Sagar Lake is a symbol of the *Pax Britannica*, which ever since has reigned in this land of perpetual strife. How soon, one wonders, would the old scenes of disorder return, and Rajputana, now

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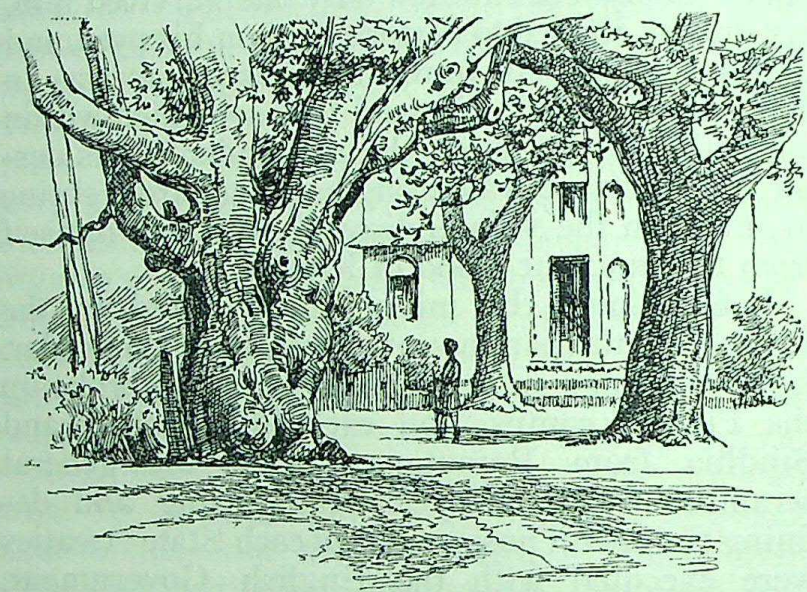
one of the most delightful parts of the peninsula, relapse into the confusion from which we rescued it, were the power which keeps India from destroying herself withdrawn?

The palace of Shah Jehan, in which we were staying, consisted originally, Colonel Biddulph



THE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE

told me, of four marble Baradaris or summer-houses on the Bund, the precincts of which were devoted to the use of the ladies of his court, who were thus enabled to enjoy a considerable amount of liberty without observation: Shah Jehan himself inhabited Akbar's palace in the town. His buildings on the Bund have now been restored according to the original design, but at the time of my visit three of these summer-houses were

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used as the public library, and as official residences for the Commissioner, the Civil Surgeon. The walls of my room were of white marble, and the columns and arches on one side, and beautiful little niches in rows on the other, suggested its past beauties. The balcony over the lake was a continual delight. Though I could see nothing of them, there was a colony of otters under the house amongst the rocks. I believe there were also a number of crocodiles in the lake, but they were also "lying low." During a terrible drought, from which the country suffered not long ago, the Ana Sagar completely dried up, and Colonel Biddulph told me that when the last of the water had disappeared, the crocodiles which inhabited the lake organised themselves into a band and decamped, marching off in a body to the sacred lake of Pushkar, across the hills. What instinct or intelligence led them to do this, and how they knew of the existence of water elsewhere, it is difficult to understand.

The weather was very cold on this lofty plateau, and it soon began to rain again, and continued to do so off and on all day. Of course we never went anywhere in India without encountering "unprecedented weather." Here, in a spot where, as a rule, at this time of year, people sit and pant, with the earth like hot copper and the sky like burnished steel, we found ourselves with closed doors and windows, in greatcoats, writing by candlelight at midday, with the rain pouring down outside. However, between the showers we took a

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walk by the side of the lake and through the Daulat Bagh, Jehangir's "garden of splendour" at the outlet of the waters: here he disported himself under the avenues of trees, in the state-coach sent him by James I., when Sir Thomas Roe was Ambassador to the Court of the Great Mogul from 1616–18, and was entertained by the Emperor at a banquet on the Bund, where also he witnessed the submission of Rana Umra Sing, the last Rajput chief to bow his proud head to the new order.

Outside the city to the east still stands the noble gateway of the Palace of Akbar, characterised by Sir Thomas Roe as a "house of pleasure of the king's, a place of much melancholy, delight, and security." About the same date as Sir Thomas Roe, another Englishman, Thomas Coryat, the first globe-trotter, visited Ajmere in 1616, coming on foot from Jerusalem, and quaintly pluming himself on having spent only £2 10*s*. on the way.

The bad weather did not last long, and the lovely, though chilly, days were all too short for all we found to do and see. I usually began to sketch, in a fur coat, before breakfast, and one day we were up early and drove to see the celebrated Arhai din ka Johmpra Mosque, or "Hut of two half-days," in a ravine at the back of the old native town, a curious and interesting building much resembling that at the Kutub: it owes its origin to the same causes, and dates from about the same time. Originally there was a fine Jain temple here. Colonel Cunningham thinks it is of the

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tenth century, though it has been assigned a much earlier date. This was pulled about and converted by Altamsh (1236) into a mosque, with a fine yellow sandstone screen of high Hindu arches in front of the west side. Probably the pillars now standing are arranged in the same way as when they formed part of the courtyard of the Jain temple, but the western side, with its nine domes, is all that now remains intact. The pillars are more beautiful than those in the mosque at Delhi, being taller and of greater purity of design. They show great originality and a most fertile creative imagination. But it is the grandeur of conception of Altamsh's great screen of splendid arches, with their wonderful decoration of Cufic and Togra inscriptions, which, executed with exquisite refinement and beauty of detail by the patient Hindu artists, makes this mosque one of the most interesting monuments of India, and, perhaps as enthusiasts like Colonel Cunningham think, puts it on a line with the noblest buildings in the world. The sculpture and decoration is most intricate and elaborate. In places there are graceful scrolls of stiff conventional design deeply incised, with bands of inscription running across them on a different level, raised slightly above, or, rather, not cut so deeply into the stone as the scrolls.

We went on to the Dargah close by, a strange and attractive group of buildings clustering round the burial-place of the famous saint, Khwajah Sahib Mohin-ud-din, who died here in the 12th century.

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He was the first of the famous family of Chisti saints and politicians, and came from Ghor, in the mountains to the East of Herat, and was at Ajmere in 1143 at the time when Shahab-ud-din put Prithvi Raja to death. Shrines of six or seven members of the same family who lived during the following 400 years exist in different parts of India, and are much venerated. The tomb of any one specially noted for asceticism, or with a reputation for occult or supernatural powers, usually does become a place of pilgrimage, where a large concourse of people gathers to make offerings of food to the poor, and to implore the intercession of the departed, whose family usually find the guardianship of the shrine or Dargah, around which an annual religious assembly and fair grows up, a most lucrative hereditary profession. Now and then amongst the wilder people of the north, a holy man has been strangled by the inhabitants of a village for the sake of the benefits, moral and material, which will accrue to those who possess his sacred bones.

Akbar had a great veneration for this Chisti saint, which led him to build a mosque in the precincts of the tomb, an example which Shah Jehan followed. Akbar was continually on the road between Fatehpur Sikri and here, and in January 1569, made the pilgrimage to the shrine, on foot from Agra, with all his family, hoping to obtain, by means of the saint's powerful protection, a much-desired son. The Emperor's pilgrimage lasted nearly a month: he and his company

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travelled in procession at the rate of about fourteen miles a day, along roads spread with carpets and with Kanats, or walls of cloth, raised on either side. The resting-places were marked by the small minars or towers of brick, one of which I sketched near Agra (p. 187). Until then all Akbar's sons had died in infancy, and the story goes that the Chisti pir, or holy man, appeared to him in a dream at the Ajmere Dargah, and evidently wishing to keep so good a client in the family, sent him back to Agra to sit at the feet of another saint of the same lineage—Salim Chisti—who lived to the age of ninety-two, on the hill of Fatehpur Sikri, and there the following August, in a little stone building close to the hermit's cave, a son was born to Akbar, who lived and subsequently became the Emperor Jehangir.

It is curious to find the shrine of the saint at Ajmere still reverenced by Mohammedans and Hindus alike, but Moslems and Hindus join promiscuously in their devotions and charities at many shrines, apparently irrespective of the specific creed of the holy man commemorated. Amongst other instances is that of the tomb, near Meerut, of a Hindu Saint, Manohar Nath, who is said to have taken the *Samadhi*,* that is to say, buried himself alive as a sacrifice to the gods, and

* Instances of this sacrifice as being made by men with whom they were personally acquainted, are mentioned by Sir William Sleeman and John Lawrence, both of whom did their utmost, in vain, to dissuade the devotees. Very holy men amongst the Hindus are not burned but buried, and they are believed to lie in a state of trance in the tomb, which is known as a *Samadh*.

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this shrine is venerated by as many Mohammedan as Hindu pilgrims, and there seems but little difference in the manner of expressing their devotion. Indeed, in many parts of India, Mohammedans are said to be only distinguished from Hindus by being worshippers of saints instead of images. They

> "Bow to graven sepulchres, and adore a martyr's stone,
> Who pray to a dead hermit that should pray to God alone;"

and do not by any means

> "Shun the Hindu festivals, the tinkling of the bell,
> The dancing, the idolatries,"

for the two religious bodies often share the same festivals and venerate Moolah or Brahman priest, fakir or yogi indiscriminately. Akbar's spirit of tolerance which benefited India so greatly was certainly fatal to the spread of Islam, and therefore ruinous to its character, for Mohammedanism withers and dies when it ceases to expand.

The chief entrance to the Dargah, from the crowded street, is beneath a whitewashed archway of great height, on either side of which, surrounded by a medley of arches, miniature cupolas, pillars and trees, are two huge iron cauldrons some ten or fifteen feet across. On certain festal occasions, and when rich pilgrims give an alms of £200 to £300 for the purpose, these are filled with rice, raisins, sugar, spices and ghee, which, when cooked by enormous fires lighted beneath the cauldrons, is in part doled out to the poor pilgrims. The members of certain privileged families, clothed in

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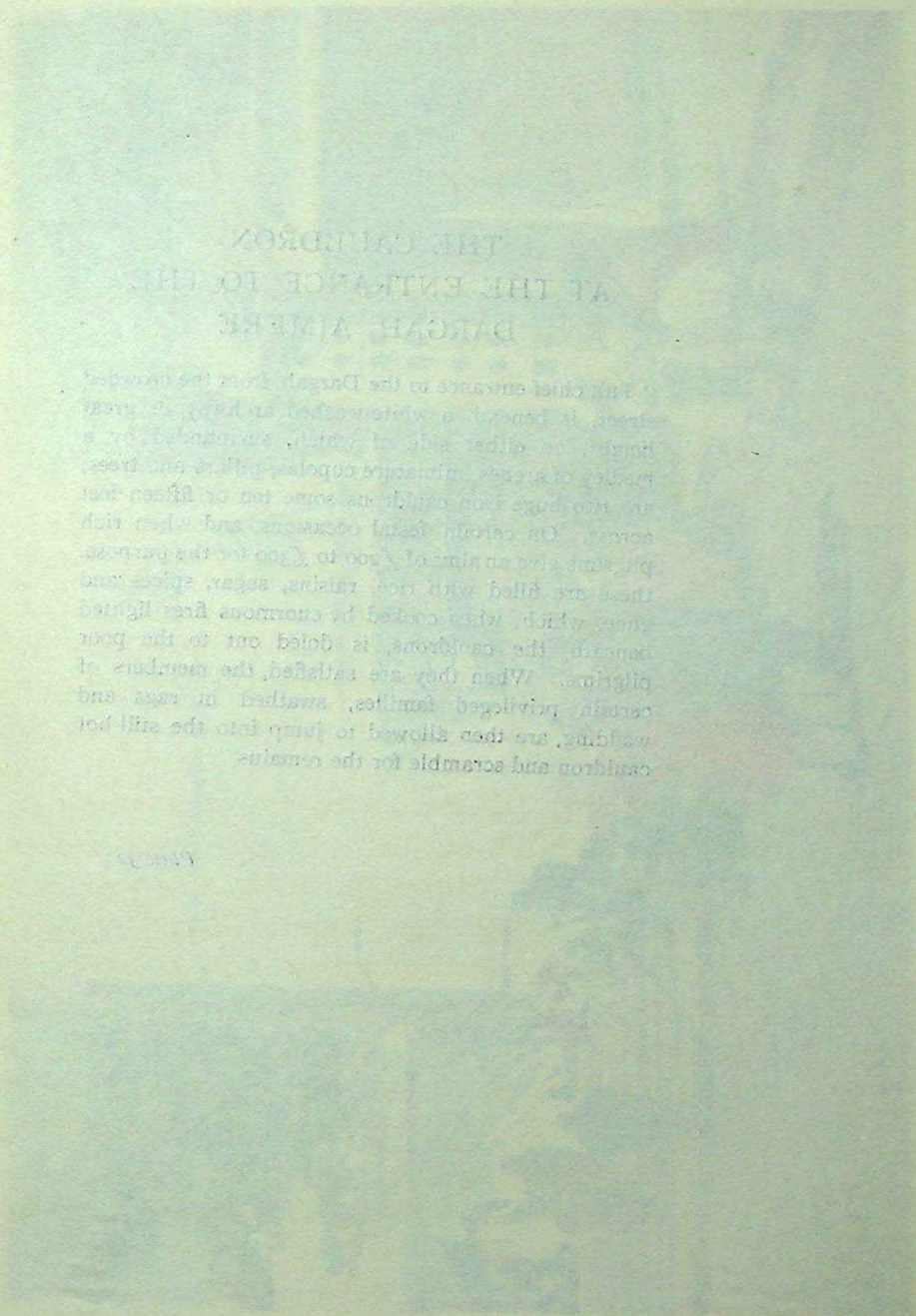

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THE CAULDRON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DARGAH, AJMERE

"THE chief entrance to the Dargah, from the crowded street, is beneath a white-washed archway of great height, on either side of which, surrounded by a medley of arches, miniature cupolas, pillars and trees, are two huge iron cauldrons some ten or fifteen feet across. On certain festal occasions, and when rich pilgrims give an alms of £200 to £300 for the purpose, these are filled with rice, raisins, sugar, spices and ghee, which, when cooked by enormous fires lighted beneath the cauldrons, is doled out to the poor pilgrims. When they are satisfied, the members of certain privileged families, swathed in rags and wadding, are then allowed to jump into the still hot cauldron and scramble for the remains."

Plate 32

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rags and enveloped in wadding, are then allowed to jump into the still hot cauldron and scramble for the remains. It must be a disgusting sight, and on account of the heat of the cauldrons a somewhat dangerous feat.

The glistening white marble tomb of the saint is very picturesque: surrounded by fine marble lattice screens, it is all dark and mysterious within, and rich-coloured draperies and awnings shroud the holy place, and shelter the doorways. The grey misty mountain peaks made a beautiful and quiet background to this vivid scene, which was partially veiled by the green branches of one of the gnarled and twisted trees shading the enclosure. The tree had dropped out of the perpendicular, and was supported by a finely carved yellow sandstone pillar. The brightly clad crowds of pilgrims about the Dargah have the reputation of being very fanatical and at times troublesome: we had had to envelop our feet in list boots before being allowed to enter the courtyard, and no infidel is permitted to approach the tomb. When I wished to sketch, I was, as at Amritzar, prevented from using my camp-stool, or even putting up a white umbrella.

Deep in the rocky mountain-side at the back of the Dargah is a long, narrow, natural cleft, the sides of which are faced with irregular flights of steep steps descending to a deep tank below, and ascending to tortuous and irregular terraces and platforms which follow the trend of the rock. Above them rise the enclosing walls of the Dargah and neighbouring buildings, and I found a shady

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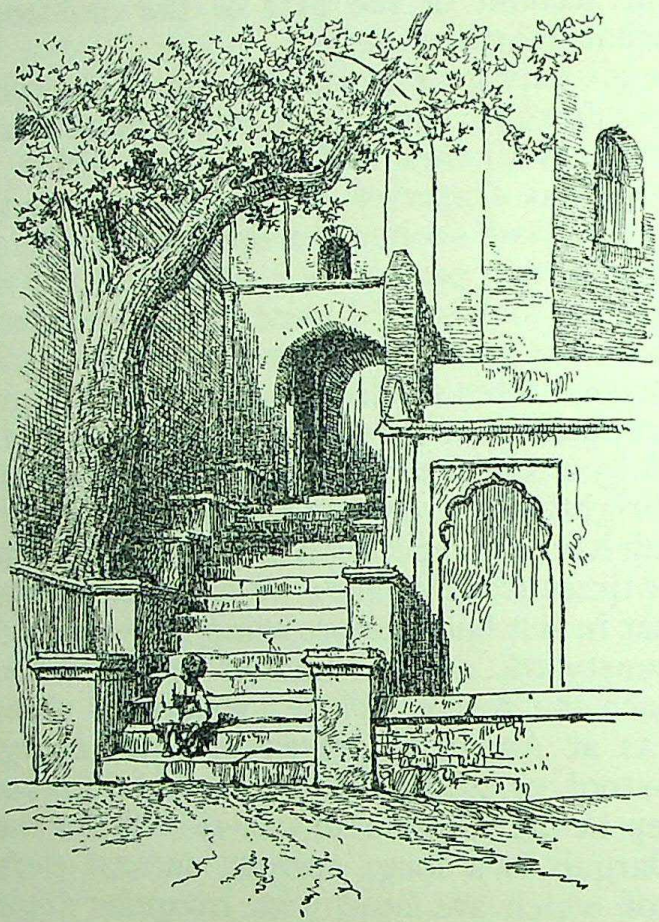
and comparatively quiet spot, partly sheltered by these walls, from which to sketch this curious and



A PICTURESQUE CORNER

unique scene. It proved less quiet than I had expected, not only because at no little distance from me a constant stream of women in dark red and

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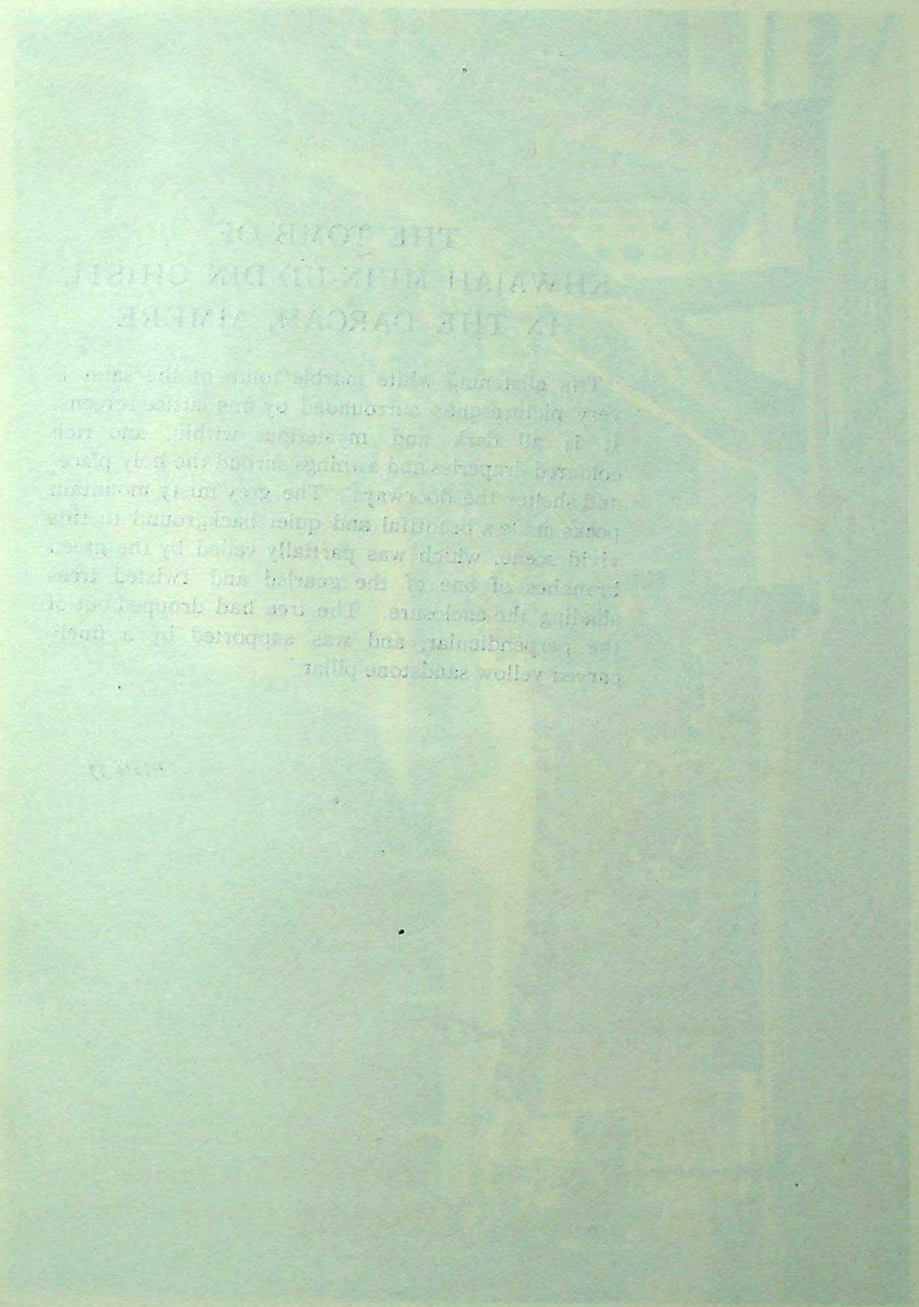

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THE TOMB OF KHWAJAH MUIN-UD-DIN CHISTI, IN THE DARGAH, AJMERE

"THE glistening white marble tomb of the saint is very picturesque; surrounded by fine lattice screens. It is all dark and mysterious within, and rich coloured draperies and awnings shroud the holy place, and shelter the doorways. The grey misty mountain peaks made a beautiful and quiet background to this vivid scene, which was partially veiled by the green branches of one of the gnarled and twisted trees shading the enclosure. The tree had dropped out of the perpendicular, and was supported by a finely carved yellow sandstone pillar."

Plate 33

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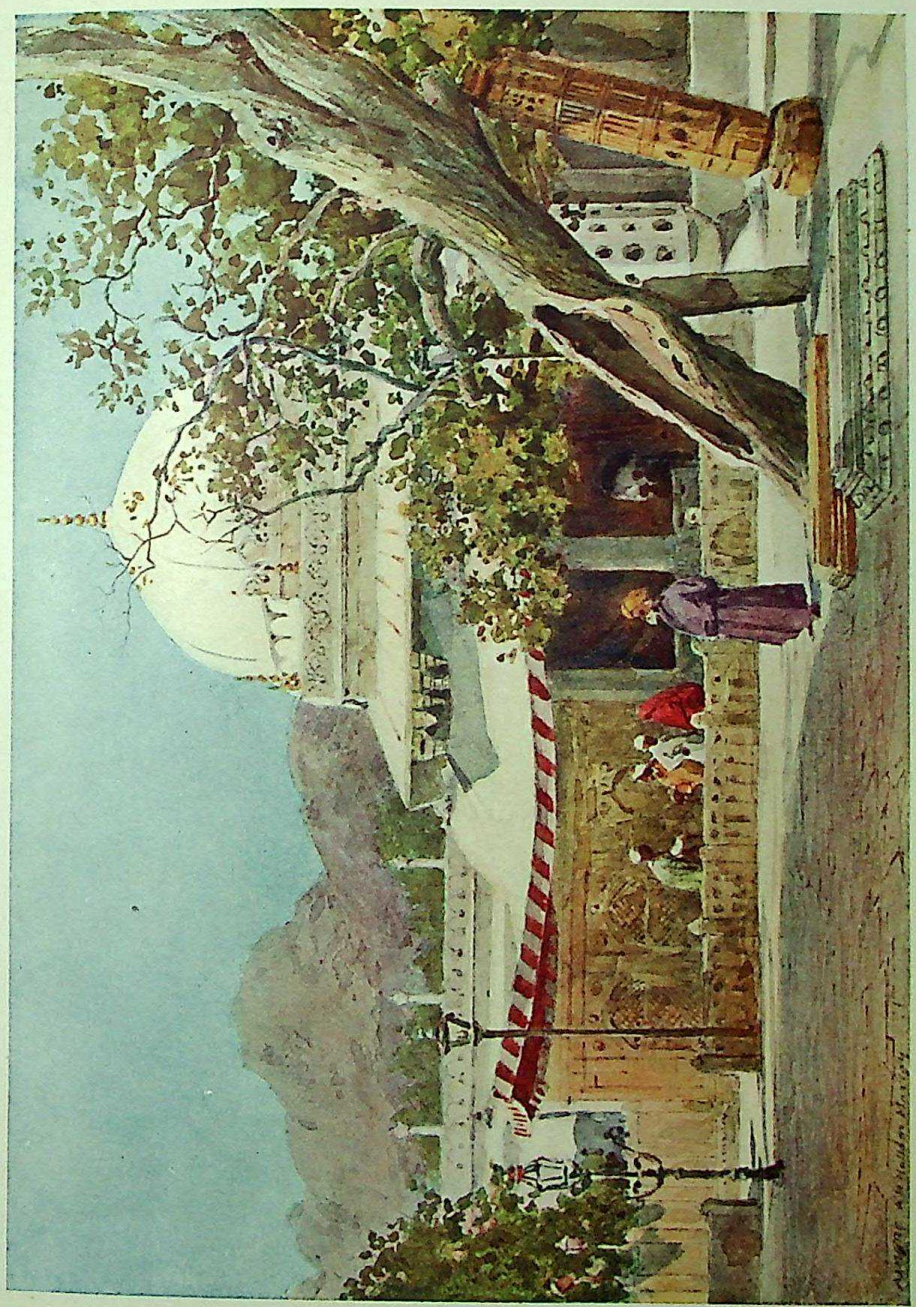

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blue saris ascended and descended, with their waterpots on their heads, but because, when my work was only partly done, I discovered that I had become an object of curiosity and perhaps of fanatical jealousy to a party of young ruffians who were watching me from a coign of vantage upon the walls above. At first I took no notice of the noise they made, but when brickbats began to fly about my head I thought it time to move to a spot where missiles could not reach me, and there I finished my sketch in peace. Next time I sketched at the Dargah I took a chaprasi, in a scarlet coat, whose presence enabled me to work, free from the pestering attentions of the boys who, in all countries, delight to vex the soul of the harmless artist. Everywhere else in Ajmere I dispensed with his services, and Mrs. Biddulph's pony, "Dumps," a jolly little cream-coloured country-bred beast, took me to my "spot" and back, and I met with no impediment except that the poor pony was vastly terrified by an encounter with two parties of men leading bears.

The days were all twenty-four hours too short in this fascinating spot, which has all the charm of ancient India without the evils which must have so greatly marred the romantic days of purely native rule.

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THE TANK AT THE BACK OF THE DARGAH, AJMERE

"DEEP in the rocky mountain-side at the back of the Dargah is a long, narrow, natural cleft, the sides of which are faced with irregular flights of steep steps descending to a deep tank below, and ascending to tortuous and irregular terraces and platforms which follow the trend of the rock. Above them rise the enclosing walls of the Dargah and neighbouring buildings. A constant stream of women in dark red and blue saris ascended and descended, with their water-pots on their heads."

Plate 34

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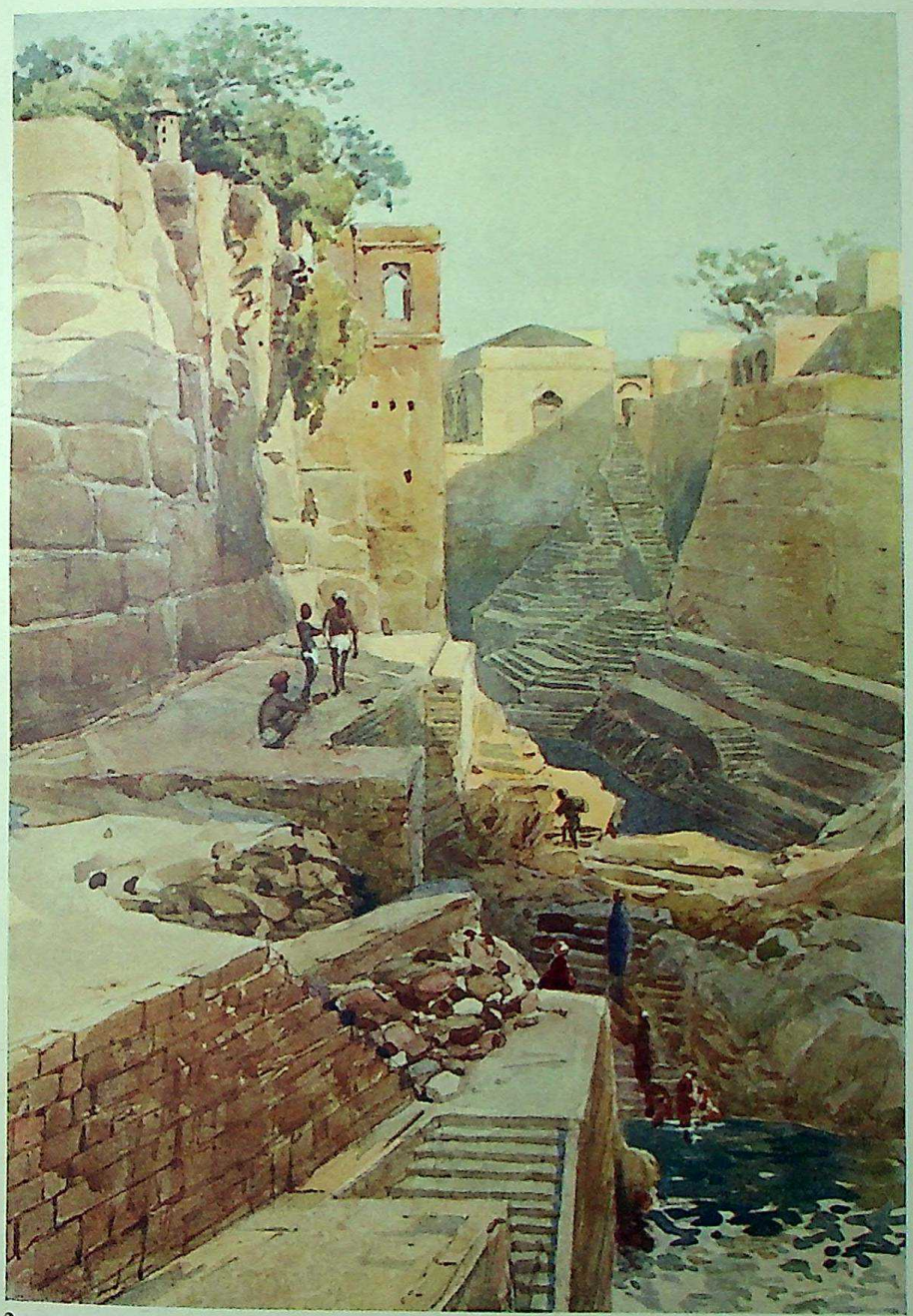

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CHAPTER XIX

JODHPUR

It had been our intention to retrace our steps from Ajmere to Jeypore, but Colonel Biddulph kindly suggested that we should, instead, go with him to Jodhpur, a wonderful fortress and old town in the desert of Marwar. This enabled us to see an older, less well known, and less sophisticated native State under very delightful auspices. As our train did not leave till three in the morning Colonel Biddulph arranged to have a carriage, with two compartments, put on a siding for us : in it we took up our quarters before 11 P.M., were hooked on at 3 A.M., and woke at seven next morning to find ourselves at Marwar, the junction for Jodhpur. It was sixty miles on to Jodhpur, the train took six hours, and in consequence of this remarkable speed was familiarly known as the " Flying Hindu."

We were here to the west of the Aravali Mountains and on the edge of a vast desert, ridged with long, low, isolated sand-hills. Though the flat arid plain appeared to me to be absolutely bare, I believe wheat, barley, and millet crops are taken off it, in places where the overflow of the River Luni, which rises in the Ajmere Lake, fertilises the

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soil by overflowing its banks, or where wells, sunk in its bed, provide irrigation. There was, however, literally hardly a tree or house all the sixty miles to Jodhpur, and until the Maharaja connected his city by a narrow-gauge railway with the main line there was no road; the track left in the sand by the last camel-caravan formed the only road to the capital, isolated like a ship at sea in the midst of a desert. A few prickly shrubs, and tufts of withered grass nourished scattered flocks of skinny goats, and the monotony of the prospect was only relieved by occasional views of bold and picturesque conical rocks and hills, seven hundred or eight hundred feet high, which appeared on the horizon and, as we proceeded, passed away out of sight. Once or twice the train, running over its unfenced line, scared away a wild pig or a wolf from the track; after passing an oasis with a ruined temple overhung by trees and few huts, we encountered a country Thakur or noble, riding a camel, with his servant seated behind him holding his hookah; or a string of laden camels following in single file one of the Marwari traders, who are found all over India, and may be known by their peculiar turban.

Jodhpur or Marwar, the largest of the Rajputana States, is about the size of Ireland, and has been ruled for the last five hundred years by a Maharaja of the noble clan of Rahtore, probably one of the purest blooded families in the world, for though they cannot boast quite so long a pedigree as the Sesodias of Oodeypore, yet they trace their genealogy clear back, in lineal descent from male

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to male, about 1360 years. They were Kings of Canouj, one of the four great monarchies of the ancient India, certainly as early as the fifth century, and most probably even before Christ.

When the Mohammedans first invaded India they found the Rajput princes of the Chauhan line ruling over the Delhi kingdom, and the great kingdom of Canouj, extending from Nepal to Ajmere, in the hands of the Rahtores, whom, in his second invasion, Shahab-ud-din defeated in a great battle on the banks of the Jumna, 1194, and utterly destroyed their capital, its temples and palaces. The king and the more dauntless of the clan then retreated to Marwar, and established themselves at Mandor, then the capital of this "region of death." In the early part of the fifteenth century, Rao Rimmull, the Raja, having treacherously attempted to usurp the throne of the infant Sesodia Rana of Chitore, his grandson, was slain by the child's nearest blood relation and Mandor taken. One of his twenty-four sons, Jodha, finally re-established his father's kingdom, and, at no great distance, built the fortress city of Jodhpur, which became the capital, and from his twenty-three other sons the peers of the Rahtore Rajput race trace their descent.

About six or eight miles before reaching Jodhpur the great rock of the Fort came in sight. It was built by Jodha on a yellow-red sandstone rock, an isolated spur of a small range of hills, in obedience to the behest of a yogi, who lived in a rocky ravine in the neighbourhood. It is a stupendous

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affair, and rising four hundred feet abruptly above the plain reminded me of Stirling Castle on a large scale.

A mile short of the station we passed the bungalow of Major Loch, with whom we were to stay. His chaprasi ran out from the house at the approach of the train and jogged along by its side, then he put on a little pace, and arriving some time before the Flying Hindu, was ready to receive us when we drew up. On the platform—crowded as usual with natives—we were greeted by Major Loch, and before long we were comfortably established under his hospitable roof within sight of the great rock. At its feet lies the old walled city, untouched by the finger of the moderniser or improver, but from the spot from which I made my first sketch this is hidden by a dark belt of trees stretching for some distance along the base of the rock, and rendered especially noticeable by the contrast of its foliage with the barren rock on the one side, and the desert on the other. It was so hot that not till late in the afternoon did we start with our host for the Fort, past the modern kutcheri or public offices, and a park laid out in squares, where the camp for the Maharaja's specially distinguished visitors is pitched. We went round several very curious groups of rocks which rise abruptly out of the plain—insignificant compared to the rock of the Fort, but in themselves nevertheless rather imposing. One, like a ship in shape, has been surmounted by a building—a freak of the Maharaja's—exactly following its contour.

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JODHPUR—GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORT

"THE great rock of the Fort rises 400 feet abruptly out of the plain, like Stirling Castle on a large scale. At its feet lies the old walled town but from the spot from which this sketch is taken it is hidden by a dark belt of trees—especially noticeable from the contrast of its foliage with the barren rock on one side and the desert on the other."

Plate 35

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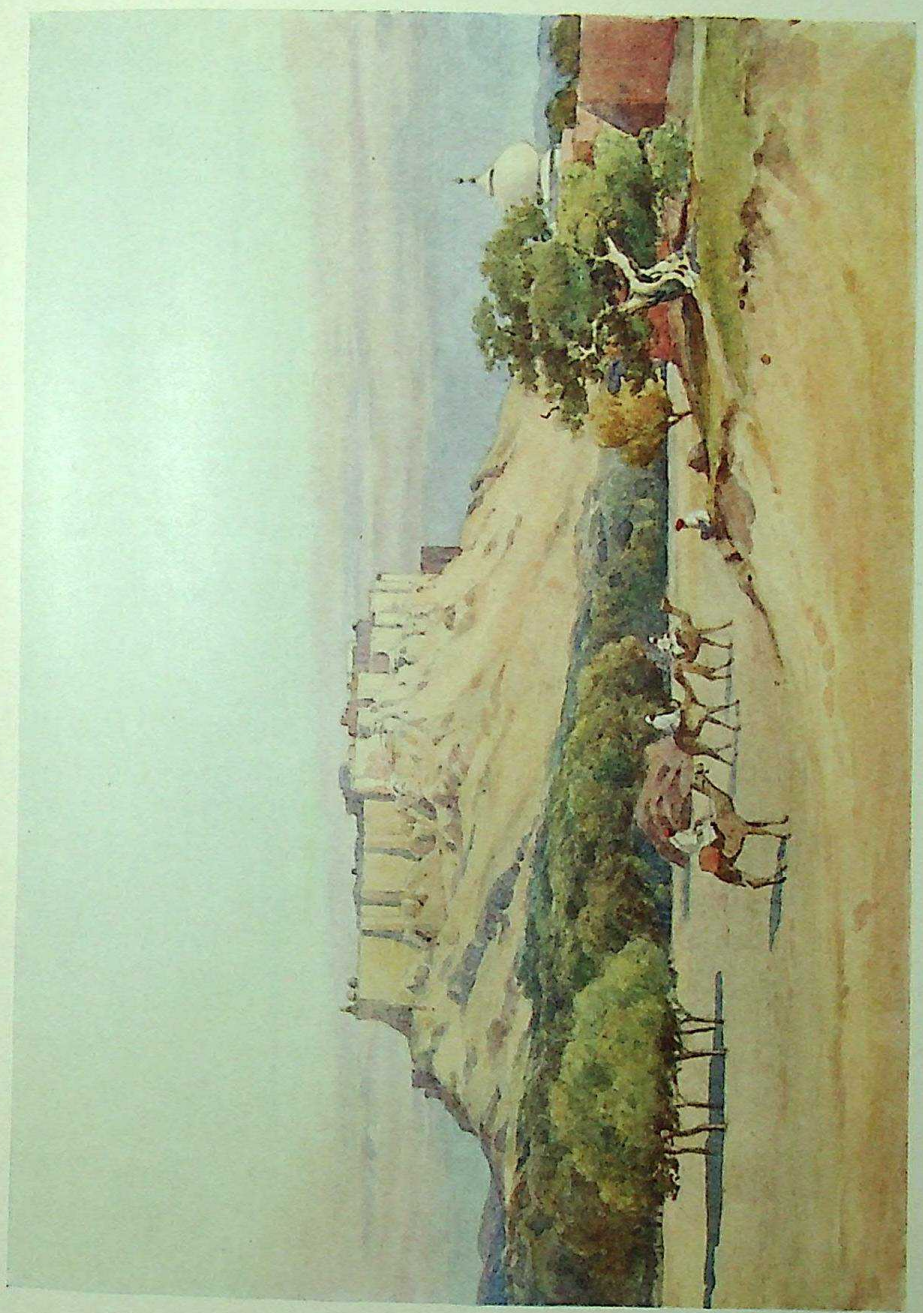

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At last, by the newly engineered road, which takes the place of the very steep step-like old approach, we wound our way up to the romantic Citadel. The steeply ascending road passes between strong walls and under seven high massive gateways. Above rises, stage upon stage, the palace, which generations of Rahtore princes, like genii in a fairy tale, have reared upon bastions on the edge of a perpendicular cliff, at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and whence they have for centuries gazed across the desert to the confines of their kingdom. Two great zigzags brought us to the top of the rock, where solid sandstone walls and towers, rising tier above tier, many storeys high, are in strong contrast with the delicately carved lattice-work windows which break the rugged surface and blend it to one harmonious whole. The most ancient portions are the most beautiful. Some are of the hard grey marble of the country; others, of brownish-pink or warm yellow sandstone, have the front completely covered with an elaborate veined network of raised tracery "finished with the finger-nail" and spreading like a cobweb, as one may see some great vine climb, over wall and window alike. In other places, hooded canopies of stone, carved and drooping on either side, like an overhanging eyebrow, protect the window-casements and balconies from the glaring sun. In still another place, the solid bastion rises sixty feet, like Giotto's tower, without a break, and then bursts into thickly clustered balconies and canopies.

In a scene such as this, at a turn of the road, I

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found a suitable spot for a sketch. Before me was a lofty whitewashed gateway, with the palace towering above, and past me went an ever-moving crowd, of strangely dressed natives from the Bikaner desert, laden camels with their drivers, and groups of women carrying waterpots and other weights upon their heads, and an occasional elephant bearing a richly robed visitor for the palace.

On the wall within the last entrance gate to the Fort is a row of hands, carved on the stone and painted red. These are the marks of the hands of thirty-five widows of successive deceased ancestors of the Maharaja, who have in their turn become sati on the death of their husbands ; as they passed out of the Fort on their way to the funeral pyre at Mandor, the old capital, they had the impress of their hands traced upon the wall, in token of their vow to die with their lord and master. The impress of a crimsoned hand is often to be seen on door or wall in India : and it is usually the sign that some one had "set to their seal" and ratified a vow of consecration. In the old deeds of Indian mediæval times may be seen the impressed outline of the hand of the signatory emperor or chief, dipped in ink, and laid upon the chart or letter, just as the mark of the Sultan's thumb still remains the Turkish equivalent to our Broad Arrow.

The last little red hand traced on the gateway of Jodhpur Fort is that of the widow of the grandfather of the present Maharaja Jeswant Sing. His son, the father of this man, was the "Rajput chief of the old school," whose deathbed

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THE ASCENT TO THE PALACE, JODHPUR

"THE road ascends by zigzags beneath seven gates. Above rises the palace, which generations of Rahtore princes have reared upon bastions on the edge of a perpendicular cliff. Before me was a lofty white-washed gateway, through which was passing an ever moving crowd of strangely dressed natives from the Bikaneer desert, laden camels with their drivers, groups of women with water-pots on their heads, and an occasional elephant bearing a richly dressed visitor to the palace."

Plate 36

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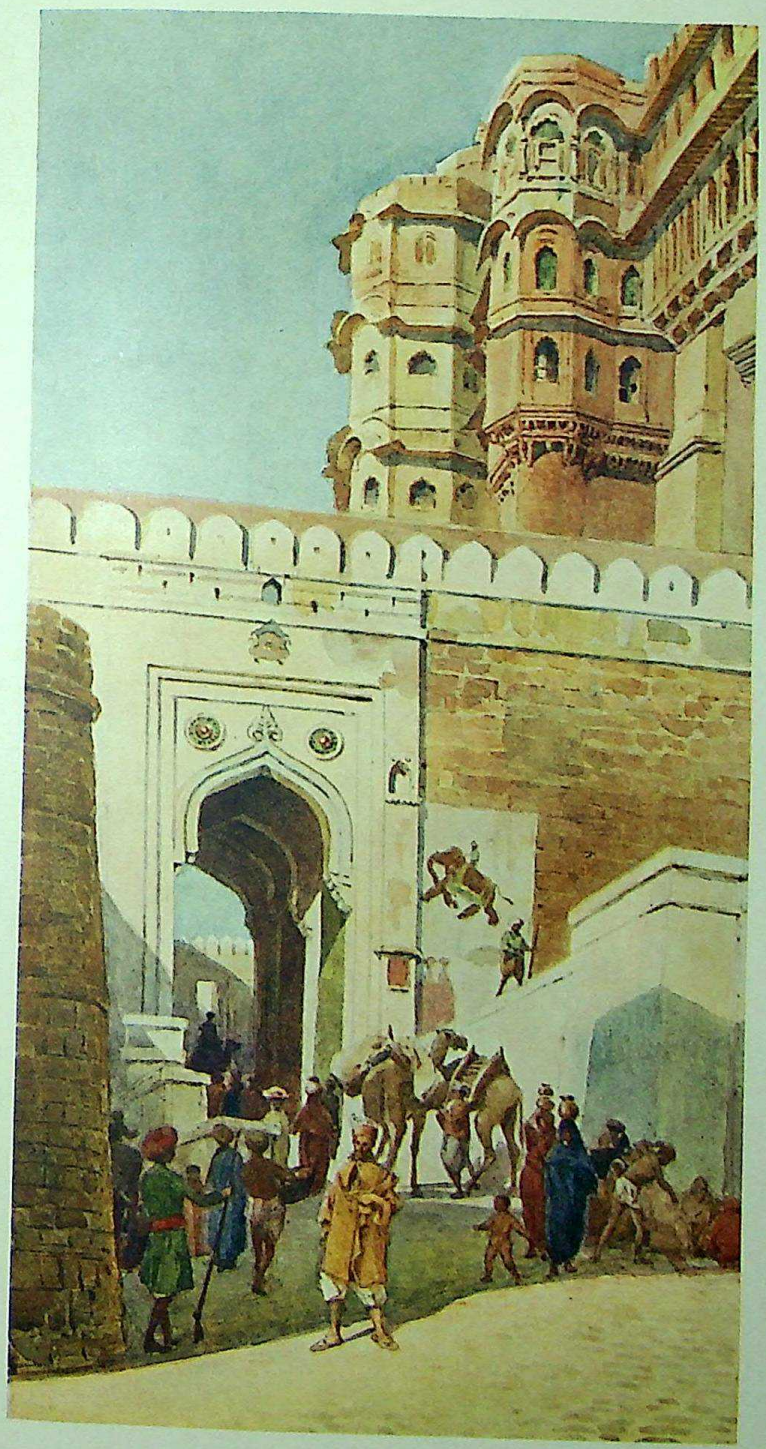

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meditation, in his garden palace at the foot of Jodhpur cliff, is the theme of the well-known lines in "Verses written in India":—

And why say ye that I must leave
This pleasure-garden, where the sun
Is baffled by the boughs that weave
Their shade o'er my pavilion?

. . . .

Why should I move? I love the place;
The dawn is fresh, the nights are still;
Ah, yes! I see it in your face,
My latest dawn and night are nigh,
And of my clan a chief must die
Within the ancestral rampart's fold,
Paced by the listening sentinel,
Where ancient cannon, and beldames old
As the guns, peer down from the citadel.

Once more, once only, they shall bear
My litter up the steep ascent
That pierces, mounting stair on stair,
The inmost ring of battlement.
Oft-times that frowning gate I've pass'd
(This time, but one, shall be the last),
Where the tribal dæmon's image stands
Crowning the arch, and on the side
Are scarlet prints of woman's hands.
Farewell! and forth must the lady ride,
Her face unveiled, in rich attire,
She strikes the stone with fingers red,
"Farewell! the palace, to the pyre
We follow, widows of the dead!"

Nowadays, the wives of dead chiefs, not being allowed to commit sati, are sent to end their days in the old palace. We were told that about three hundred women were shut up there, wives of late brothers or cousins of the royal house; and lately all the wives of the present man and

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his brother had been sent there too. Poor things, it must be terribly dreary, and hot in summer; but as a Rajput lady is brought up to feel, that from her birth her "life is a sacrifice," and that it is only of her father's clemency she was not sent to the shades by a dose of opium as soon as she saw the light, perhaps the semblance of life, which is her portion up here, appears by contrast a precious gift. The perusal of Colonel Tod's Annals of "the Land of Princes" raises a marvellously fascinating picture of the strangely poetical life and ideals of this tenacious race, which has maintained its character unimpaired, and clung to its customs and codes of honour undismayed through so many revolutions of the wheel of the centuries. The grandeur of their conception of the immortality of the race, and of the paramount importance, of the "good name," which far transcends the momentary interests of the individual's present existence of fleeting pleasure or pain, cannot fail to inspire a great admiration for their steadfast grasp of a fine idea and their patient untiring self-sacrificing devotion to the details of duty as they see it. "All is unstable," their poets cry; "life is like the scintillation of a firefly; house and land depart, but a good name endures for ever." We have been constrained in the interests of true righteousness, as it has shown itself to us, to forbid many of the certainly indefensible customs and practices in which their ideals took shape. Yet it cannot but be a cause

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of anxiety to all who value a strong and manly character, lest our attempt to preserve the race in its characteristic civilisation should be stultified by this necessary curtailment of the natural expression of their ideals: and the ennobling conceptions be destroyed that have from time immemorial been the preserving salt of the race.

We penetrated the cool dark passages of the palace, and found most of the halls within the thick walls, through which the sun never penetrated, were of the usual rather disappointing kind. They showed a gradual decline in taste, from the early decorations of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, when the walls were covered with blue and gold and crimson, like the illumination of a vellum page, to the tortured mirror-mosaic of the halls of the last generation. The pictures range from quaint native paintings of Shah Jehan and the other Mogul emperors, to old-fashioned prints of English hunting scenes, and show how the Rahtores have marched with the times and adapted their tastes to those of their suzerains. But the treasury was characteristically Eastern, with such a show of jewels as dazzled Aladdin in the cave; some splendid stones, pearls and emeralds as big as pigeon's eggs, tiaras, necklaces and rings, many very ugly things and many of great beauty; jewelled weapons and sheaths, and splendid silver and silver-gilt trappings for horses and elephants, silver horse-collars and silver ear-rings for the elephants, at least half the size of my head.

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From the balconies, overhanging like swallows' nests, the sheer and dizzy precipice of wall and rock, the vast view sweeps away, in endless stretches of delicate desert tints, for miles, to a distance melting in lilac-grey haze into the amber sky: lines of dust mark the track of the cattle stringing home from pasture. Spread out like a map at our feet lay the old city, at the foot of the rock, in its girdle of green, with flat-roofed houses, the red sandstone palaces of the Thakurs, and the pyramidal points of its 400 temples peering above the trees. Here, as in other places in this land, the bulk of the population by no means belongs to the noble ruling race of Rajputs, of which the poorest member is kin to the King, and would not put his hand to a plough or to any occupation which might be deemed beneath the dignity of a warrior who bows only to the sun, his horse and his sword.

There is, however, a large population of miscellaneous castes in the city: Brahmans and Charans and others, from whose ranks come those who carry on the work of civil administration, and those who fill the frequently hereditary offices in the chief's court and cabinet, or keep the traditions and records of the past ages and the genealogies. The trading classes are usually Jains, and they are frequently descended from Rajputs, who have not maintained in its purity the rigid marriage law of the land, and have therefore lost the right to a place in the "libro d'oro" of the pure-blooded clans, with whom their ruler even is reckoned only first amongst equals. A greater contrast to the

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servile attitude of the Mogul courtiers, towards their lord, can hardly be conceived: no doubt this partly accounts for the dignified and frank and open bearing of the members of the clans. Every member of a pure-blooded clan is a gentleman of high degree, and with his tall, erect carriage and graceful, manly bearing, his strong black beard parted in the middle and brushed back, like tiger's whiskers, towards his ears and then knotted at the top of his head, he looks every inch the son of century-long lineage of warrior ancestors. His chivalrous high-minded sense of honour, the simple, straightforward, easy courtesy of his manners—a combination of self-reliant independence and perfect consideration for others—are worthy of the best traditions of the age of chivalry.

The peculiarly strict marriage laws must make it no easy matter to arrange a suitable marriage for a Rajput. For here, in the land where still exist the best specimens of early institutions, the tribal period has survived, and the primitive marriage customs of the very earliest days are still preserved. In those days, citizenship and country and ruler counted for nothing, and religion and kinship were of supreme importance in determining a man's life. Here marriage is not only limited to the ranks of those of the same religion, or caste, but absolutely prohibited amongst blood relations, of even the most remote degree, who in any way trace their descent to a common ancestor, real or reputed. The difficulties which arise may be imagined when, as a high authority tells us, "widespread and numerous

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clans are nothing else but great circles of blood relationships, including perhaps a hundred thousand persons who cannot lawfully intermarry." A clan of pure Rajputs may be scattered abroad under half a dozen different rulers, but nevertheless they hold marriage between two members of the clan as quite beyond the bounds of possibility. And a Rajput clansman, whose family has left the ancestral home, if he returned to take a wife, or to marry a daughter, would have to submit his genealogy to run the gauntlet of very strict and careful inquiry, to satisfy the scruples of those with whom he meditated an alliance, that there was neither a common ancestor nor a *mésalliance* in the family. No wonder that a Rajput is brought up to be able to recite his own genealogy, and that there is a special class, a hereditary College of Heralds, whose duty it is to preserve the records and pedigrees of the clans.

Udai Sing, the son of the Jodhpur ruler whom Akbar subdued, was sent as a hostage to the court at Agra, and he only obtained the restoration of the former possessions of his house by giving his sister Jodhbai as wife to the Emperor: it was not until considerably more than a century later that the proud Sesodias of Oodeypore, who had maintained their independence, readmitted the Rahtores to the privilege of intermarriage with their clan, which had been forfeited by the *mésalliance*. And even then the Sesodias only made the concession on the condition that the son of the Oodeypore princess should always succeed to the State.

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This difficulty in forming suitable alliances and providing husbands for daughters, who yet must not remain unmarried, to some extent accounts for the two pernicious practices of female infanticide and polygamy. It is no doubt the originating cause of many of the romantic feuds and the raids and contests for the hand of a Rajput princess which fill the annals of this country. For the supply of wives lay entirely in the hands of neighbouring and perhaps rival clans, who might at any moment, on some nice point of honour or jealous punctilio, refuse to give their daughter. Rajput history is thus filled with disputes over brides and betrothals. The peculiar laws of succession opened the way also for interference of the wife's kinsfolk and to bitter quarrels such as that which indirectly led to the foundation of Jodhpur.

On our first visit to the Fort we retraced our steps, down the steep way, crowded with people and camels, by which we had come up, but next time I sketched up there I passed down into the town soon after sunset, by a steep road between high walls, and under picturesque gateways, by a way I had not been before. At every turn, a new picture seemed to unfold and made me long to sketch, but I had already made the mistake of trying to do too much in the time at my disposal, and now it was getting dark. At the lowest gateway, a carriage was waiting for me, and we drove off at the most reckless speed through the narrow streets. I could not prevail on the coachman—who, by the way, had been educated at Agra College and spoke English

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—to go more slowly. I was sorry, as there is much in the houses of this quaint old city which is picturesque and architecturally beautiful. The most ordinary houses are covered with exquisite stone work, traceries and carved latticed windows; overhanging cornices, with drooping pendants, catch the light at every turn, whilst the projecting, hooded, crescent-shaped eaves, which some one aptly compares to drooping gulls' wings, cast deep shadows on the surface. But all this, and the fountains within marble balustrades under the shelter of fine trees; the groups of women with brass pots, draped in brick-red and old-gold embroidered saris; the market with sacks of golden corn, and traders squatting under plaited straw umbrellas, all flashed past me in dazzling pictures, as we dashed through the town, scattering the people on both sides, and running the most imminent risk—it seemed to me—of cutting off toes and even ending lives.

In Major Loch's house I met a high-caste Brahman gentleman, Chatter Booj, in pink puggaree and orange-coloured robes, who acted under my host in the business of superintending the Maharaja's land revenue and department of Woods and Forests. His brother, Hans Raj—or the Royal Goose—kindly piloted me on another sketching expedition to the old town. We started soon after ten o'clock breakfast, but the sun was burning hot—hotter than anything I had experienced before—when we got out in the Dhan Mandi (wheat market) to look round. It was full of local colour,

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but really the heat was too great for me to feel able to take much interest in anything, and we drove on past the Gutab Sagar, a large tank surrounded by temples, to the foot of the steep ascent to the Castle where I made my first sketch. We went into the Talati Mal, once a beautiful palace, now sadly knocked about and disfigured with white-wash, and used as the Durbar High School, with an Englishwoman as head. As we entered the girls' side, a little damsel rushed up to my companion and hugged him ; this was his little niece, a daughter of Chatter Booj.

The Maharaja's little daughter of thirteen had an English governess, whom we met at dinner, and thought must have rather a dull time in her very Oriental *ménage*. Her pupil was very strictly purdah, and only allowed to put her nose out of the house after dark. She and her governess and women were locked into the upper part of the house at night, by the guard who kept the key. The skirt of her best frock, I heard, consisted of an elaborate combination of wedge-shaped pieces of different sizes, and measured fifty yards round the hem. The Court dresses of the men of the Sing family seem to be made on much the same plan, and consist of pink muslin petticoats, containing at least one hundred yards of muslin, but tied in halfway down with scarves, so that the lower part stands stiffly out. They sway about when the wearer moves, and must be very difficult to manage with dignity. The whole family are, as one would expect from the family traditions, de-

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voted to horses and hunting, and great sportsmen, and said not to know what fear is. The story goes that once when the Maharaja and his brother Maharaj Purtab Sing were young, emulating the achievements of their ancestors, they entered unattended a lion's cave with a lantern, and no weapon but a club, and bearded and brained him in his lair.

This country is celebrated all over India for pig-sticking, and the pigs are strictly preserved. Arrangements were kindly made by the Maharaja's brother, Maharaj Purtab Sing, for us to have a day's sport; and under his auspices we started off in a four-in-hand at six o'clock one morning, before it was light, for the rendezvous, about five miles distant. Major Loch had unfortunately broken his arm, and, of course, could not come with us, so the party consisted of Purtab Sing, in a lovely pale pink turban; Colonel Paulet, the Resident, Colonel Biddulph, and myself. As we galloped to the scene of action Colonel Paulet, hearing that I had not had any pig-sticking before, very kindly gave me some useful hints, showing me how to hold my spear, and warned me, above all things, not to strike a pig, if his line of progress converged with mine; otherwise, he said, if I got the spear home, and the pig got in front of my horse, he would infallibly give me a fall. Curiously enough, this very fate befell him, and he got a nasty spill, which shook him a good deal. For a short time we were afraid he was seriously hurt, for he lay on his back, and we thought the pony

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had rolled over him. However, he was able to be driven home, and we were relieved to find he was not really injured, but the incident put an end to pig-sticking for that day. We had a splendid gallop, however, and I enjoyed it immensely. I was mounted on a beautiful bay, about fifteen hands, who carried me well, though he was not quite so fast as others in the field. Colonel Biddulph got the first spear, and by some lucky accident I got the second. The second pig, evading both Purtab Sing and the Colonel, turned to charge, and ran right on to my spear, which he received full on the side of the head, and was very soon despatched by some one else.

I spent part of my spare time after breakfast one morning with Mrs. Biddulph, drawing one of the rough bullock carts of the country, which are most delightfully archaic in construction, consisting simply of very solid wheels and a sideless platform. The carts reminded me of a story which a friend, a Kentish squire, used to tell. He made a journey in Palestine, and, being an admirable draughtsman, brought home a number of excellent sketches. One winter evening, after his return, the squire gave a lecture to his village, and showed a number of his drawings. Amongst them was a cart very similar to that which I drew at Jodhpur, and the squire explained to his audience that it was a type of the most primitive conveyance known, and that it had existed in precisely this same form in Palestine from the earliest times, and indeed that it was probably a cart or waggon

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of this description that Joseph had sent down from Egypt to bring his father and his household goods from Canaan. Afterwards an old farmer came up and expressed his great interest in all he had heard, adding that there was one thing above all others which had interested him, and that was the cart. "For now," he said, "I understand why Joseph said to his brethren, 'See that ye fall not out by the way.'"

On the site of the original capital of Marwar, between three and four miles from Jodhpur, there is now only a heap of ruins, a few houses, and a cool garden with shady trees. The water here is good, and so for centuries the women of Jodhpur have been in the habit of trudging out every morning to draw water, as that in the town was brackish and so scanty that in dry seasons citizens moved elsewhere. The present Maharaja, Jeswant Sing, constructed a canal to supply the town, and a great reservoir or tank for storing it; but I understand the people still prefer to send their women to fetch it from the old spot, and regard the water that comes up to the top of the Fort in iron pipes as distinctly uncanny.

In the shady garden stand tombs of the Kings. When the Rajput warrior fell in battle he was not burnt, but buried where he fell, under a cairn. Usually, however, he was carried forth armed at all points with shield and sword,

> "High-seated, swathed in many a shawl,
> By priests who scatter flowers, and mourn;"

to the pyre which filled a deep trench and there,

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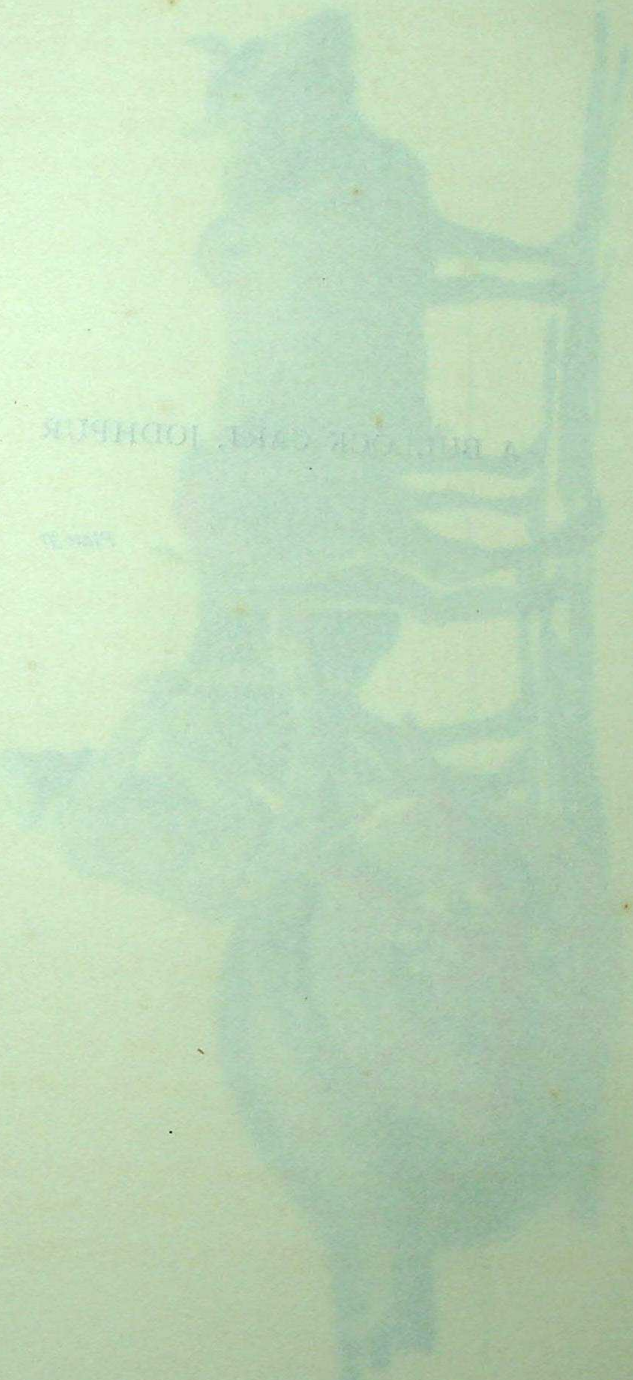

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A BULLOCK CART, JODHPUR

Plate 37

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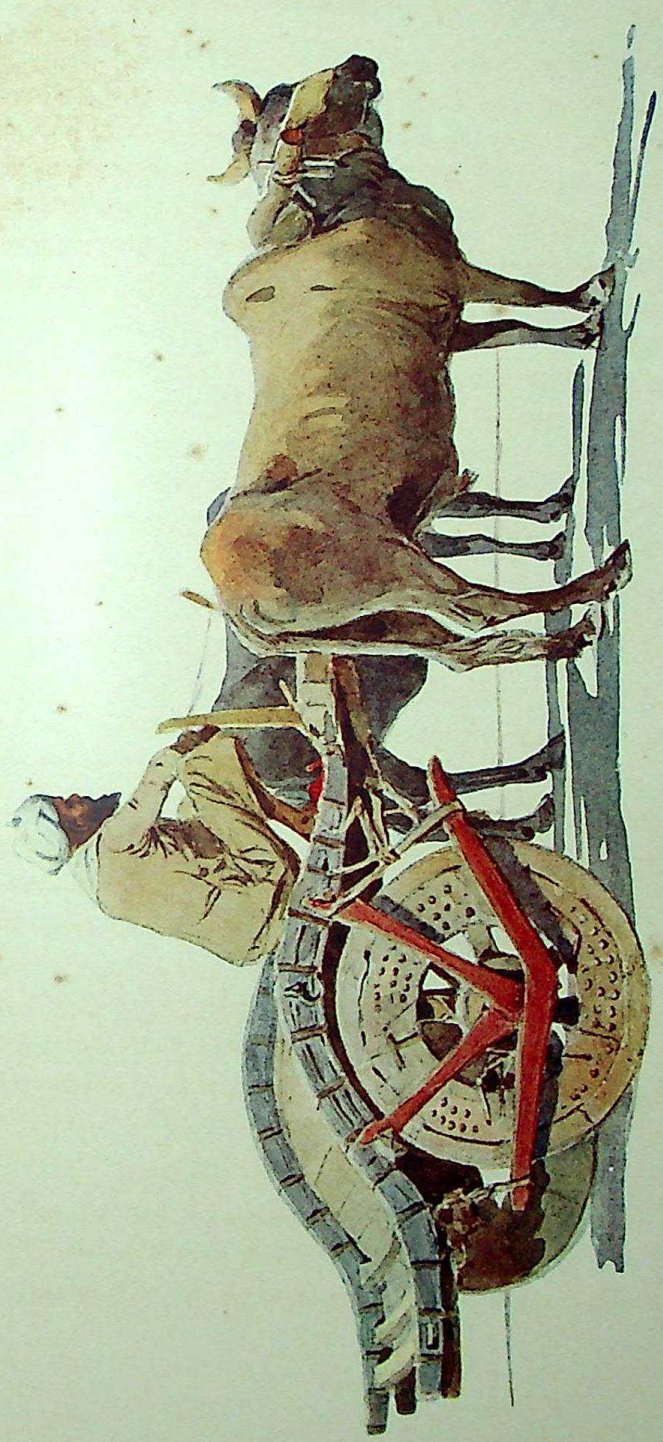

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his head laid on the knees of his queen, his body was consumed amidst the eddying smoke of the funeral pyre. With one Rajput king eighty-four widows perished in the flames. The elaborate tombs over their ashes here are of red sandstone, and consist each of a circular or octagonal hall supported by columns, approached by steep steps and crowned by a flat dome. At the side opposite the entrance is a small square sanctuary, with a high flame-shaped ribbed and fluted dome above it.

Most of the tombs are in the Jain style of architecture, and all but the most recent are covered outside and inside with a profusion of elaborate sculptures, and innumerable bats hang in clusters from the ceilings. Monkeys had made their home here too, and I made acquaintance with a huge grey ape whose tail was quite the longest I had seen, and hung down like a bell-rope over the wall upon which he sat. Until I had closely investigated the matter I could not believe it was all his personal property. However the monkeys and bats had not the place quite to themselves, for in one tomb which we entered a memorial service was going on. Before the altar stood a man burning incense (loban), waving his hands backwards and forwards. He then rang a bell, and an old woman beat a gong with much assiduity, until we came; then her attention was concentrated in an attempt to persuade Major Loch to give her one hundred rupees, which she said would provide for her for the rest of her days.

Much too soon came the moment when we had to begin to prepare to leave India and all its charms

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and wonders, and queer sounds and smells, and the unaccustomed ways of its picturesque people. We were very sorry when, after saying good-bye to our kind host, the train drew up in front of his house to take Colonel and Mrs. Biddulph on board. They were bound for Ajmere, and we went together to Marwar, where at seven o'clock we settled ourselves in the train for the night. Next day, March 18, we spent some hours in Ahmedabad in the greatest heat we had experienced, which quite sapped our energy. In the circumstances to plunge into sight-seeing, with as much determination as the interest of the place and the short time at our disposal really demanded, was impossible. Still we managed to see many of the interesting buildings for which the place is justly celebrated. First, the Jumma Musjid, with its two-hundred-and-sixty pillars and fifteen domes — a fifteenth-century building raised by Sultan Ahmad I., beside which is his mausoleum, and beyond the tombs of his Queens ; and the celebrated lattice windows carved in yellow sandstone, in the Sidi Said's mosque—said to be the finest work of its kind that exists.

We went also to a Turcoman mosque, rather severe in style, and to the tomb and mosque of Rani Sipri (a daughter of Ahmad Shah). These are two beautiful little buildings of yellow sandstone, rich in carving and most delicate lattice work. This was all we felt up to. I have a very vivid recollection of feeling the force of the sun to such an extent that I put up an umbrella between my solar topee and the roof of the ticca-gharry. After lunch at the rail-

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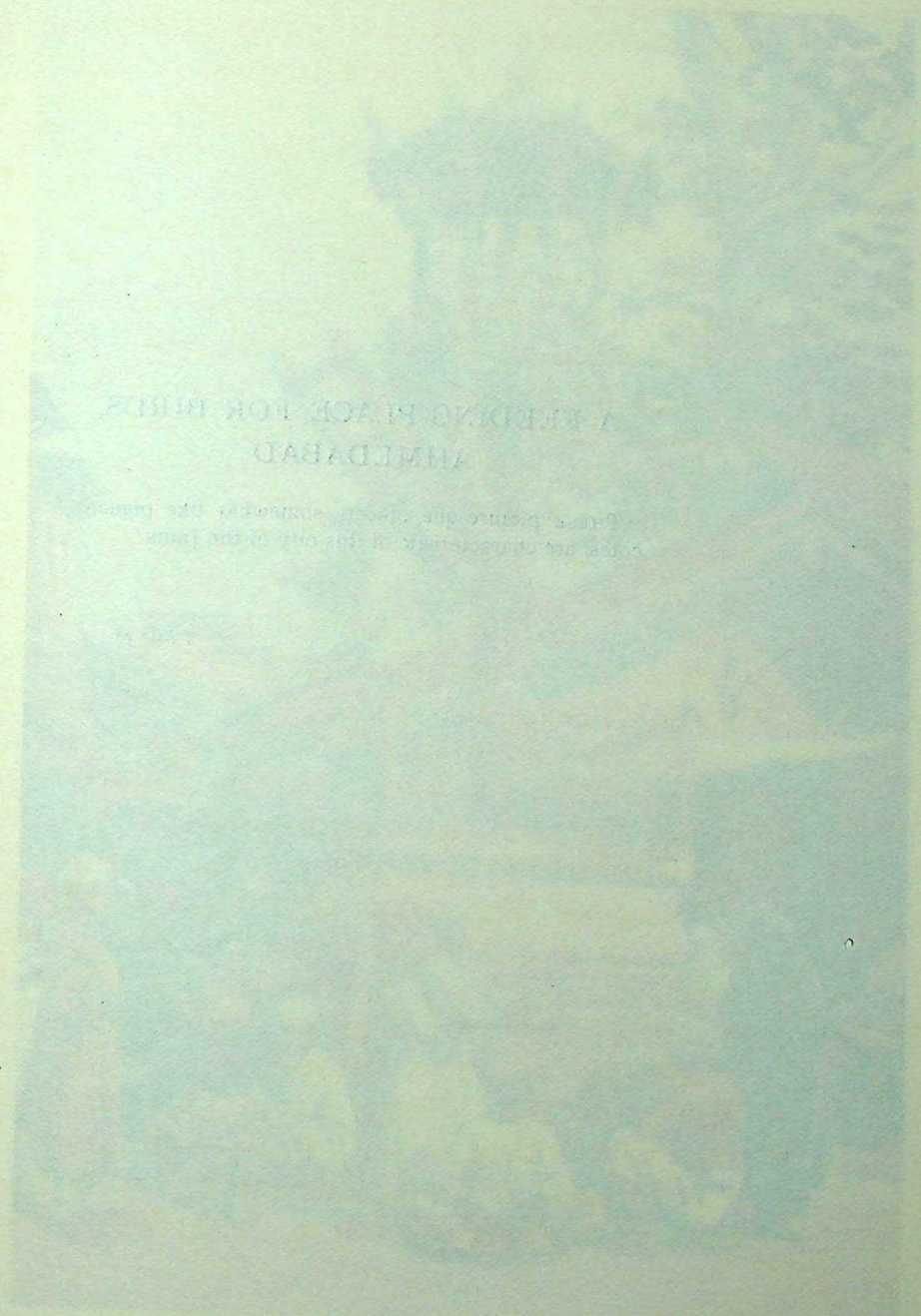

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A FEEDING-PLACE FOR BIRDS, AHMEDABAD

"THESE picturesque objects, somewhat like pigeon-cotes, are characteristic of this city of the Jains."

Plate 38

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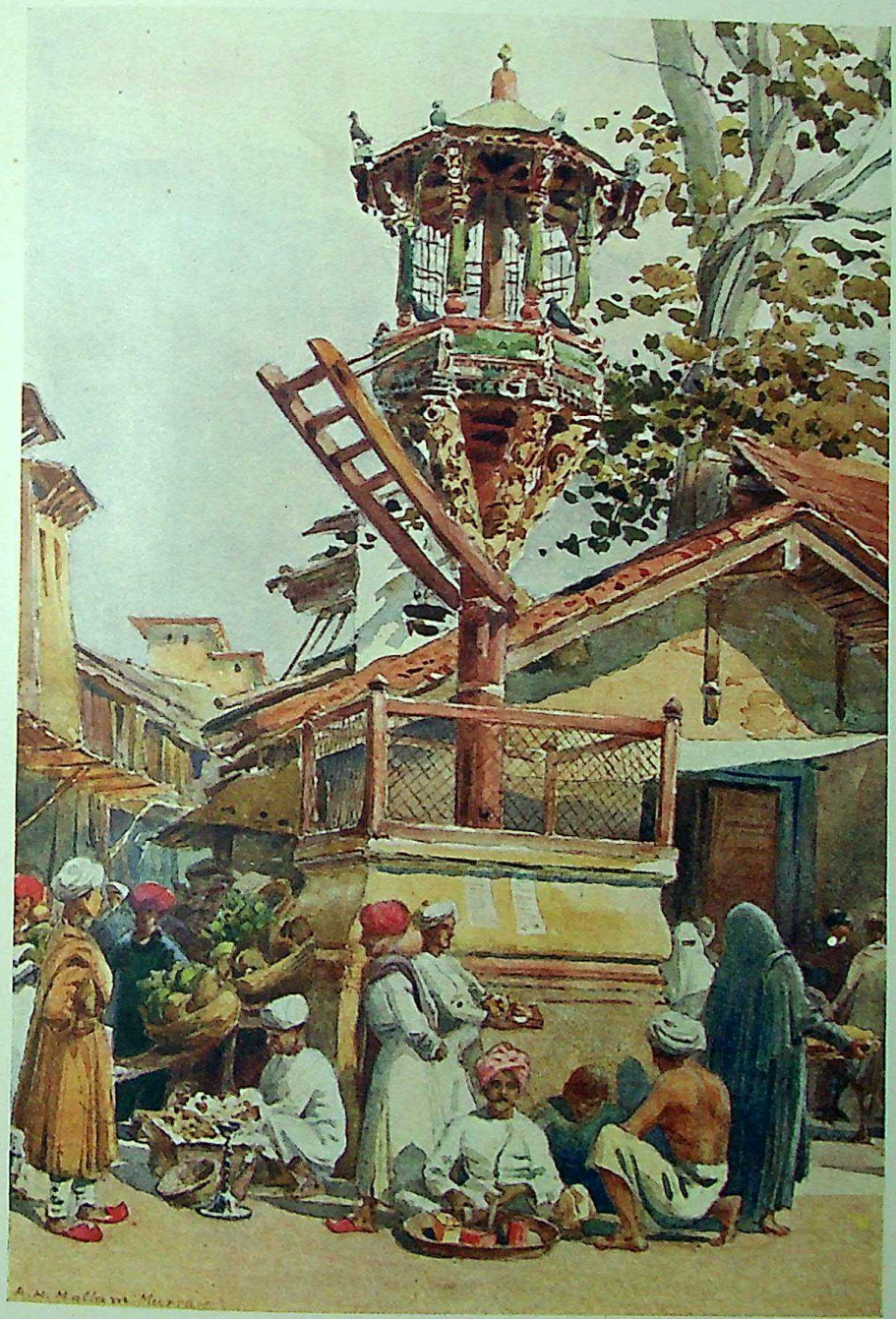

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way station I spent the afternoon sketching amongst a dense crowd of Hindus, fanned all the while by one of them, and feeling as though I were sitting at the mouth of a blast furnace; the centre of attraction in my subject was a Jain feeding-place for birds —like a glorified pigeon-cote: a familiar object in this city of the Jains. By 9.30 P.M. we were in the train for Bombay.

The marvels of Ahmedabad did not obliterate from our minds the vivid impression of Rajputana and the Rajputs.

A MARWARI TRADER

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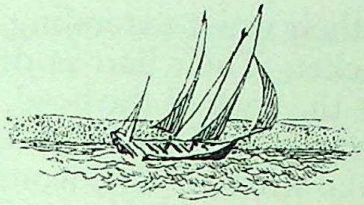

CHAPTER XX

CEYLON

Our first impressions of Colombo were those of enchantment. To be on shore once again, after the voyage from Brindisi, was in itself a delight, but over and above that was the novelty of the whole scene. Wherever I had been before I had recognised something familiar, but here everything was new. People, dress, vegetation, houses, all were strange, and all were more or less beautiful in their way. The people were refreshingly unlike those we had just left on board ship. The women with little clothing, the men with less and less, and the children with none. This state of things does not appear odd, on account of the strange rich colour of their glossy red or brown skins, and also perhaps because of the beauty and suppleness of their figures, and the absence of self-consciousness in their stately bearing. Many of the men wear little more than a duster round their loins (these are for the most part of the coolie class), others have what looks like a white tablecloth

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wound round their waist extending to their heels, and a white jacket. Their hair is drawn back into a tight knot at the back of the head, and kept in its place with a tortoiseshell comb, making them look from behind like women. The women wear a kind of silk petticoat, and short jacket which barely

NATIVE DRESS

meets it, sometimes also a scarf over their bodies, necklaces of beads round their necks, and ornaments in their noses. Very frequently the whole of a child's costume consists of a string of beads round its waist. Unfortunately, the effect of civilisation and fashion is beginning to show itself, and here and there natives are seen in European dress, or in British prints instead of the native cloths.

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It was a pleasant change, from the crowded and noisy saloon of the ship, to breakfast in the cool spacious hall of the Grand Oriental Hotel, with tables covered with gorgeous flowers and a profusion of mangoes and other fruit, and to be waited on by noiseless, slipperless brown gnomes, instead of by cockney stewards. After breakfast we drove in rickshaws along deep red-coloured roads, nicely watered by the rain of the night before, and through the native town, embowered in unfamiliar trees, all bright-green and fresh looking, some of them beautifully covered with clusters of brilliant flowers, high up to the top of their lofty boughs, and some heavy with fruit; among them were bread-fruit and jack-fruit trees. The flamboyant tree (*Princiana ægia*) with its flat top was just then in full bloom: it is of no great height, grows very much like an acacia, and is covered with clusters of brilliant orange-red flowers. It lines the wide roads, hangs over the water's edge, and is seen in all the gardens. Here and there the bougainvilleas hung in great festoons, whilst everywhere tall palms of various kinds sheltered the houses or grew down to the water's edge. Beneath the larger trees all manner of flowering and leaf plants and shrubs, such as scarlet hibiscus and crotons, were to be seen in and around the small gardens in front of the low native houses, of which the gently sloping roofs tiled, or thatched with palm-leaves, project outwards to form a deep verandah, where the native delights to sit or squat, and transact his business. Some of the shops are hung with plan-

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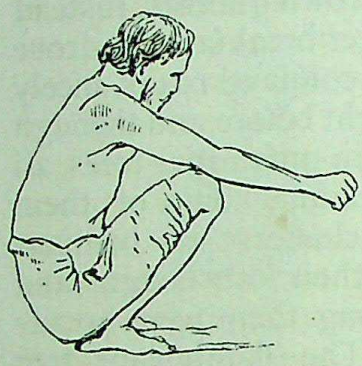
tains and bananas, delicious mangoes, pines, dark green oranges, and tree-tomatoes, whilst others are bright with native wares, stuffs, &c. It was very curious and amusing to pass through this quietly busy little town, in and out amongst the crowds of people, the carts drawn by tiny little buffaloes, and the jinnrikshaws.



RESTING

Later on in the day when we went to call on the Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon,* whom we did not find at home, the town was alive with P. & O. passengers spending their money with true Australian liberality, but by seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned. The intense heat warned us that it would be wise to start for Kandy as soon as possible. Our preparations for leaving at seven o'clock the next morning were superintended, with much apparent interest, by a green lizard, about two feet long, which came out from among the rafters for his supper of flies, and gazed at us intently. There are no words to describe the heat.

Fortunately it rained hard in the night, and the air was comparatively cool when we left Colombo next morning. Before starting I had written to Sir Arthur Gordon to say that the heat was driving us up to the mountains, and at the third station a long telegraphic message was handed in, expressing his

* Now Lord Stanmore.

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regret at not having known sooner of our being in Colombo, and kindly asking us to stay with him in Kandy when he came up there. For about two hours the train kept on the level through jungle, marsh, and paddy-field, and we passed herds of dusty brown buffaloes. Though luxuriantly green, it is a terribly unhealthy district: indeed I was told that, when making the railway, it was found necessary to take the coolies back to Colombo every evening, to avoid the deadly night air of this neighbourhood. Having traversed this flat bit of country, we took on a powerful engine, and began the beautiful ascent to Kandy, climbing by many zigzags the precipitous side of a rocky mountain into a cooler climate. At every turn fresh and more beautiful views opened out before us on the right, extending over a sea of vivid green jungle which receded ever further below us and melted away into deep blue. Ridge upon ridge of dark mountain lay beyond, culminating in the heights about Adam's Peak.

After reaching the summit of the pass at a height of 1600 feet, the line descended a little to Peradeniya, and before midday we reached Kandy. Before the Government cut the new road from Colombo to Kandy, this journey took seven days to accomplish; we had done it in four hours.

On the way to the Queen's Hotel we passed a stately old gentleman who might have been taken for a doctor of divinity had he worn other clothes than a white duster round his middle. His costume was completed by an umbrella, a tortoiseshell comb, and a pair of gold spectacles.

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It was good to be in a comfortable room overlooking the beautiful lake, facing the richly wooded hills on the further side, with the pleasant sound of the rustling leaves of the mango-tree coming in through the open window.

In the late afternoon we drove to the celebrated Botanical Gardens of Peradeniya, about three miles off, on the banks of the great river of Ceylon, the Mahawelli Ganga. The gardens extend over one hundred and fifty acres, and, as all kinds of plants have been imported here for the sake of making experiments, they are full of beautiful and interesting trees and plants, both European and exotic. Near the entrance there is a very fine avenue of india-rubber trees (*Ficus elastica*), and inside the gardens there is an equally good specimen of this same tree. It must be eighty feet high, and is immensely wide-spreading, with crowded projecting roots, like small mountain ranges, running away from the great trunk. These roots are as big as crocodiles, and remind one of those animals both on account of their shape and of the lines which they take. The branches throw down suckers to the earth or to the roots, and these, attaching themselves below, become independent trunks. For all the tree is so big, it was not planted more than fifty years ago. Here was the *Amherstia nobilis*, from Malacca, a forest tree covered with beautiful rich red flowers hanging in festoons all over it. We saw besides nutmeg- and clove-trees, cabbage-palms, travellers' trees (belonging to the same order as the banana) which grow in the

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shape of a fan, areca-nut palms, talipot, and the wonderful coco de mer of the Seychelles, for one specimen of which the Emperor Rudolph II. offered four thousand florins, on account of the medicinal qualities which it was supposed to

A FICUS ELASTICA, PERADENIYA

possess. The *Nicolaia hemisphærica*, the most original plant that I have ever come across, was there also. It flowers close to the ground, with a red lily-like bloom on a thick succulent stalk, and grows, bamboo-fashion, in a tall shrub. The giant bamboos are said to grow at the rate of from eight to twelve inches in twenty-four hours.

As usual in these parts, the twilight lasted but

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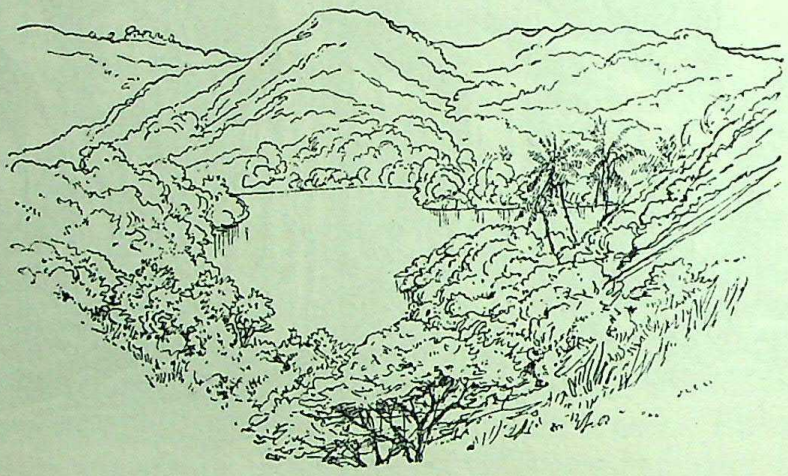
a very short time, and we had to drive home in the dark.

I was up early the following morning, and at 7 A.M. started on a delightful two-mile walk. It was hot, but not too hot, and everything was wringing wet, after heavy rain in the night. I took my way along Lady Horton's Drive, a road which runs right round the lake, and winds about the base of the



THE LAKE, KANDY

hills. This lake, formed by building a dam across the valley, was made by the last Raja of Kandy, and is a delightful sheet of water; its banks are covered with luxuriantly growing trees, bright flowers and flowering shrubs.

On the far side of the lake, upon a hill, and a little above the road, stands a Buddhist temple, very curious and picturesque, though not nearly as important as the famous temple of the "Dalada" or sacred tooth. As I approached the latter temple I

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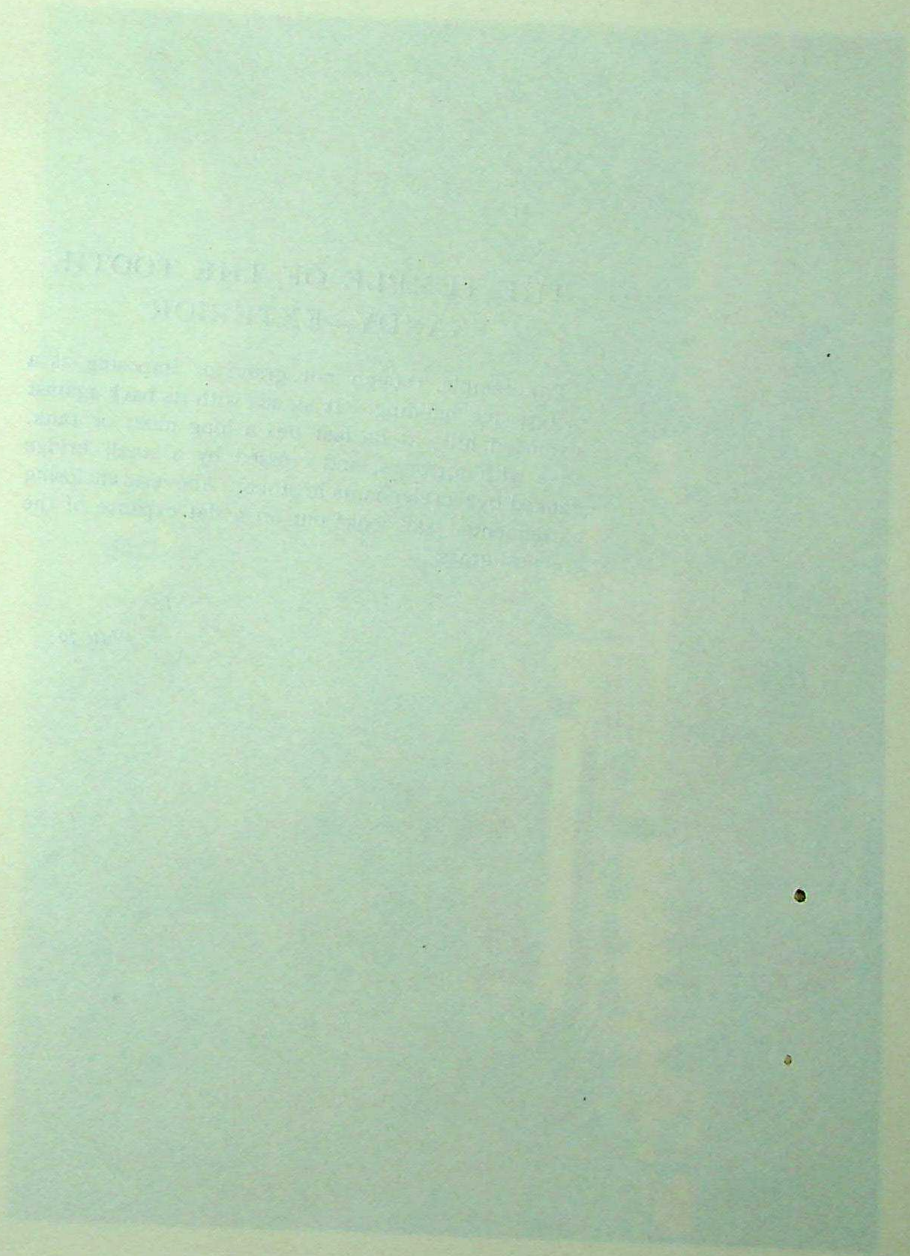

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THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY—EXTERIOR

"THE temple, though not grand or imposing, is a picturesque building. It stands with its back against a wooded hill; at its feet lies a long moat or tank, alive with tortoises, and crossed by a small bridge flanked by two elephants in stone. Above an enclosing battlemented wall looks out on a flat expanse of the greenest grass."

Plate 39

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fell in with a Mohammedan from Colombo, who told me that he was a clerk in the Treasury, on sick leave. He was a pleasant old fellow, and had his little boy of five with him. The father wore a tall, thimble-shaped, red and white straw hat, without brim, on the top of his shaven head, and the usual coloured cloth in the place of trousers. We visited the temple together, and he told me many interesting things about this celebrated shrine, which is one of the most sacred spots of Buddhism, and was built to receive the tooth of Buddha, brought to Ceylon by a devout princess, about fifteen hundred years ago, hidden for safety in her hair. Here the tooth remained until, in 1560, when it was solemnly burnt by the Portuguese Archbishop of Goa. A new tooth appeared soon after, and is still in the temple, but it measures about two inches in length, and has the appearance of having belonged to a crocodile.

The temple, though not grand or imposing, is one of the most picturesque buildings in Ceylon, and when crowded with dark figures, as it was a few hours later, simply gorgeous. It stands with its back against a wooded hill; at its feet lies the long moat or tank, alive with tortoises, and crossed by a small bridge between two carved stone elephants. Above, an enclosing battlemented wall looks out upon a flat expanse of the greenest grass, dotted over with trees, and fed down by a few humped cows.

Several flights of steps lead to an elaborately sculptured doorway and within an ante-chapel, or

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vestibule, opening on the inner side to a courtyard, I managed to get a sketch. In the centre of the courtyard, and occupying the greater part of it, is the sacred building, a kind of Holy of Holies, containing seven shrines of diminishing size, in which the relic is hidden. No ordinary mortal may pass the veiled doorway of this sanctuary. This mysterious entrance formed the centre of my sketch. The projecting roof above is supported by massive wooden pillars, whilst the walls, corbels and ceilings are profusely decorated in bright colours with painted figures, grotesque monsters and floral patterns. To one side of the steps, guarding, as it were, the approach, stands a grotesque figure of a demon-tiger, in high relief.

At the foot of the steps is a circular carved stone, like an inverted soup-plate let into the pavement. This is one of the stones popularly known in Ceylon as moon-stones, and quite peculiar to the Island, nothing of the sort having been found in India or elsewhere. They are usually elaborately carved with processions of animals and rich scroll work. Upon it an orange-robed priest knelt at his devotions, whilst an everchanging crowd of silent, shoeless worshippers came and went in endless succession, all provided with votive offerings of flowers. These, lying about in shallow baskets, were being sold at every corner of the temple, making patches of bright colour on the floor, and filling the air with sweet perfume. The worshippers were very interesting to watch;

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THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY—INTERIOR

"SEVERAL flights of steps lead to a sculptured doorway, and within an antechapel or vestibule opens on to a small courtyard; in its centre is the Holy of Holies, containing seven shrines of diminishing size, and within the innermost is the Tooth. The mysterious veiled doorway of this sanctuary, which no ordinary mortal may pass, formed the centre of my sketch. The projecting roof is supported by massive wooden pillars, and the walls, corbels and ceilings are profusely painted with brightly coloured monsters and floral designs."

Plate 40

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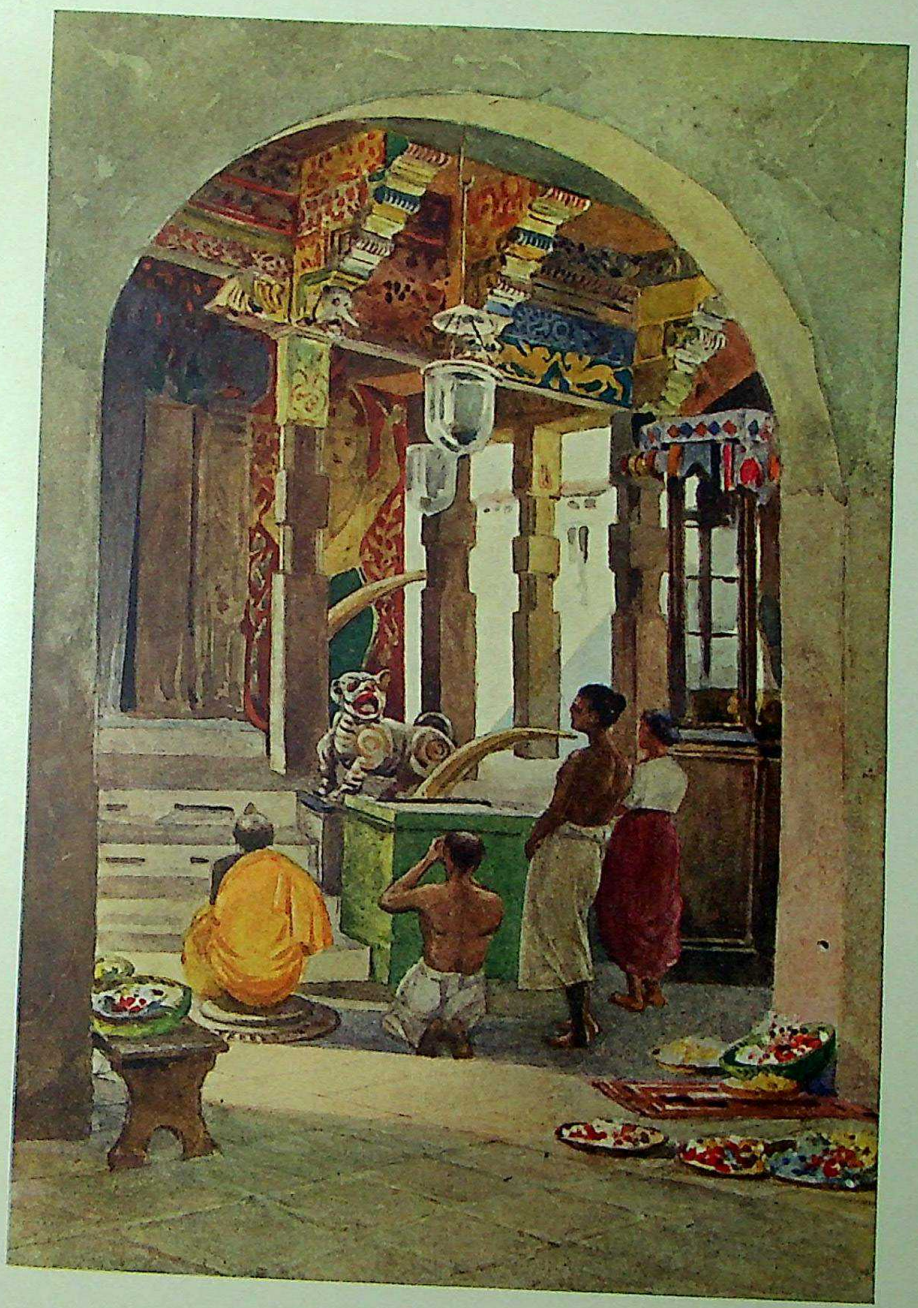

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they were devout in manner, and some of their attitudes of worship were very beautiful.

Buddhism was first preached in Ceylon by Mahinda, son of King Asoka, about B.C. 250. At the Buddhist Council of Patna it was determined to send out missionaries to spread the religion of Buddha, and the king's son was one of the first to go, accompanied by his sister, a Buddhist nun. The Buddhism of Ceylon is amongst the purest and simplest now in existence, but even there has been much corrupted and complicated by additions, especially by the absorption of demon-worship from the old original religion of the Sinhalese. The Buddhists of Ceylon, like those of Burma and Siam, follow the teachings of the Lesser Vehicle, that is to say of the scriptures known as the Hina-Yana, whereas the Buddhists of the north adhere to the Greater Vehicle or Maha-Yana, which contains, besides the original scriptures, many books of Commentaries on them. The corruptions of the Maha-Yana have nevertheless to some extent penetrated to Ceylon, and the Buddhism found there is very far removed from the original ascetic and severe philosophy of Sakya Muni. No doubt that system was too arid, and had too little of the true characteristics of a religion about it to satisfy the wants and aspirations of the heart of the ordinary common mortal. Out of the Buddha's agnostic philosophy, therefore, has arisen a polytheistic religion, with priests and temples, gods and demons, which is that prevailing here.

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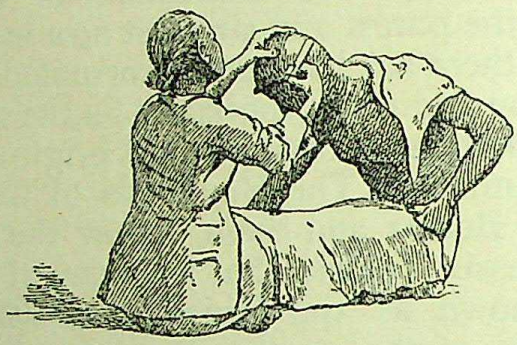
The little town of Kandy itself possesses no fine buildings or architectural features worthy of note; but the irregularity of its low buildings, the bright awnings, the deep shadows in the frontless shops, the fruit and other wares, the overhanging palms, the stray yellow and crimson croton bushes, and above all the people, with their many-tinted skins, varying from Indian red to chocolate, and



A STREET BARBER

their scanty, but many-coloured clothes, form an ever changing *mélange* of colour, and a study in movement which are in the highest degree fascinating and picturesque. I sat myself down in the street, and, to the amusement of the little urchins of the neighbourhood, naked and fat, endeavoured to portray a representative bit of Kandy life, though I was unfortunately unable to introduce either crotons or palms on this occasion.

Knowing that a friend in England had a coffee plantation in this neighbourhood, and finding that Pallekelly, seven miles off, belonged to a person of the same name, we started, at 7.30 the next

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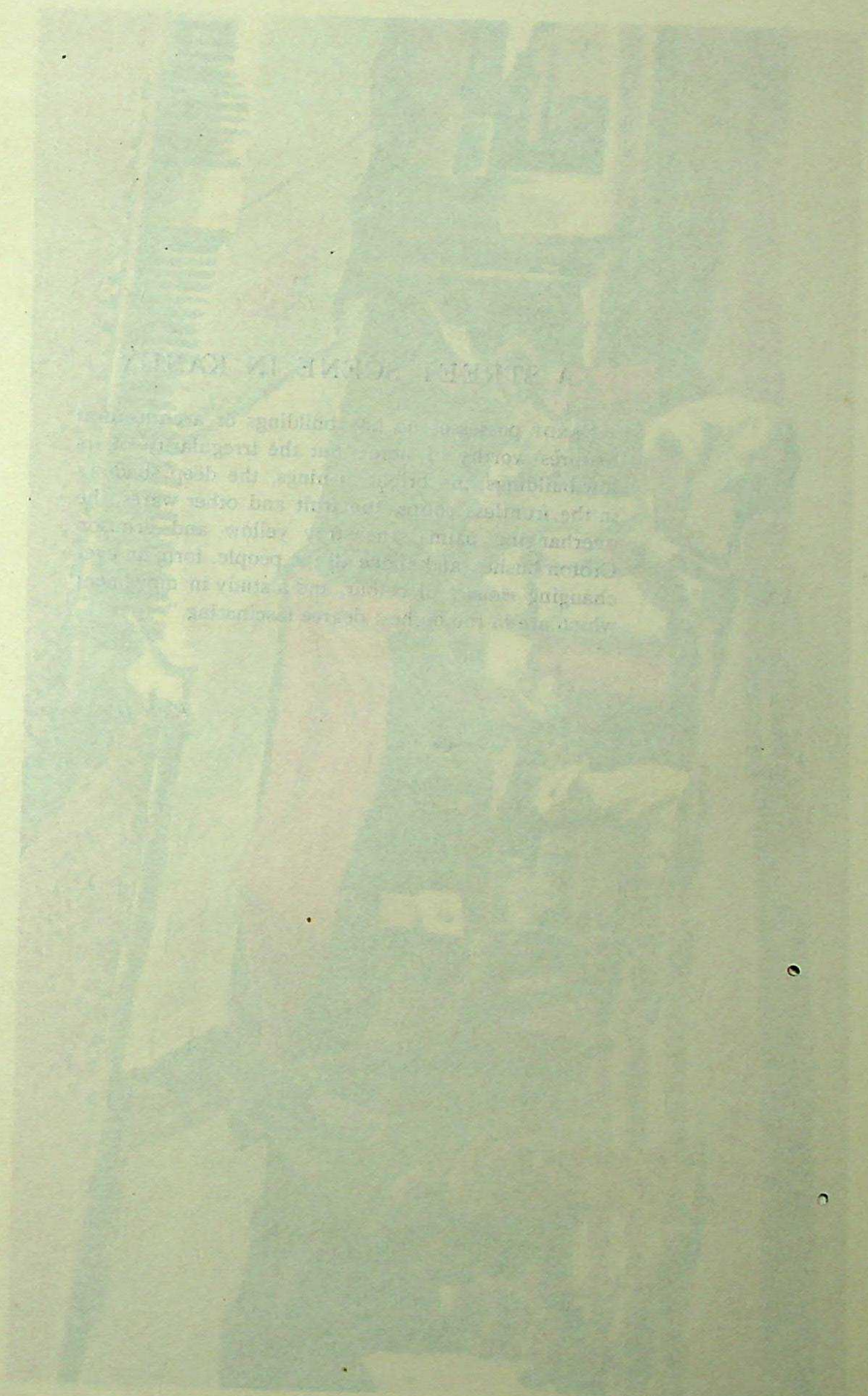

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A STREET SCENE IN KANDY

"KANDY possesses no fine buildings or architectural features worthy of note; but the irregularity of its low buildings, the bright awnings, the deep shadows in the frontless shops, the fruit and other wares, the overhanging palms, the stray yellow and crimson Croton bushes, and above all the people, form an ever changing *melange* of colour, and a study in movement which are in the highest degree fascinating."

Plate 41

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morning, to drive there. After two false starts, due to difficulties with the horses, we finally left with a pair which got over the ground well, but we had wasted an hour, and it was now 8.30. We had the honour and glory of a syce to run with us; but he sat at our feet most of the way. He wore a red turban and a pair of very old Gordon tartan trousers, cut short at the knee. The drive, most of the way by the river side, is very beautiful, passing through every variety of wooded landscape, with here and there a hamlet of native huts half buried amongst the palms and jack-fruit-trees, beneath the shade of which were goats, and babies and chickens, hobbled by a string to a piece of wood. Beyond the orange-coloured river, endless forests stretch away to ridges of beautiful blue mountains.

After driving about six miles we came to a ferry in which horses, trap and all, were punted across, and almost immediately after entered the plantation of Pallekelly. On arrival we found that the estate was the property, not of our friend but of his brother, who was absent, and we were in some doubt as to our welcome, coming unexpectedly and as strangers, but were quite put at our ease by the very kind reception given us by Mr. Vollar, the manager, whose wife was a daughter of Mr. Tytler, to whom the estate originally belonged, a celebrated planter, and the first cultivator of cocoa. Mr. Vollar had just come in (ten o'clock)

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from his morning's work, but put on his hat to take us out and show us some of the mysteries of cocoa-growing.

On this estate coffee is almost a thing of the past, and there is little tea grown; it is almost entirely given over to the cultivation of cocoa, which seems to thrive well here. The chief crop is gathered in the autumn, but a small crop is also picked in the early summer, and this we saw ripening whilst the tiny little flower for the autumn fruit (it grows straight from the stem of the plant) was coming out. He showed us how the young cocoa plants are protected from the sun by branches from other trees, and what the seed or cocoa-nibs are like inside the great pod; also how india-rubber is gathered, and how the fungus in the coffee leaf shows itself. The heat drove us in at about eleven o'clock, and then we were introduced to Mrs. Vollar, and found that we had many friends and interests in common.

Sketching in the tropics I found no easy matter on account of vegetation which clothes the whole face of the world in the richest greens. Nothing is more beautiful to the eye than this verdure, but it is hard to paint, and moreover it was all new to me. I attempted a sketch, but with indifferent success, of the jungle-clothed mountains around Pallekelly, culminating in a dark peak about which the clouds were beginning to gather. One feature of the scene which added interest, though it enhanced my difficulties, was the extraordinary variety of vegetation. Every tree seemed to have

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THE MOUNTAINS FROM PALLEKELLY

"SKETCHING in the tropics I found no easy matter on account of vegetation, which clothes the whole face of the world in the richest greens. Nothing is more beautiful to the eye than this verdure, but it is hard to paint, and moreover it was all new to me. I attempted a sketch, but with indifferent success, of the jungle-clothed mountains around Pallekelly, culminating in a dark peak, about which the clouds were beginning to gather."

Plate 42

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a neighbour of a different species, most of them festooned with creepers and parasites; and above them, at intervals, projected the feathery heads of a dozen different kinds of palm, and beneath were broad-leaved bananas and a dense undergrowth with ferns and spiky grass appearing wherever the tangle would permit.

On our return drive our syce picked us all kinds of flowers—scarlet and crimson hibiscus, the temple flower, or champac (*Michilia champaca*), which belongs to the Magnolia order, and is like a magnified orange-blossom with a yellow centre. It smells delicious, and is much used in the Buddhist temples. Amongst other common plants which grow in the hedgerows are the sensitive plant, and a little orange and pink flower, like a bramble, which smells like black currants. This is the *Lantarna*, one of the greatest pests the planter of Ceylon has to contend against. It was, I believe, originally imported from America, and, like many other things not indigenous, it grows with such vigour and strength that, in places, it has practically taken possession of the land and is very hard to exterminate.

We had rain and thunder daily, and every day they came on at an hour earlier than the previous day. It was the time of the little monsoon, and the weather might clear at any moment, then it would be very fine for two or three weeks, until the great south-west monsoon broke.

Two days later we went to stay with the Governor at the Pavilion, where we were a party of five, our

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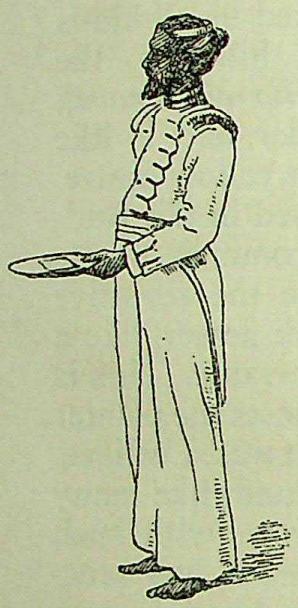
kind host, Captain Christopher, the A.D.C., and Mr. Liddell, Sir Arthur's secretary and ourselves.

The Pavilion is a large white classical building with deep verandahs, long wide corridors and big rooms with windows in every possible place. It is merely a wing of the house originally planned, and the hall is used as a dining-room, a great room with twelve doorways into verandahs and corridors, always kept open to court the air. The "peons" or government messengers, and servants, whose livery consists of white linen coats with red, gold, and black lace, a linen cloth round their waists and down to the feet, which are bare, and the usual tortoiseshell combs, waited at dinner, as well as a magnificent black man with a red turban and a twisted ivory boar's tusk hanging on his breast. He was his Excellency's Fijian valet, a tremendous hero among the ladies' maids at home, and said to be a great hand at traveller's tales. When he was in Europe he went with his master to Denmark, and there, before an august assemblage including many crowned heads, was called upon to show how to "make fire" according to the Fijian method. On returning to his native land he told many tales too good to be true, but the only one he could not get his compatriots to believe was



A GOVERNMENT-HOUSE PEON

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the veracious account of his making fire before the Kings and Emperors of Europe.

We made acquaintance with some excellent fruit which I had never seen before, including guavas and the mangosteen. This is a dark purple fruit, the size of an orange, with light green excrescences at the point where the fruit joins the stalk. The part eaten is the centre, which is snow-white, and in form like six or seven pips of an orange, embedded in a soft rose-coloured substance about a quarter of an inch thick, which intervenes between the white centre and the rind.

The great charm of the Pavilion lies in the garden, full of cinnamons and nutmegs, with gardenias growing like roses, and choice and curious trees and shrubs about delightful green lawns. It is difficult to remember all their names, but amongst others Sir Arthur pointed out the tallow-candle tree, which has a little white lily-shaped flower springing straight out of the stem, and fruit which bears a most extraordinary resemblance to that homely household necessary; a fine specimen of the fan-shaped traveller's palm, with its great flat leaves, at the base of which the thirsty traveller may find a reservoir of water; and a huge cotton-tree, with its straight wide-spreading branches; it is a deciduous tree, and was then without leaves, but had a sprinkling of large crimson flowers. Beneath it were tethered two beautiful little deer and a fawn, which Sir Arthur fed with plantains. They were quite tame, and ate the fruit out of his hand.

The Secretaries lived in a bungalow in the gar-

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den, and they told us that when they walked home at night they carried lanterns, in order to see and avoid the snakes, of which there are many, including two poisonous kinds, the cobra and the tic-plonga, a name applied to several species of viperine snakes, one of them being of a brilliant emerald-green colour.

One morning at 6.30, before the sun had quite penetrated through the thick mists, we found ourselves, a party of four, in the four-seated victoria, bowling along the Peradeniya road. The plan was to drive about seven miles, there to meet riding horses, visit three temples among the hills, meet the carriage again in another valley, and drive home. It was a delightful expedition, and gave us an insight into the byways of Ceylon, which, but for Sir Arthur, we should never have had. The weather was brilliant and hot until we rejoined the carriage at 2.30, and then a deluge of rain burst upon us, and it was all that we could do to keep dry. At the place where we took to the saddle we came across two elephants, the first we had seen in Ceylon, engaged in some agricultural work.

My companion was mounted on Sir Arthur's favourite pony, Janet, which has won many races in the island in her day, and was a pretty little beast. I rode with Sir Arthur, followed by his two syces, on foot, as their custom is. They wear white tunics and short trousers to the knee, below is bare leg and shoeless foot. The Governor being in mourning they wore black turbans and cummerbunds. One of them carried a plume of horse-hair to whisk

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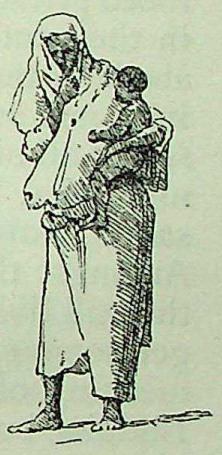
away the importunate fly from his Excellency's horse. We had a most varied ride up hill and down dale, skirting paddy-fields with dun-coloured buffaloes wallowing in the wet mud, through dense jungle, a tangle of palms, bananas, jack-fruit trees, bamboos, creepers, in shade and sunlight, past hamlets and scattered cottages, with half-nude people standing to stare at or to salaam to the Governor.

Here and there we got fine views of abrupt and peaked hills, blue in the distance, and densely clothed with forest, except where tea-planters had scarified and disfigured the hill sides; here and there the red rocky soil showed through.



ONE OF THE CROWD

About three miles brought us to the first Buddhist temple of Galangolla, a comparatively modern building, but in a very remarkable position, under the shadow of a huge boulder rock. As we approached, we were met by an important native, the head of a district, who showed us over the temple. We had heard that he would appear in native dress with a quaint hat like that of the great Panjandrum covered with gold lace, but he apparently preferred European costume, and, instead of being a thing of beauty, he looked—with the white cloth round his legs and a black coat—like a grocer's assistant.

The exterior of this temple is built in a mongrel Italian style, and is whitewashed. We entered to

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find ourselves in a dark vaulted chamber, opening into a long slip of a room, containing a colossal recumbent figure of Buddha, very gaudily painted. It must have been twenty-five feet in length. At the head and the feet were large upright figures, and all over the walls paintings of Buddhas and saints, drawn in a very archaic style, and gaudy in colour. In the first chamber, also frescoed, is kept a silver tabernacle, in which is deposited the sacred relic. On high days it is carried forth upon the back of an elephant. The chief figure and shrine of Buddha was, however, upstairs, amongst a crowd of yellow-robed priests and natives. The bell-shaped dagoba in the centre of the chamber is the permanent abode of the relic, and is hung with jewelled offerings, and surrounded by smaller gilt replicas of itself of all sizes. Around the room, like Egyptian mummies, are arranged stiff painted figures of saints, moulded in plaster, and larger than life. Amongst them, but much smaller, is the figure of the still living founder of the temple. We tried to get some explanation from the priests as to the meaning of certain frescoes illustrating the life of Buddha, but they could not agree upon any consistent account. I found on inquiry that Dagoba—a word the meaning of which mystified me considerably—is really synonymous with the Pagoda, familiar from childish days as representing all the magic of the East. Both words are corruptions of the Pali word Dagaba. Originally a Dagoba was a casket made to contain some relic of the Buddha or some specially venerated follower. These caskets

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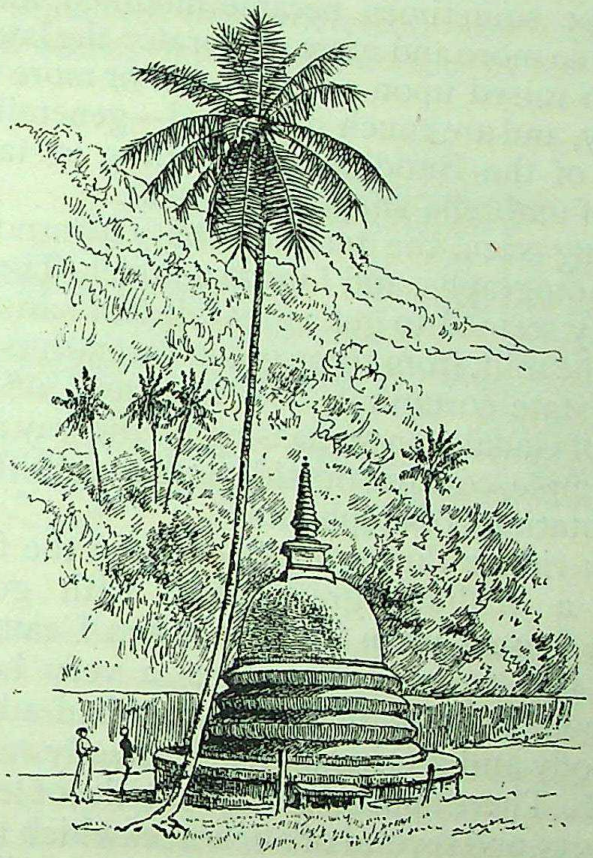
were placed inside a Chaitya or Stupa, a structure of a conical shape tapering upwards, built either inside an assembly hall or in the open. Eventually,



A DAGOBA AT KANDY

the Dagoba or Pagoda came to mean the whole monument as well as the relic casket inside it, and it was used as a temple or place of worship. There are Dagobas of every size, two of the largest being

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the enormous Rangoon Pagoda, and the Dagoba at Anuradhapura, in Ceylon. The original Dagobas were generally bell-shaped, and the usual form in Ceylon is of that shape still; but as time passed the shape sometimes became modified, and they were made more and more elaborate: the later ones are often raised upon a base of one or more tiers of masonry, and are much decorated—generally with images of the Buddha—and ending in tapering finials of umbrella-shaped ornament.

Having seen the temple, the Governor took some photographs, and I made a sketch. The rest of the party seemed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of the milk from some green cocoa-nuts, called in this state corumbas. We then rode on to the temple of Gadaladenya, passing on the way another ruder temple, covered outside with rough life-sized representations of elephants.

When riding through a clearing in the forest I noticed a brilliant green bush with gorgeous crimson flowers upon it; and when I came quite close I saw upon its branches a very beautiful chameleon, blinking in the sun. It had a brilliant green body and a crimson head, exactly matching the bush. There appear to be quantities of leeches in these parts, and several of our horses which had been standing in swampy ground were bitten by them.

Gadaladenya, quite the most picturesque of the three temples we saw, is built upon the smooth surface of a rock overlooking a valley and backed by jungle. A huge Dagoba of stone protected by a tiled roof stands a little in front of it. The temple is

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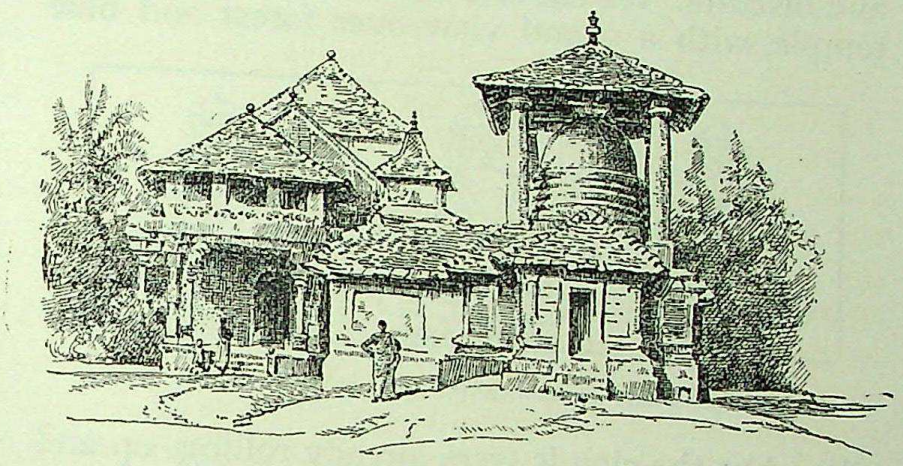
partly of very picturesque red brick, and elephants of the size of ponies project from the wall, cut in the brick, and helped out with plaster. The pillars and other details about the entrance to the temple are also ornamented with sculpture, and within is a colossal seated figure of Buddha, in the conven-



A SINHALESE TEMPLE, GADALADENYA

tional attitude of meditation, surrounded by offerings. Buddha is usually represented in one of three seated attitudes, either with his hands crossed in front of him in contemplation, or with his right hand raised signifying teaching, or with the same hand pointing downwards in the act of renouncing the world: his right arm and shoulder are always bare, and his robes are draped from his left shoulder over his left side. It was getting very hot, so, after photographing and sketching, we hurried on through the jungle to Lanka Telika, a temple finely situated high above the valley, and approached through

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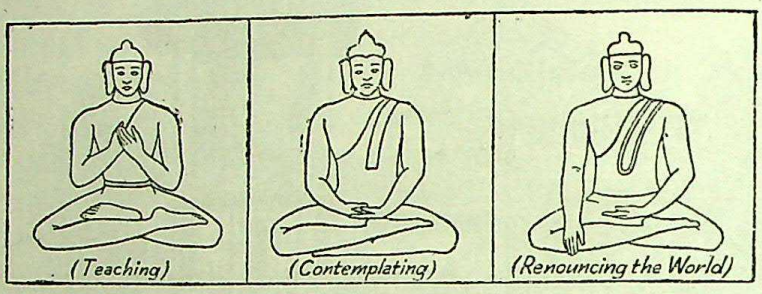
groves of cocoa-nut palms by flights of rude steps partly cut in the rock itself. More elaborate refreshments were here provided for us by the Rhatamahatmer, or head of the district, and as we had had our early tea at six and it was now past noon, we were very thankful for his milk, oranges, and biscuits. We sat in a little shed in front of the temple, with a grand view over forest and blue



THE THREE USUAL ASPECTS OF THE SEATED BUDDHA

hills; but the clouds were already rolling up and warned us to hasten on our way.

We had about five miles to ride to the carriage, along a winding and picturesque road with ever-changing views, but the quickly gathering clouds overhead distracted our attention, and before long the rain was upon us.

Though it was somewhat damping to our sight-seeing ardour, it was very beautiful, especially from a height, to watch the great rain-clouds blowing up from the sea every afternoon and culminating in a deluge of rain. The clear blue sky of the morning gradually becomes flecked with white woolly clouds, and shadows travel rapidly over the sunny

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A TROPICAL SHOWER

"It was very beautiful, especially from a height, to watch the great rain-clouds blowing up from the sea every afternoon and culminating in a deluge of rain. The clear blue sky of the morning gradually becomes flecked with white woolly clouds, and shadows travel rapidly over the sunny green landscape. On they come thicker and thicker, the white turns to grey, the blue sky rapidly disappears and the grey gives place to black, casting the whole landscape into a deep blue gloom; then a nebulous mass, more dense than its predecessors, charged with electricity, sweeps over the high mountains; there is a vivid flash of forked fire and an almost simultaneous roar of thunder, and a deluge of water falls in a great grey veil over hill and vale, and swirling onwards warns us that no time must be lost in seeking shelter if we wish to preserve a dry thread to our backs."

Plate 43

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We reached the little hamlet where the carriage was waiting, and were conducted by the head man of the village to his house, where the luncheon basket had already found its way. The verandah was hung with white sheets, and all the chairs were covered with white cloth of different kinds. This is a great mark of honour to a distinguished person. The old gentleman—our host—was a quaint figure; he had a good deal of grey hair about him, and was clothed about the middle with one garment. On his head he wore a small cap, which from his constant and abject salaaming was generally about the level of his waist.

I used to go out when at the Pavilion at 6 A.M., and I have seldom done any sketching in more pleasant circumstances. My friends at the Secretary's bungalow would find me out at some temple gateway or by the lake side, and send a dignified peon with a kind message or some refreshment, when they thought I should be weary, or a choice

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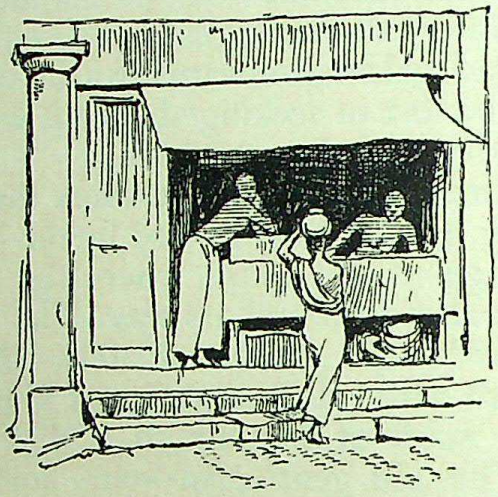
cigar in an envelope with "On Her Majesty's Service" stamped upon it.

Close to the Pavilion is the ancient Palace of the Kings of Kandy, which the Governor took us to see. Originally it was a massive building with thick walls and ornamented with sculptured figures of the sun, the moon and elephants; but



A SHOP IN KANDY

what remains of the structure has been patched up, and with the addition of a deep verandah covered with creepers serves as the Government Agent's house. Beyond it, we came to the Court House, a building open on all sides to the air, of dark brown wood with a deep tiled roof, supported by pillars and beams, most beautifully and elaborately carved with intricate patterns, the corbels terminating in representations of the lotus. The pillars are cut in sections, rectangular and octagonal sided. Here in

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this beautiful hall our friend Judge Lawrie held his court, and there I found him, somewhat late in the day, at work. We then paid a visit to the Temple of the Tooth, and Sir Arthur took us into the library attached to it, which contains many native books with elaborate silver bindings, or with lacquer covers. The books are written on palm-leaves cut into strips, about 18 inches to 2 feet long by 2½ inches broad, and the leaves are strung together by a cord. From the balcony around the library we looked down upon the tank and watched the tortoises swimming about.

This afternoon for the first time it cleared up, and at 4.30 we took a charming drive by the terraced road which winds through the forest-covered hill at the back of the Pavilion, and along Lady Gordon's and Lady Horton's drives. The views over the valley of the Mahawelli Ganga river eastwards towards the blue mountains were exquisite, and the colouring seemed to me far more intense than that of any other landscape that I had ever seen.

Before leaving for Colombo we paid a visit to Judge Lawrie at Peradeniya, our baggage going before in a bullock cart. His house was an old-fashioned one-storeyed bungalow, consisting of a row of rooms with deep verandahs on either side, and surrounded by a good garden and lawns dotted over with the usual mango and jack-trees. It looks eastward, over cocoa-nut groves and tea plantations, towards the steep wooded hills, which begin to rise close by. To the south there is a pretty distant view.

After a very hot night, and a strenuous encounter

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with mosquitoes, our host took us before breakfast next morning, to inspect a neighbouring tea factory. It is interesting to see both the plant itself growing and the process by which it is prepared for the market. The first three leaves of each shoot are picked, then dried on trays of jute, where they partly ferment, then rolled in a semi-hot condition by a huge rotary roller; after this they are shaken about and dried in a hot close machine, and finally passed over a sieve containing holes of three sizes. The small leaf at the top of the shoot, the second, and the third and largest leaf, are by this process sorted and separated. The small leaves form the finest, and the large the coarsest tea.

Whilst I was at the bungalow I found that a little swallow (*Hirundo javanica*) with a red breast had built a nest on the ceiling of my room, and he came flying in and out through the ventilator above the window. Some of the bees of Ceylon are black and as large as stagbeetles, and there are no end of Palm squirrels (*Sciurus palmarum*) in the trees, tiny little mouse-coloured fellows with dark stripes down their backs. There were dozens of them in the trees by our window at the Pavilion, and they used to chase one another up and down the branches like boys let loose from school.

When we were shown some photographs, in opening the frame of one of them, we discovered within, between the doors and the glass, a little wasp's nest made of hard red clay. On taking it off we found the grub and six or seven spiders laid up in store for its provision. It was in the act of con-

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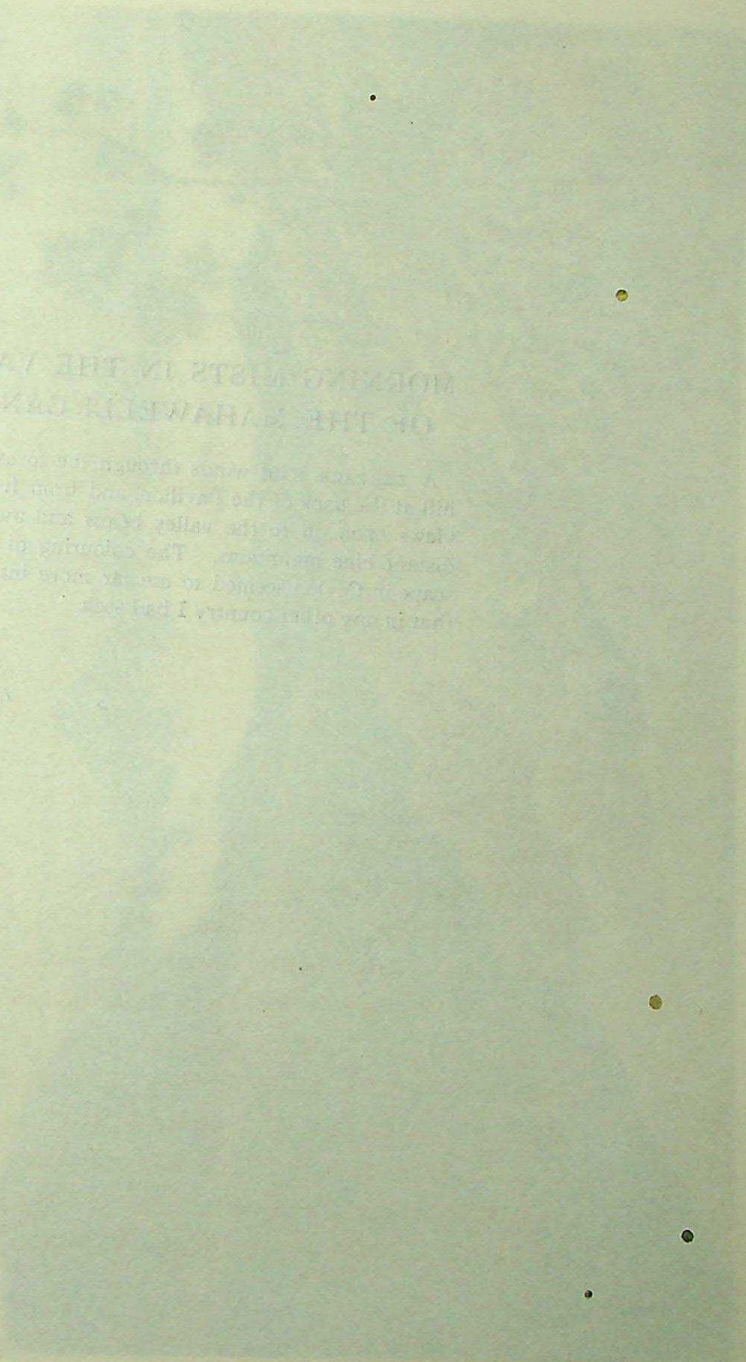

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MORNING MISTS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MAHAWELLI GANGHA

"A TERRACE road winds through the forest-covered hill at the back of the Pavilion, and from it exquisite views open on to the valley below and away to the distant blue mountains. The colouring of the landscape in Ceylon seemed to me far more intense than that in any other country I had seen."

Plate 44

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suming one when we discovered it. By the time the larder is exhausted the wasp is fledged and ready to make his appearance in the world. The nest was about one and a half inch square.

We packed up our traps at noon on the following day, and, with a coolie to each box, marched to the Peradeniya Station, two hundred yards off, to catch the train.

We had some very severe showers on our way down to Colombo in the plain, passing once more all the glorious views which the line affords—the dense jungle, the new green paddy-fields, the bright croton-planted stations, and the red water-lilies in the ponds. At the last station before reaching Colombo we were met by Mr. Hardinge Cameron, at that time Mayor of Colombo, the son of Mrs. Cameron, whose beautiful photographs are so well known. He kindly drove us into the town through extensive cinnamon groves or plantations, now left very much to look after themselves, and out beyond the town boundary, through a bit of jungle, past some native villages or hamlets. We bowled along smooth red roads, between groves of lovely trees, and avenues of palms. Flowering shrubs and bright-leaved plants covered and surrounded the bungalows, each snugly situated in its own compound.

We spent a day or two at the hotel during Sir Arthur's absence at Ratnapura, having unfortunately been obliged to give up going there with him. We had some lovely evening drives with Mr. Cameron and his friend Mr. Williams, and dined

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with him in his charming bungalow close to one of the many lakes.

One day he took me to see the market, which surrounds the town-hall. It is rich in sketchable bits for an artist, in spite of the fact that the chief buildings are made of cast iron. The subtle litheness of the figures and the profusion and gorgeous colours of the fruits are most attractive. There I set to work to make a sketch, watched over by a mayoral peon in white linen, with a green ribbon and silver badge across his shoulder. In spite of torrents of rain I had some golf on the links by the sea, but found that the climate or the borrowed clubs did not suit my play.

On Sir Arthur's return we migrated to the cool lofty corridors and halls of Government House. It is a large building, and to find our rooms we had to walk what seemed an interminable distance from the hall, along a verandah, with the rain pouring down in torrents outside, to a distant wing of the house. But the rooms, when we got to them, were delightfully big and airy.

The Governor was, as always, most kind, and told us all about his visit to Ratnapura. We listened, not without many a regret, to his account of the fine native dresses and other splendours of the Durbar which we had missed.

When we went to smoke his Excellency gave me a volume (1855–6) of his father's * correspondence to look at. He was editing the letters, and seemed engrossed in the subject. I found

* The fourth Earl of Aberdeen.

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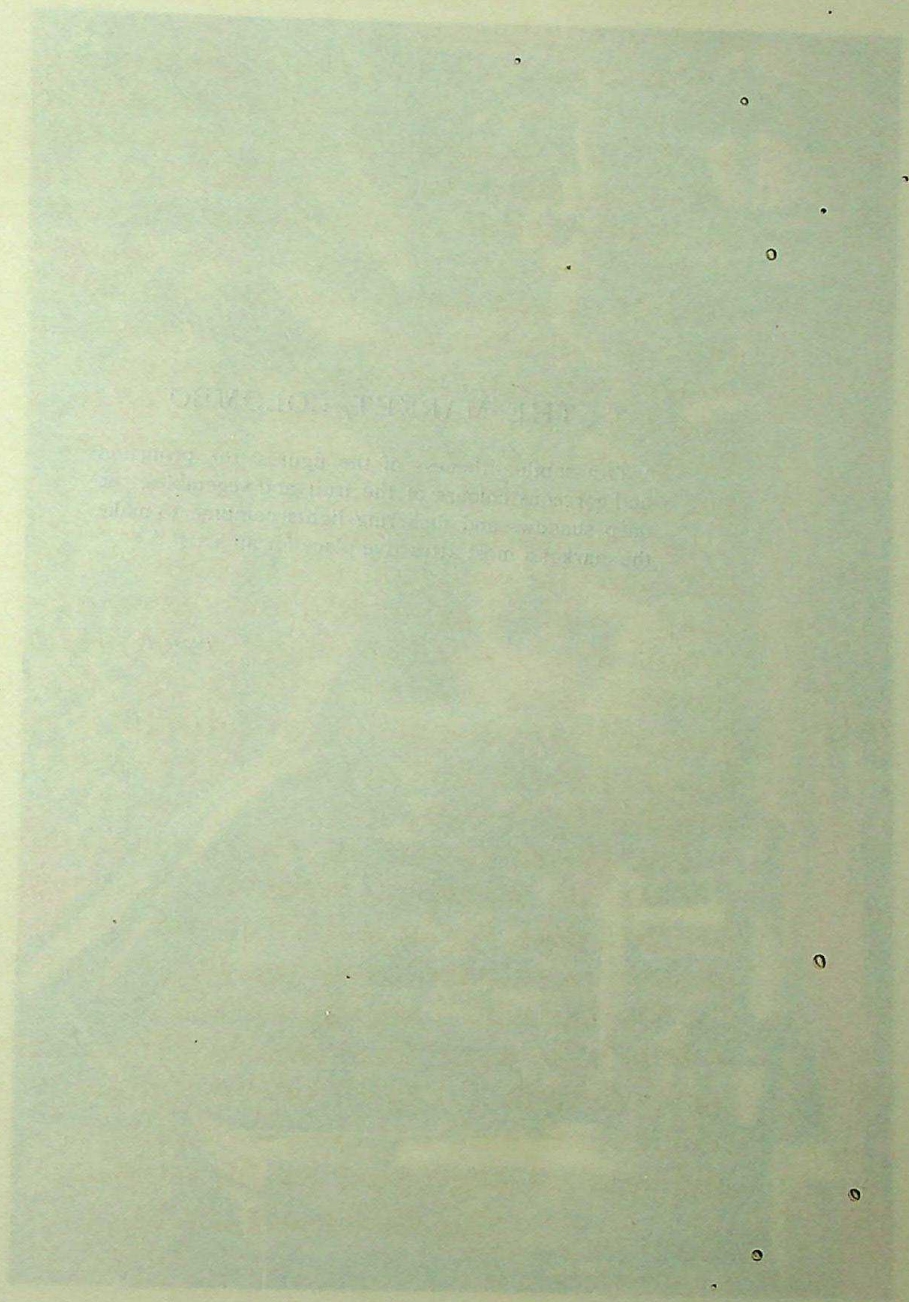

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THE MARKET, COLOMBO

"The subtle litheness of the figures, the profusion and gorgeous colours of the fruit and vegetables, the deep shadows and flickering lights combine to make the market a most attractive place for an artist."

Plate 45

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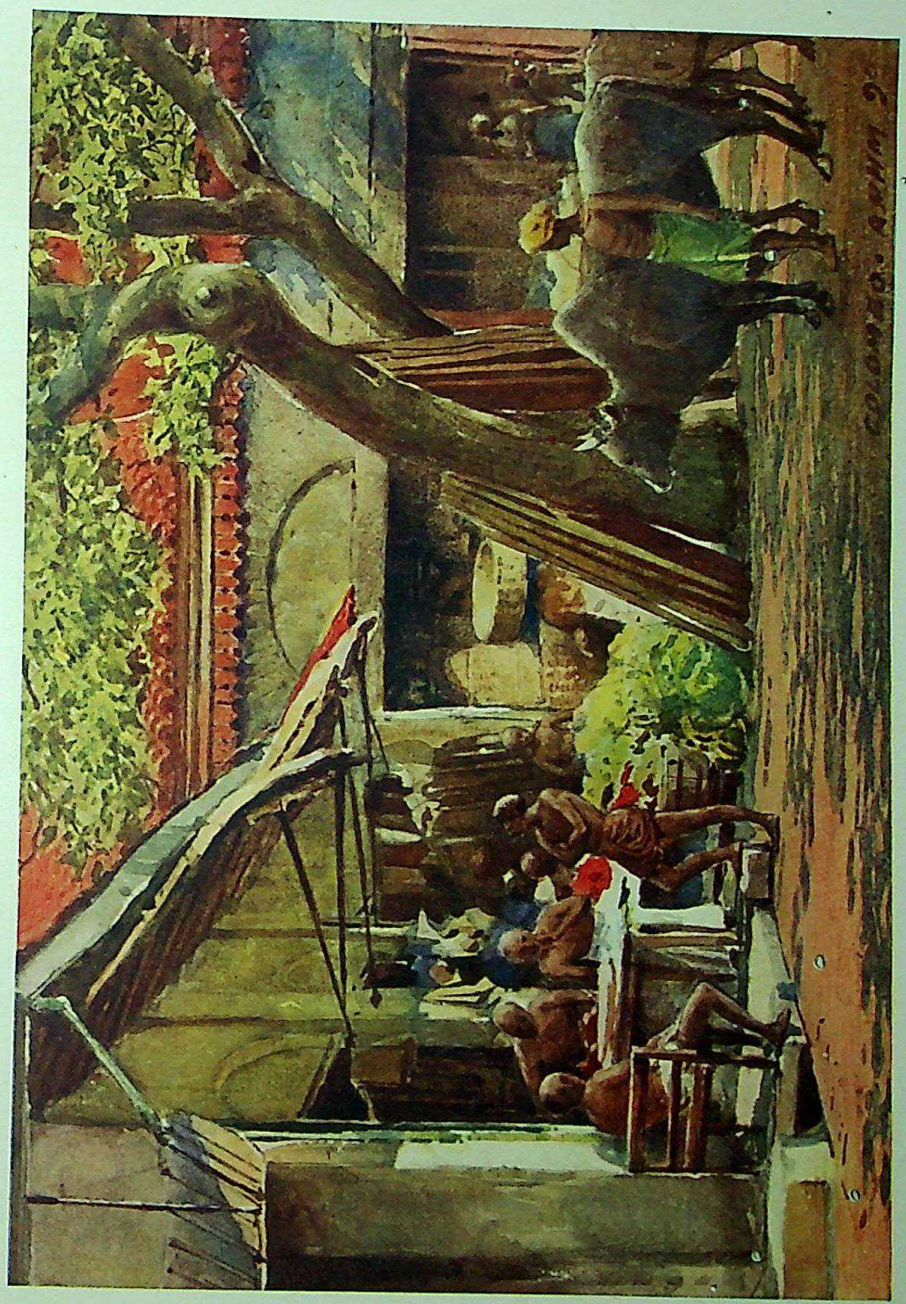

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much that was most interesting in the book, especially about the time of Lord Aberdeen's resignation. The letter he received from the Queen on that occasion is quite touching. Many of the links between the letters are filled up by extracts from Sir Arthur's own most interesting and beautifully written journal. It contains an excellent description of his journey with Gladstone to the Ionian Islands and Greece—when Gladstone distinguished himself by making an admirable speech in Italian.

Queen's House is a rather dull building, standing in the middle of the town. Its redeeming feature is the garden, and on our last day I made a sketch of the giant banyan tree in it, and of the tame pelican and the crane who patrol the bright lawn of the Queen's House and are most amusing in their odd ways, as are also the numerous crows with dark grey necks (*Corvus splendens*) which swarm about Colombo. They are daring thieves, and one flew into the dining-room before we had left it, and tried to fly away with something, while Bangle, his Excellency's black dachshund, was being fed. Bangle went everywhere with the Governor, whether riding, driving, walking, or working. He sits outside the chapel waiting for him, and plants himself upon the desk, or walks about amongst the papers on his writing table.

In the afternoon Sir Arthur drove us to the reservoir. It is east of the town, upon rising ground, and commands a splendid view to the mountains eastwards, and westwards over the town to the sea. The curious feature in this view is that

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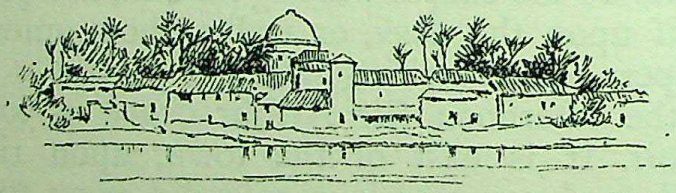
although it overlooks a city of 120,000 inhabitants there is not a house to be seen—no sign of dwelling or of human life except a church spire, a dome, and two or three tall chimneys. Everything is hidden away amongst the umbrella-like palm-trees.

We dined early, and had to bustle off immediately after to the harbour, carrying with us a magnificent orchid (*Dendrobium macarthii*) which Sir Arthur had cut on his journey from Ratnapura, in the jungle, on purpose for us. It is a splendid mauve flower, growing in clusters on a long stem. He had to cut off a piece of the branch of the tree in order to get it. Captain Christopher accompanied us on board our steamer in the Government barge, rowed by eight swarthy natives. We were not much too soon. We found Mr. Cameron and Mr. Williams there, and we were glad to have an opportunity to say good-bye and thank them for their kindness. Then we had to bid farewell to Christopher and to lovely Ceylon with all its delights; and so, pitching, we got out of harbour.



IN COLOMBO HARBOUR

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THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLOMBO

"In the shady garden of Government House are many fine trees, the most conspicuous being a giant Banyan. Surrounding it are beautiful green lawns dotted over with flowering shrubs and bright yellow and red Croton bushes. Two tame pelicans and a crane patrol the green sward, and, in their odd ways, are a constant source of amusement."

Plate 46

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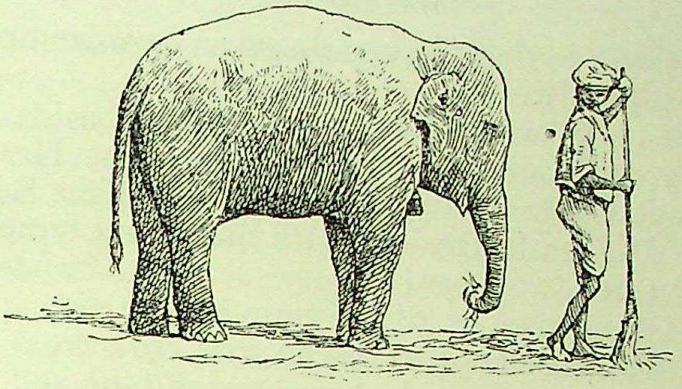

A YOUNG ELEPHANT AT KANDY

CHAPTER XXI

CEYLON

EIGHT months later I awoke one December morning to find myself once more off the coast of Ceylon, and going on deck saw the sun rise gloriously behind Adam's Peak, which stood up amongst the surrounding mountains clear against the Eastern sky.

By 7 o'clock we were in Colombo harbour, and Captain Pirie, Sir Arthur Havelock's A.D.C., had come on board with a kind note of welcome from Lady Havelock. We left the ship in the Governor's familiar boat, with its eight swarthy rowers, and made our way to the shore.

Our host and hostess had gone to the Pavilion for Christmas, and in the course of the day we started for Kandy to join them.

The heat, which had been oppressive in Colombo,

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gave place to delicious coolness as we ascended to the higher altitude.

The party at the Pavilion consisted, besides the family and ourselves, of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Oakley; Captain Pirie, the A.D.C., and the Secretary, Mr. Gerald Brown: with them, in a temperature of 80°, we spent a very pleasant Christmastide, taking part in all the time-honoured customs that are associated at home with bare trees and frostbound earth, under a canopy of blue and surrounded by that wealth of vegetation which only the tropics can give. Lady Havelock's mongoose formed a not unimportant member of the party. This funny little beast was a great pet, crying to be let out of its cage, and then rushing about, playing with the dogs, with whom it was quite able to hold its own. Now and then it used to get on to the luncheon table and steal a piece of meat or a bunch of grapes off some one's plate, and was not the least abashed by anything.

We spent many pleasant days at the Pavilion, partly amongst the surroundings of Kandy with which we were familiar, and partly in long rides and expeditions further afield. On one of these, to the neighbourhood of Hangerinkette, I was much astonished to notice the marvellous way in which our native attendants, on foot and heavily laden, would, unobserved, pass us on the road, though we were on horseback, and arrive at the destination first.

On another occasion we went to Dambool to see the famous rock temples.

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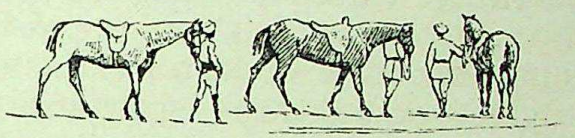
We started, a large party, in the Governor's saloon for a twenty miles' run to Matale. Part of the way I rode on the engine with Captain Pirie, and greatly enjoyed the beautiful country, dense woods alternating with stretches of paddy-fields in the valleys, with small villages of mud huts amongst the cocoa-nut groves, and bold mountains rising beyond. On arriving at Matale we found the carriages and red liveries waiting for us, and drove off through the gay and picturesque little town, thronged with natives in bright clothes, and two



READY TO START

miles beyond, along a well-shaded and level road, to the Monastery of Alu Vihara. This monastery consists of a series of small temples, occupying wedge-shaped cavities in a group of gigantic gneiss rocks, which at some remote period must have fallen from the overhanging mountains behind them. They stand on a height above the road, and are approached by a winding path, up steep flights of steps and over slopes of rock: a few minutes' walk brought us face to face with them.

It is said that in this temple or temples scribes were employed by a Sinhalese king to reduce to writing the doctrines of Buddha. It is certainly probable that writing was unknown at the time of Buddha, and many people think that the canon

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of Buddhist scriptures, till then handed down orally, was first written down in Ceylon about B.C. 85.

In one of the rock chambers is a huge recumbent figure of Buddha, some 40 feet in length, cut out of the solid rock. The interior of the temples, profusely decorated, was being thickly repainted with oil paint of the brightest colours. A law, passed by Sir Arthur Gordon, compels the priests to render a periodical account of the expenditure of their funds, which are considerable, consequently they were everywhere actively wielding the paint-brush so as to make as much show as possible, and carving new effigies of Buddha. At the top of one of these great rocks there is an artificial indentation, representing a huge footprint some three feet long. This is, of course, one of the many footprints of the founder of the faith to be found in Buddhist countries; the most celebrated being that upon Adam's Peak. To reach the indentation it is necessary to climb up the face of the rock by roughly-hewn steps.

Soon we heard the horn of the coach, a waggonette with two horses, which we had engaged to take us to Dambool, and we had to hurry down to catch it, whilst the rest of our party returned to Kandy.

The road slopes almost imperceptibly downwards, in a northerly direction, towards the plain, and passes for the most part through thick impenetrable jungle. We changed horses about four times, and at one of the stopping-places we

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THE MARTALE HILLS

Plate 47

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found a clean, airy resthouse, where we got a cup of tea.

Some of our horses had odd tricks, and the natives had recourse to odder expedients for getting them harnessed and under way. On one occasion the horse was hidden behind a bend in the road and the coach had to be drawn 100 yards along it, without horses, to join him. With the aid of a leather loop twisted tight round his nose by means of a stick (a "twich") he was harnessed in less than no time, and as soon as the pole was brought along side of him, the coach was started, and two or three men running beside him fastened the traces and pole-chain while he was going; after a few plunges, he went all right for the rest of the way.

Scattered about the country on either side of the road were curious dome-shaped hills and rocks of gneiss like those at Alu Vihara and those which we had yet to see at Dambool: the rock itself is of a warm-brown colour, full of crystals, and where the surface is exposed to the weather becomes quite black.

We passed some fine big cotton trees on our way, and their splendid crimson bell-shaped flowers, which come out before the leaves, like cherry or peach-blossom, we greatly admired. I believe the jungle through which we passed contains trees of many different kinds, including ebony, ironwood and satinwood, but we saw no others of any size. Of flowers there were not many out just then; the most conspicuous was the *Gloriosa superba* or jungle-flower, a climbing lily with a hand-

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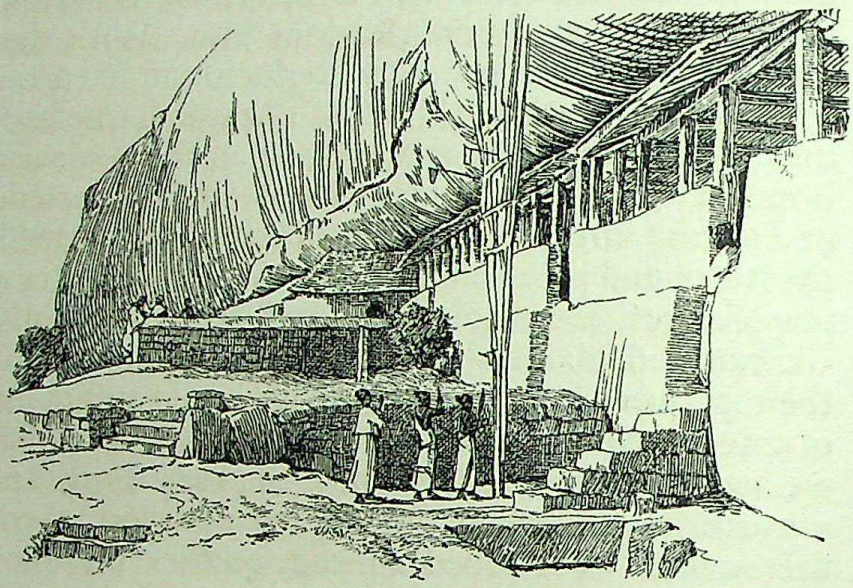
some red and orange blossom; but we noticed a great variety of birds, and amongst them a brilliant bright green bee-eater (*merops viridis*), about the size of a large thrush, and a fly-catching bird (probably *Decrurus cærulescens*) of far more modest appearance—black with a white waistcoat



THE TEMPLE AT DAMBOOL

and a long black tail. There were also the crow-pheasant, a kind of cuckoo, a large dark bird about the size of a small pheasant, with bronze wings, and a small pigeon or dove, which flew about in front of the coach and seemed very tame. Jungle-fowl, one of the finest birds in the islands, hornbills, and many other birds are also to be found there.

The sun was rapidly sinking as we approached Dambool. A path to the left, just short of the

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village, strikes upwards over the rounded surface of one of the gneiss rocks, then winds amongst fallen boulders and bushes and up steep steps towards another stretch of rock like the first; after eight or ten minutes' walk we found ourselves at the temple gate. Here the resthouse-keeper from Dambool overtook us with a lantern, for when the sun sinks it soon gets dark, and the way is far from easy to find.

This cave temple, from its antiquity, its size and the richness of its decoration, is the most renowned in Ceylon; it is divided into five chambers of unequal size, formed in a natural wedge-shaped cavity of the rock, and in front of this long cave is a platform looking over the plain and the hills westward and down the wooded slopes immediately below. In the large trees, including, of course, a sacred Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*), growing on and about the edge of this platform, there are crowds of monkeys chattering and swinging themselves from bough to bough. A richly sculptured doorway opens into the first temple, in the least deep part of the cave, where there is a colossal recumbent figure of Buddha, about 40 feet long, carved out of the rock; his elbow rests on his pillow, which is in creases, indicating the weight which draws it down. This is the attitude which represents the Buddha as sinking into complete Nirvana.

The other temples—entered from a balcony or gallery, partly of rock and partly masonry—are larger, and crowded with figures of Buddha,

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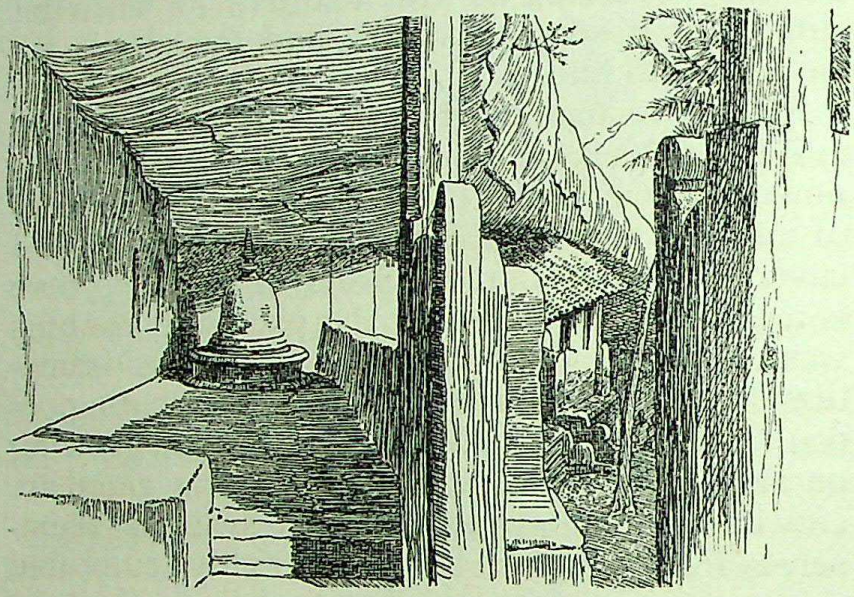
mostly seated, and with gigantic figures of some of the Kings of Kandy. The walls and roof are covered with oil paintings of angels standing on clouds, with nimbi round their heads, illustrating the history of Buddhism, the Landing of Wejayo, the Preaching of Mahinda and the contest between



THE BALCONY IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE

Destigaimanu and Elate, in which the combatants are mounted on elephants. The table in front of the great Dagoba, where the worshippers lay their offerings of flowers, was covered with a cloth, much stained by the surrounding lamps and candles. I was attracted by a mark upon it, and looking closer discovered it to be a large cotton handkerchief with a printed portrait of Lord Dufferin upon it.

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By the time we had seen these temples and a dripping well of clear water, which falls from the middle of the ceiling into a small tank below, the sun had set in a glory of gold, and the effect was very striking as we looked out from the darkness of the temple, through the pointed arch of the doorway, the reflected light streaming in on dim figures of worshippers and yellow-robed priests flitting about.

As it was so dark it was no good loitering any longer in this interesting spot, so we turned our steps towards the village. With the aid of the lantern we had no difficulty in finding the way, through the one-street village of native mud houses, thatched with palm leaves and nestling amongst trees, to the resthouse in the centre of its little lawn-surrounded compound. There we found the Chief of Police, just arrived by a long road journey from Trinkomalee. We dined together, and he had some odd stories to tell about Sinhalese prisoners. The reduction of prisoners' food was one of the questions of the day in Ceylon: the prisoners were said to have been hitherto too well fed, and the prisons consequently had become fuller than ever before. The prison diet included chillies and other luxuries, and the prison curries were celebrated for their excellence. Under a new system the authorities were, very wisely, trying to make the prison food a little less attractive, and the result was that the prisoners had made complaints and were petitioning the authorities for a return to better fare. They said

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that they came to prison on the understanding that they were to have chillies and good curries, and accused the Government of breach of contract in not giving them what they thought they had the right to expect. The women appear to be less attracted by the good fare than the men, for there were in the Island then only 25 women prisoners as against 3000 men.

A friend at Kandy had strongly recommended me not to leave Dambool without seeing the rock fortress at Sigiri, eleven miles distant, so I proceeded to make arrangements, and eventually found a man with a bullock cart, the only form of conveyance, who agreed to provide me with a pair of trotting bullocks and a light cart on payment of fifteen rupees: he explained that he could not do it for less, as it was necessary to send on two extra coolies, six miles ahead, with the relay of bullocks, on account of the elephants which stray across the road at night, and might interfere with the cattle if they had not sufficient protection. I was also told that there were plenty of cheeta and elk about Sigiri and its neighbourhood.

We were up betimes the following morning, and I got under way at seven, but the light waggon proved to be very much the reverse and too heavy for the tiny bullocks to trot with, and those sent on were the ordinary heavy goers; however, the road was in part a mere track through the thick jungle, and so rough and circuitous, on account of tree trunks, that I doubt whether we could have trotted much even if we had had other kine. We

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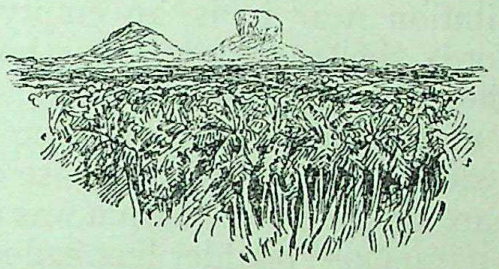
took three hours to do the eleven miles, and a pretty tedious drive it was. The road is almost level all the way, and the forest is so thick and interlaced overhead with branches that nothing could be seen beyond a few yards distant.

The ordinary bullock cart of Ceylon is a springless affair, a mere platform on two wheels, with a palmleaf hood projecting beyond it fore and aft. On it a driver with taste, sometimes hangs a



SIGIRI RISING OUT OF THE JUNGLE

flower-pot or can, and in it plants a gourd or some such plant, which trails all over the hood. We had nothing of that sort, however. The resthouse-keeper supplied me with a mattress and a pillow, and if I did not lie down I had to sit cross-legged or dangle my legs out at the back. The "boy" who accompanied me as guide and interpreter was incapable of acting in either capacity, for he had never been to Sigiri, and his English vocabulary was of the most limited. He was like a very unattractive old woman, with a red petticoat and grey hair in a knot at the back. A group of three or four huts are the only human habitations to be seen along the route.

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Sigiri is an immense rock, 400 feet in height, with almost perpendicular or, in fact, overhanging sides rising abruptly out of the plain, very much in the same way that the Bass Rock emerges above and out of the sea. In this rock-fortress the parricide King Karyapa found asylum in the fifth century, after obtaining the throne of Ceylon by the murder of his father, Dhatu Sena. It stands in the heart of the great central forest, and the only habitation near it is an empty bungalow, which affords shelter to any one who may wish to stop there, but contains nothing whatever in the form of furniture. A path from it leads to the steep slopes which form the base of the rock. On them are the remains of what was once a royal palace. An immense boulder has had its top sliced off to form the floor of a hall, which is still surrounded by a roughly-moulded and hewn stone cornice. Here and there are putlog holes, which seem to imply a continuation in woodwork, and on one side is a higher rock furnished with incised steps which lead to a flat place on its summit, with a hewn tank, about 10 feet by 5 feet, for the storage of water. Close by I noticed a large forest tree swaying about as if blown by a strong wind; on looking a second time I saw that its branches were crowded with apes jumping from bough to bough, some frightened, as I imagined, by our approach, some simply swaying the branches for fun.

A scramble over loose stones and along a narrow gutter-like path hewn out of the steep side of the

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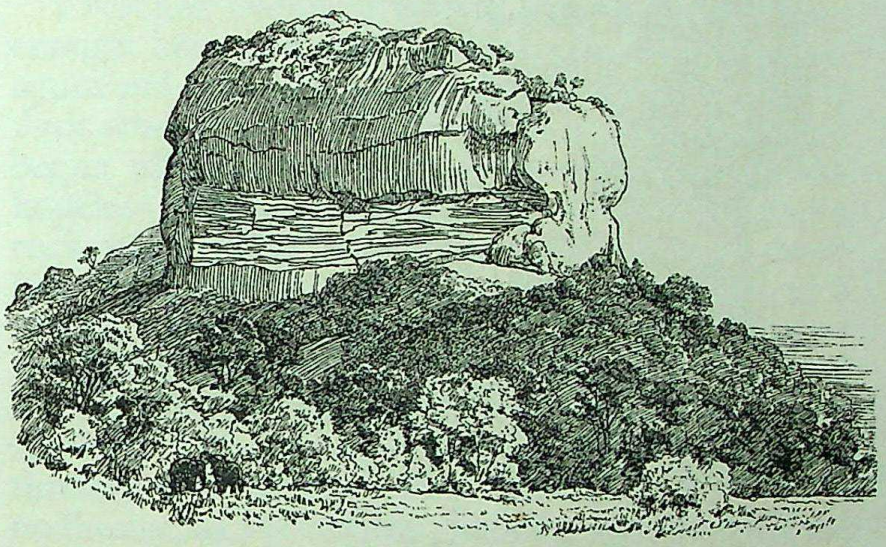
rock, then a climb upon a bamboo ladder, brought us to a gallery along the side of the rock with a high masonry balustrade or wall on the outside and the rock above projecting over head. This gallery used, I believe, in former days to wind in spiral fashion up to the top of the rock; but now, unfortunately, it has been broken down, and we



SIGIRI

soon came to an abrupt halt, with a deep drop in front of us, where the wall and footway were broken away. I had to content myself with the extremely beautiful view towards Matale across the dense sea of jungle which surrounds the rock.

Above this gallery, but only to be reached by rope ladders, of which we had none, is a curious cavity or pocket in the rock, with its ceiling covered with frescoes representing, I was told, remarkably

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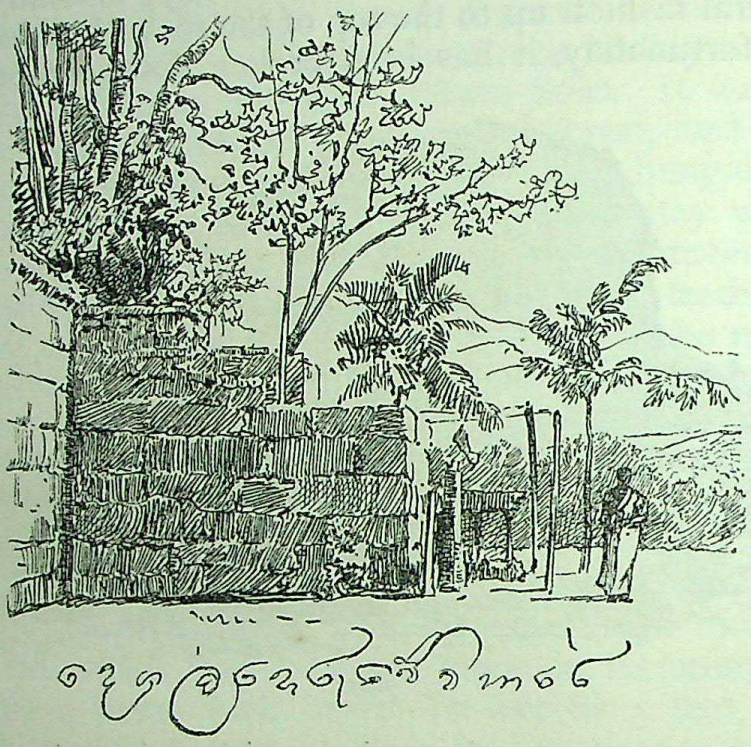
well-drawn life-sized figures. A namesake of mine had recently climbed up to this pocket and had made tracings of the frescoes ; he said the place was now the stronghold of swallows and hornets, which



DEGALDURUWA

resent the intrusion of strangers. At the foot of the rock is a marshy tank, the haunt of crocodiles.

The drive back was tedious and uneventful, except that in a small forest village through which I passed I encountered an albino woman : her hair was light and colourless, and her skin was much freckled, the simplicity of her costume accentuated

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the strangeness of her appearance. For the last mile we found the road thronged with pilgrims returning from Anuradhapura. A highly picturesque and motley crew, with brilliant garments and bright red umbrellas; all the old people were in bullock carts and the younger ones on foot; amongst them were many priests in their orange-coloured robes.

I reached Dambool at five, with only just time enough before nightfall to rush up to the temple again and make a few pencil sketches. It was quite dark when I left the dim lights of the temple and began my return walk. I soon found that it was hopeless to try and find my way down the steep rock, except by a more rapid descent than I cared for, and I returned to the temple, where I found a native sufficiently intelligent to understand what I wanted, and with him as my guide and lighted by a screw of paper dipped in tallow, which smoked and smelled atrociously, we made our way through the darkness and found a man from the resthouse, at the bottom, looking for me with the lantern.

In the Trincomalee bullock cart next morning at seven we started back to Matale. On the road we passed an elephant engaged in some agricultural affairs. The country was looking beautiful, and the distant hills blue and ethereal.

We breakfasted at the resthouse at Matale, and there Captain Pirie's servant found us out. He was a beautiful person, with a pea-green jacket and a cream-coloured turban, and had come to Matale

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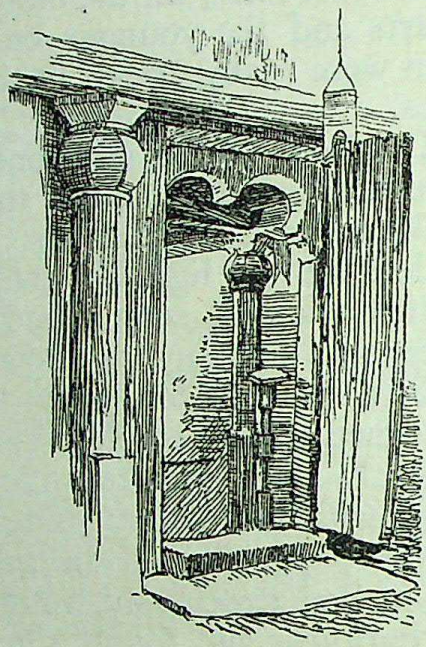
to see his little child, who was ill with measles. To be followed by such a magnificent person threw quite a halo of importance around us. He saw us off at the station on our way back to the Pavilion,



DOORWAY IN THE TEMPLE OF DEGALDURUWA

and brought us a packet of tomatoes which he had gathered in his garden.

In the early morning of New Year's Day, we joined a large party in a most delightful ride. We crossed the river by the ferry, three horses at a time, then rode up a narrow path beside paddy-fields, amongst scattered mud cottages and beneath cocoa-nut palms, to the temple of Degalduruwa Vihara, built in a niche under a great rock, like Dambool on a small scale. The ante-temple is

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supported by picturesque octagonal pillars. The whole place in fact is very picturesque, and I wished I had had more time for a sketch. A jolly, thick-set priest (he calls himself the incumbent priest), who spoke a little English, showed us round, and then took us past his own house to a platform above the rock where is a good Dagoba and a fine Bo-tree.

The Bo- or Bodhi-trees, everywhere found growing near Buddhist temples, monasteries, or Dagobas, are peepul trees (*Ficus religiosa*). They are especially venerated because Guatama Sakya Muni acquired Buddhahood when meditating beneath one at Buddha-Gaya. At Anuradhapura there is a Bo-tree of special sanctity. The legend says that Sangmitta, the sister of Mahinda, came to Ceylon with him about B.C. 250 when he preached Buddhism to the Sinhalese and, in a golden vase, brought with her a branch of the sacred tree of Buddha-Gaya. This was planted at Anuradhapura, and the Buddhists of Ceylon fully believe that the identical tree still exists there. All the other Bo-trees of Ceylon are said to have been grown from it.

A few days later I started for Nuwera Eliya, in dull and rainy weather, leaving Kandy by the seven o'clock train.

The line turns off at Peradeniya, and gradually rising passes through most varied scenery, amongst paddy-fields and palm-groves, through dense jungle, out of one valley into another, over small passes, round hills, backwards and forwards, in and out, until I was quite confused

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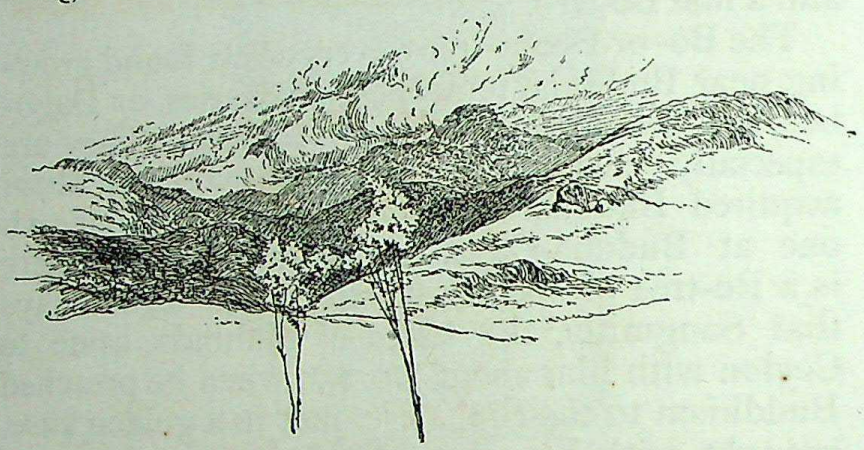
as to the direction of my destination. About half way a very splendid view broke upon us. The mountains are very fine and bold. The train had climbed high up on the steep side of one of them, and we looked down, to a great depth, upon dense jungle, then, higher, through a wide gap in the range, to a far off sea of low broken hills with the



ON THE WAY TO NUWERA ELIYA

misty plain beyond. If it had been clear, I might have seen the sea itself still further off. From time to time, I caught glimpses of Adam's Peak, amongst the clouds towering above all its neighbours.

On all sides jungle was giving place to plantation, and soon the whole poetry of the scene will be spoiled by tea, but it still retains some of its interest.

I reached Nanu Oya station, 5291 feet above Kandy,* between 12.20 and 1 o'clock, and taking

* Nuwera Eliya is about 6210 ft. above sea level.

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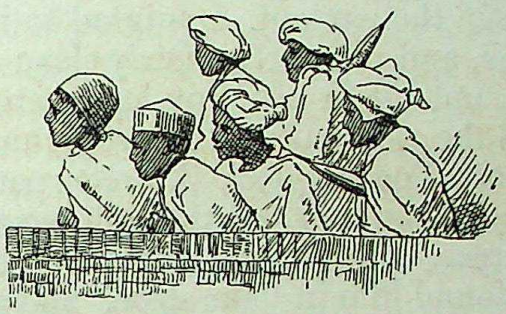
my place in the coach and, in a drizzle, began the ascent of four miles to Nuwera Eliya, by a well engineered mountain road, through a densely wooded valley, reminding me of the New Zealand bush; then, emerging on an upland valley, I reached my destination, and found comfortable quarters at the Club. After lunch, though the drizzle had turned to a downpour, I engaged a trap and started



LOOKING AT THE TRAIN

for Kandapola, seven miles off, to visit a plantation belonging to Mr. Frederick Gubbins.

The scattered bungalows of Nuwera Eliya, with their thatched and shingle roofs and whitewashed walls and chimneys, surrounded by bright gardens, the dark foliaged trees, the gorse, the low swampy ground, the golf links, and the mist about the hills reminded me very much of Scotland. The road I took must be a beautiful one in fine weather; it passes through a short, but fine gorge, with a considerable waterfall.

At the end of six miles I was brought to a standstill and told that I must follow a footpath through

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thick grass to get to Kandapola. It was raining in torrents, and as I did not appreciate the prospect of the drive back with wet legs, I looked about for some expedient for protecting them: fortunately there were two lonely shops (*botiques* as they call them here) close by, so I looked into them to see what I could get for extemporised gaiters. Nothing met my eye but chillies, rice, and other grains and nuts, until at last I caught sight of a grass basket, stuffed into the roof to keep the wet out. I pointed to it and then to my legs, and presently a fairly clean basket was produced and cut in two; my legs were bound up in it with the aid of a bit of coir rope, and I started well protected on my way. A pretty path amongst rhododendron bushes and through woods, mostly of gum trees, brought me to Mr. Gubbins' bungalow. I found him in "the store," and after a long and pleasant talk with him he showed me over the tea factory where the tea was being picked. He introduced me to his wife, who gave me tea, and he eventually escorted me back to the high road and my dripping trap.

The following day I was up at six, and as the weather was then fine, though overcast, I ordered my trap, and before long was on my way to the celebrated Botanic Gardens at Hakgalla. We soon drove into the clouds, and though we got out of them again from time to time, I cannot say that I saw the country under the most favourable auspices.

There are great quantities of rhododendrons about Nuwera Eliya, all of a deep crimson colour, which must be most beautiful when they are in full

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bloom in May. I only saw a few stray blossoms here and there. The plant grows to the size of a considerable tree here—from twenty to thirty feet high, with rough gnarled stems as thick as a man's body, but for the most part it is only seen in the familiar form of a big bush. In the hedgerows and by the roadside grow myrtle and habrothamnus, the fine trumpet-flower datura, cistus, purple, red, and white, a handsome big reed or lily with a yellow flower, and the splendid big *Lobelia excelsis*, a spike-shaped lavender flower growing eight to ten feet high, as freely as a foxglove. They say the white juice from it is a strong poison. In the gullies were quantities of tree ferns. The road from Nuwera Eliya passes down the valley, past the lake, and through a steep well-wooded gorge, with a bright clear mountain stream flowing through it. The Hakgalla Gardens are at the mouth of this gorge, and on the edge of the high country overlooking the lower hills and the plains beyond on the east side of the island. It is a glorious view, but I no sooner had had a glimpse of it when rolling clouds came up and blotted it all out.

The climate here is such that all manner of flowers and plants of temperate climates flourish, and, combined with much natural vegetation, form the most beautiful garden imaginable, though of a character absolutely distinct from that at Peradeniya, where the vegetation is entirely tropical. There the majestic trees form one of its most striking features. Here the trees are of no great size, and the smaller plants form the main attrac-

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tion. Peradeniya, moreover, is much more extensive than this garden.

I was shown round by the head gardener, who is a Sinhalese, and noticed a great number of Australian trees and shrubs, including the *Melanoxylon* (leafless acacia), the blue gum, and the bottle-brush, also the black-birch, and the flax of New Zealand, a *Bocconia* (John Crow bush), with very fine foliage, and a good collection of tree ferns.

I returned in the rain to breakfast at the Club, and then went out, across a corner of the golf links, to see the Queen's Cottage (the summer residence of the Governor), a rambling and picturesque place, surrounded by a garden bright with flowers.

Two rickshaws were chartered to take me down to the station, one for my baggage and the other for myself; and off I started, in a drizzle, having chosen the least shaky of the two conveyances for my own person. I congratulated myself that I was not inside the one which contained my effects, as I saw it trundling along in front of me with one of the wheels wobbling portentously, and after turning some very sharp corners down hill, with a precipice on my right, was still more of the same way of thinking, when suddenly I heard a crunching sound on my left, and next moment I found myself spread about on the road, my own left wheel having entirely collapsed. I picked myself up, none the worse, and was thankful I had only a mile to walk to the station and sufficient time to catch the train. If the smash had occurred a couple of miles higher up the road I should have been done for. The poor

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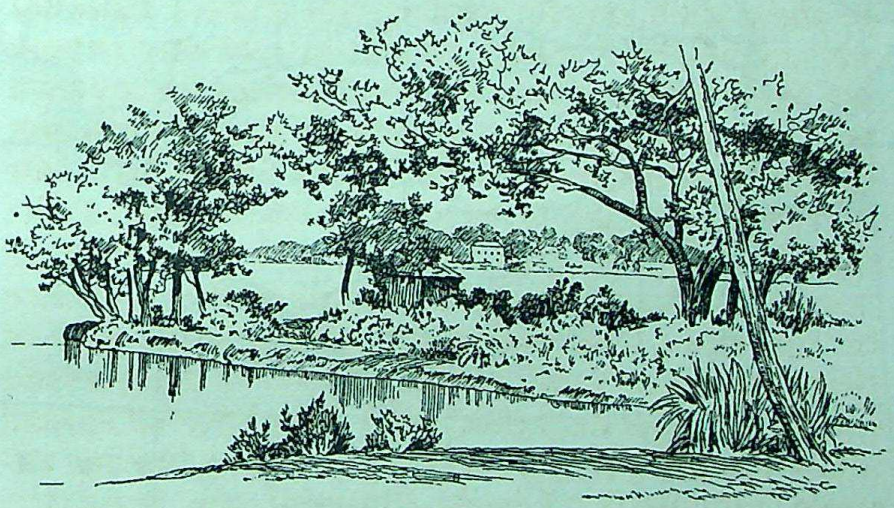
coolie looked somewhat disconsolate, but I paid him his fare and was glad to think that the machine was not his own property.

Five hours' journey brought me back to Kandy.

The next day was a sad one, for we had to leave our kind friends and the delights of the Pavilion for the sea and the unknown. As we descended from Kandy we emerged from the clouds, and in Colombo found ourselves once more in sunshine. The last people we saw in Ceylon were the Bishop and Mrs. Coplestone, with whom we breakfasted in their charming bungalow, prettily situated in a garden at the far end of the lake near Victoria Park.



THE BISHOP'S GARDEN, COLOMBO

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CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS MENTIONED

An additional Table of Dates relating to the History of Delhi will be found on p. 242

B.C.	
1400	Traditional date of the wars between the Pandavas and Kauravas (recounted in the Mahabarata B.C. 240), and of the founding of Indraput near Delhi.
?	Jain faith flourishes in India.
638–543	Sakiya Muni preaches in the deer-park near Benares.
258	King Asoka spreads the Buddhist faith.
	Earliest known Buddhist sculptures.
327	Alexander the Great invades India.
A.D.	
145	Aja Pal founds Ajmere.
275	Gwalior was founded by Kachwaha Rajputs.
399	Chinese Pilgrim Fo Hian visits India.
400	Benares reverts to Brahmanism.
629	Chinese Pilgrim Hiuen Tsiang visits India.
642	Parsis settle in India.
664	First incursion into India of Mohammedans.
*c.*800	Brahmanic revival—Caves of Elephanta.
976	Jai Pal, Rajput King of Lahore, defeated at Peshawur.
1011–17	Mahmud of Ghazni captures Thanesar and Canouj.
1090	Sas Bahu Temples at Gwalior built.
1190	Kutub Minar commenced.
1194	Shahab-ud-din invades India, defeats Prithvi Raja at Thanesar, and conquers Ajmere, Canouj, and Delhi.
1225–54	Rajputs regain Gwalior—Urwahi Sculptures.
1236	Arhai-din-ka-Johmpra Mosque, Ajmere.

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A.D.	
1469	Nanuk, founder of Sikh religion, born near Lahore.
1501	Yusaf Khan founds Mohammedan kingdom of Bijapur.
1527	Babar defeats Rajputs at Fatepur Sikri.
1556	Akbar consolidates the Mogul Empire.
1581	The Guru Arjun compiles the Granth.
1605	Jehangir.
1628	Shah Jehan.
1630–50	Taj Mahal built.
1657	Shivaji lays the foundation of the Mahratta power.
1686	Aurangzeb conquers Bijapur.
	East India Company established on the Hooghly.
1756	Black Hole of Calcutta.
1757	Battle of Plassy.
1761	Ahmed Shah defeats the Mahrattas at Paneput.
1764	The Sikhs gain the supremacy of the Punjab.
1765	Clive lays the foundation of the Indian Empire by claiming the right to receive the Revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa.
1802	Ranjit Sing seizes Amritzar.
1803	Lord Lake takes Agra and Delhi.
1818	Battle of Kirkee, end of Mahratta rule.
1819	Lord Hastings extends British suzerainty to Rajputana.
1823	Bishop Heber at Delhi.
1830	Sir William Sleeman commences operations against the Thugs.
1845	First Sikh War.
1849	Annexation of the Punjab.
1857	Mutiny.
1858	Queen Victoria proclaimed direct Sovereign over all Indian territories.
1875	Prince of Wales visits India.
1896	Plague in Bombay (first visitation).

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